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CATHERINE CLIVE.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PORTRAIT AT STRAWBERRY HILL.

THE LETTERS
OF
HORACE WALPOLE,
EARL OF ORFORD.

EDITED BY
PETER CUNNINGHAM.
NOW FIRST CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED.



THE TRIDUNE AT STRAWBERRY HILL.

IN NINE VOLUMES.—VOL. IV.

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THE LETTERS
OF
HORACE WALPOLE.

796. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, June 20, 1762.

I SHALL certainly execute your commissions cheerfully, punctually, and on the terms you desire: the Annual Registers, I mean the historic part, are incomparable. The Oratorios, as Mr. Morrice rightly advises, I will choose by proxy; for, as he and you know, I have not only very little music in me, but the company I keep are far from Handelians.

Have you not felt a pang in your royal capacity? Seriously, it has been dreadful, but the danger is over. The King had one of the last of these strange and universally epidemic colds, which, however, have seldom been fatal: he had a violent cough, and oppression on his breast, which he concealed, just as I had; but my life was of no consequence, and having no physicians in ordinary, I was cured in four nights by James's Powders, without bleeding. The King was blooded seven times, and had three blisters. Thank God, he is safe, and we have escaped a confusion beyond what was ever known, but on the accession of the Queen of Scots—nay, we have not even the successor born. Fazakerley,¹ who has lived long enough to remember nothing but the nonsense of the law, maintained, according to their wise tenets, that as the King never dies, the Duke of York must have been proclaimed King, and then been unproclaimed again on the Queen's delivery. We have not even

¹ Nicholas Fazakerley, Esq., an eminent Tory Lawyer, see vol. i. p. 130.—
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any standing law for the regency ; but I need not paint to you all the difficulties there would have been in our situation.

The new Administration begins tempestuously. My father was not more abused after twenty years than Lord Bute is in twenty days. Weekly papers swarm, and like other swarms of insects, sting. The cry you may be sure is on his Scot-hood. Lord Halifax¹ is made First Lord of the Admiralty, but will keep Ireland for some time, as it will not be necessary to appoint a new Lord-Lieutenant this twelvemonth. He is popular with the merchants, so that at least this promotion does not offend.

Our great expedition were all well at Martinico, and had lost but sixteen men. Lord Albemarle carried thence nine thousand men. We are very sanguine, and reckon the Havannah ours ; but we shall not know it at least before the end of next month.

I smiled at your idea of *our war with Spain lying in Portugal, as our war with France does in Germany*. The latter is dormant, and yet I do not think the peace advances. Our allies, the Portuguese, behave wofully. I don't know what spirit Count La Lippe,² who is still here, will transport to them from Westphalia : he is to command the Portuguese, and Lord Tyrawley the English.

This is a diminutive letter, but you excuse duodecimos in summer.

797. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, July 1, 1762.

I NEVER attempt to tell you the first news of a battle in Germany, which must always reach you before it can arrive here and be sent to Florence. I scarcely ought to call it a battle, though it is a victory for us ; but the French (to speak in Cibber's³ style) have outrun their usual outrunnings. Their camp was ill-guarded, and Prince Ferdinand surprised it. At first their cavalry made a decent show of advancing, but soon turned and fled. Stainville flung three thousand men into a wood to cover their retreat ; they were all

¹ George Montagu, third and last Earl of Halifax.—WALPOLE.

² Comte de la Lippe had been born in England, his father and mother being here in the reign of George I.—WALPOLE.

³ Cibber, in the Preface to his 'Provoked Husband,' said, "Mrs. Oldfield had outdone her usual outdoings."—WALPOLE. Cibber's expression is, she "outdid her usual excellence." There is a line, however, attributed by Savage or Pope to Cibber, which runs thus:—

Her own outdoings to outdo.

—*A Collection of Pieces occasioned by the Dunciad*, 8vo. 1732.—CUNNINGHAM.

taken, with above one hundred and forty officers; he himself is believed slain. Our loss was trifling; two hundred and fifty men, a Captain Middleton killed; and Colonel Henry Townshend, a brave spirited young fellow of parts, youngest son of Mr. Thomas Townshend.¹ The French grenadiers raved against their commanders, who, it is to be hoped, will shift off the blame on each other, quarrel, and pass the campaign in altercation. D'Etrees will not make Broglie appear a worse general than Soubize. Lord Granby is much commended. My chief joy arises from knowing Mr. Conway is safe.

Poor Lady Ailesbury is just arrived, and this is the first taste of the peace she promised herself. Unless the French now despair of Germany, where their fairest prospect lay, I should think this action likely to continue the war; and I don't doubt but Prince Ferdinand hoped it would. He had much ground to regain here, and has now revived the passions of the people, who will not be eager for peace on the morrow of a victory, nor be very reasonable after repeated successes. Lord Bute's situation is unpleasant: misfortunes would remind us of Mr. Pitt's glory; advantages will stiffen us against accepting even such a peace as he rejected; and, I think, two Havannahs lost will not weigh with the Spaniards against their rapid progress in Portugal: the recovery of that diadem will soothe their pride more than any province taken from them will mollify it. The Portuguese behave shamefully; Lord Tyrawley is coming home disgusted with the nomination of Count La Lippe; and in truth I cannot see the wisdom or honour of that measure. If we protect Portugal, is not it more creditable to give them an English commander? And that general was almost a Portuguese, almost naturalised amongst them, trusted, and beloved there. What do they know of this German? Or can the English soldiery prefer him to their countryman? For though La Lippe was born here, he is a German prince.

I trust very soon to be able to send you a brick, like Harlequin, as a sample of the Havannah we shall have taken. In return, you must make Saunders beat the French and Spanish squadrons.

Poor Hamburg has tasted of the royal injustice of this age; they have compounded with the King of Denmark for a million. But his is trifling usurpation; commend me to the King of Spain, for violating more ties than were ever burst by one stroke of a sceptre. We have not had a masquerade here these eight or nine

¹ Second son of Charles, Lord Viscount Townshend.—WALPOLE.

years, because there was an earthquake at Lisbon; while that earthquake which fell about the ears of his own sister and her children, could not stop the King of Spain from marching to drive her and them out of the ruins! Montezuma's ghost cannot complain now!

I have ordered all your books, and your brother James has undertaken for the oratorios. There is a ship going, so I would not wait for more consultation in the choice of them. Handel's best pieces are settled among his sect, and your brother knows more of his followers than I do. I was impatient to have your commission executed, and I know no better way than this.

I am in distress about my Gallery and Cabinet: the latter was on the point of being completed, and is really striking beyond description. Last Saturday night my workmen took their leave, made their bow, and left me up to the knees in shavings. In short, the journeymen carpenters, like the cabinet-makers, have entered into an association not to work unless their wages are raised; and how can one complain? The poor fellows, whose all the labour is, see their masters advance their prices every day, and think it reasonable to touch their share. You would be frightened at the dearness of everything; I build out of economy, for unless I do now, in two years I shall not be able to afford it. I expect that a pint of milk will not be sold under a diamond, and then nobody can keep a cow but my Lord Clive. Indeed your country's fever is almost at the height every way. Adieu!

798. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

SIR:

Strawberry Hill, July 29, 1762.

I FEAR you will have thought me neglectful of the visit you was so good as to offer me for a day or two at this place; the truth is, I have been in Somersetshire on a visit,¹ which was protracted much longer than I intended. I am now returned, and shall be glad to see you as soon as you please, Sunday or Monday next, if you like either, or any other day you will name. I cannot defer the pleasure of seeing you any longer, though to my mortification you will find Strawberry Hill with its worst looks—not a blade of grass! My workmen too have disappointed me: they have been in the associa-

¹ To Lord Ilchester, at Redlynch.—CUNNINGHAM.

tion for forcing their masters to raise their wages, and but two are yet returned—so you must excuse litter and shavings.

799. TO THE COUNTESS OF AILESBUURY.

MADAM :

Strawberry Hill, July 31, 1762.

MAGNANIMOUS as the fair soul of your ladyship is, and plaited with superabundance of Spartan fortitude, I felicitate my own good fortune who can circle this epistle with branches of the gentle olive, as well as crown it with victorious laurel. This pompous paragraph, Madam, which in compliment to my Lady Lyttelton I have penned in the style of her lord, means no more, than that I wish you joy of the castle of Waldeck,¹ and more joy on the peace, which I find everybody thinks is concluded. In truth, I have still my doubts; and yesterday came news, which, if my Lord Bute does not make haste, may throw a little rub in the way. In short, the Czar is dethroned. Some give the honour to his wife; others, who add the little circumstance of his being murdered too, ascribe the revolution to the Archbishop of Novogorod, who, like other priests, thinks assassination a less affront to Heaven than three Lutheran churches. I hope the latter is the truth; because, in the honey-moonhood of Lady Cecilia's [Johnston's] tenderness, I don't know but she might miscarry at the thought of a wife preferring a crown, and scandal says a regiment of grenadiers, to her husband.

I have a little meaning in naming Lady Lyttelton and Lady Cecilia, who I think are at Park-place. Was not there a promise that you all three would meet Mr. Churchill and Lady Mary here in the beginning of August? Yes, indeed was there, and I put in my claim.—Not confining your heroic and musical ladyships to a day or a week; my time is at your command: and I wish the rain was at mine; for, if you or it do not come soon, I shall not have a leaf left. Strawberry is browner than Lady Bell Finch.²

I was grieved, Madam, to miss seeing you in town on Monday, particularly as I wished to settle this party. If you will let me know when it will be your pleasure, I will write to my sister.

¹ At the taking of which Mr. Conway had assisted.—BERRY.

² See vol. i. p. 188; and vol. ii. p. 79.—CUNNINGHAM.

800. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, July 31, 1762.

I BEGIN this letter to-night, though I don't know when it will set out, for I have a mind it should be a little more complete than I can make it at present. We are at the eve of big events, or in the obscurity of them; a Prince of Wales, a Peace, the Havannah, a revolution in Russia, all to come to light this week!

We know nothing certain, but that we have lost Newfoundland, and that the new Opposition have got a real topic, for hitherto they have only been skirmishing with names; however, as all Oppositions must improve on the foregoing, the present gives us names at length, which at least is new. Parallels, you know, are the food of all party writings: we have Queen Isabel and Mortimer, Queen Margaret and the Duke of Suffolk, every week. You will allow that abuse does not set out tamely, when it even begins with the King's mother. Last week they were so brutal as to call the Queen *a beggarly duke's daughter*; it is shocking, for she has offended nobody, and is far from being suspected of power; but it was to load the Duke of Suffolk, for making the match. But what say you to a real *Queen Isabel*? We hear from Holland, but the account is very imperfect, that the Czarina has dethroned her husband. That he should be dethroned does not surprise me. He struck extraordinary strokes so fast, that I suppose his head had not much ballast. Her reign, probably, will not be of much longer duration; but I do not believe that, like her husband, she will fall in love with the King of Prussia. The Czar, in his aunt's time, was reckoned weak; his wife, very sensible and very handsome. Russia puts one in mind of the Seleucidæ and the Constantinopolitan History, the Cleopatras and Irenes; if vast crimes are not in fashion, you see it is only because despotism is generally exploded. Give human nature scope, it can still be sublimely abominable. My prophetic spirit says, that the young Emperor John will come upon the scene again; in the mean time my Lord Buckingham,¹ who is going ambassador to Petersburg, may try the remainder of his charms upon the heart of an Empress.

Of all the important events we are expecting, the Peace is nearest

¹ John Hobart, second Earl of Buckinghamshire.—WALPOLE.

my heart. We had refused Russians; and this catastrophe, if it is true, will silence the clamour there would have been on that chapter. It delivers the King of Denmark, too, from a storm; for the hero of Prussia, you know, he never was in my litany. In short, we have heard for this week that our peace with France was in a manner made, and that the Dukes of Bedford and Nivernois were ready to be exchanged at Dover. If France has dabbled in this revolution, adieu the olive-branch! Nay, we are told that your Italian King¹ is rather disposed to put on his old cuirass again, and thinking the Austrians have their hands full, has an eye upon a little more of the Milanese. Nothing will be cleared up, till there is another courier from Muscovy. Their poor ambassador,² who is just arrived, has had no letters. He is not only nephew to the Chancellor, but brother to the Czar's mistress. What a region, where Siberia is next door to the drawing-room!

Mr. Conway has had a little success, which shows, at least, what he is fit for. He was ordered to besiege the Castle of Waldeck, for which Prince Ferdinand was in a hurry; it was impregnable without cannon; he had none, and his powder was spent. He made them believe he was preparing to storm it, and they instantly surrendered. You may be sure this makes me happy, and yet I am impatient to have the Peace nip his laurels.

Your friend Lord Melcombe is dead of a dropsy in his stomach, just when the views of his life were nearest being realised. Lady Mary Wortley, too, is departing. She brought over a cancer in her breast, which she concealed till about six weeks ago. It burst, and there are no hopes of her. She behaves with great fortitude, and says she has lived long enough.

Two days ago I saw your nephew Horace; it always gives me pleasure, though a melancholy one; it was increased now, as he is grown much more like to his father. He thinks he shall go to you in about a year; I am eager for it, as I know the tender satisfaction it will give you.

August 4th.

I must send away my letter to-night, or it will not be in town time enough for the foreign post to-morrow. The Russian revolution is confirmed; the papers have even produced a declaration of the new Czarina, in which she deposes her husband with the utmost

¹ Charles Emanuel, second King of Sardinia.—WALPOLE.

² Count Woronzow, father of the present [1843] Countess of Pembroke.—WRIGHT.

sangfroid. I should easily believe it genuine; it is in the style of the age; there is an honest impudence in modern majesty that is delightful. Monarchs scorn plausibility; however, there is one comfort—they level their crimes chiefly against one another. This Muscovite history, as I hear from very good authority, happened thus: The Czar, who was originally supposed impotent, and who, notwithstanding his mistress, seems to have had the modesty of thinking himself so, intended to return his two children upon his wife's hands, and had declared his rival John, his successor. The late Czarina had had the curiosity to see young John, though unknown to him: this had given Peter uneasiness; yet one of his first proceedings was to take the same step. The anecdotes of that Court, however, say, that John has had so many drugs given to him as to shatter his understanding extremely. Probably, as our Charles II. said¹ of a foolish popular parson, "John's nonsense suited Peter's nonsense." Peter, intoxicated with brandy and the King of Prussia, had thoughts of divorcing his Empress. She was at Peterhoff, two miles from Petersburg; the Czar at another villa. An officer, arrived post with a led horse, told the Czarina there was a design against her life; that she had no time to lose; she must fly, or present herself to the army in the city. Pray, Sir Horace, what do ladies in a panic do? To be sure, run into the danger, not from it. Just so acted the Czarina. She trotted away to the capital, threw herself upon the gallantry of the Preobazinsky (or Prætorian) guards, who in Russia are the most polite and compassionate cavaliers in the world, and begged they would—not protect her—but give her the crown. One troop, who have been a little Prussianised, hesitated; the rest thought her request as reasonable as possible, and immediately proclaimed her. The rest of the people, who abhor innovations, and who, consequently, could not pardon the Czar for giving them their liberty, concurred unanimously. Not a word was said in favour of master Fitz-Catherine, who certainly has no right to the diadem, till his mother's no-right devolves to him by her death. The Czar, informed of the change of scene, fled to Cronstad, and embarked. All the royal galleys were sent after him, and he was overtaken. An act of abdication was presented to him. He signed it, and then made three requests,—for his own life, and for those of his mistress and of a Prussian adjutant who had accom-

¹ Walpole meditated publishing a collection of the sayings of Charles II. What he would have done so well has been attempted by a very inferior hand—the writer of this note. See the Story of 'Nell Gwyn,' 12mo. 1852.—CUNNINGHAM.

panied him in his flight. Whether the first and last boons were granted, story is hitherto silent; but the next morning, Mademoiselle Woronzow flung herself on her knees before the Czarina, and begged to resign the order of St. Catherine, which she said the Czar had bestowed on her two months ago, and of which she owned herself unworthy,—so, probably, knows the Czarina, who returned the cross and dismissed her. Bestuchef is recalled; somebody, I forgot who, and Schualow,¹ the late Empress's minion, are the chief ministers.

A civil message has been sent to Mr. Keith [the English Minister]—to the King of Prussia, that he, having thirty thousand Russians in his army, which her Majesty wants, she should be glad to have them return; however, as she knows his Majesty's occasions, she permits them to obey his orders till he can spare them. He replied, that by their assistance he had extricated himself from his greatest difficulty, and would send them back immediately. Here ends my first tome. One wants to know the fate of the Czar, of his predecessor and successor John; of Munich, Biron, and all those heroes of former dramas, who had been recalled from Siberia. One does not want to know what the Empress-Queen feels. She, who devoutly hates every monarch who cannot or will not have children, must be transported. But what seeds are here for more revolutions! If John and Peter never come to light again, the blood-royal of Russia will be extinct, at least be extremely equivocal; and the title of a Princess of Anhalt Zerbst to the crown cannot fascinate the eyes of every good Muscovite. As they are compendious in their proceedings, I should think the malecontents would not waste a summer in writing *Monitors* and *North-Russians*.²

The King of Prussia has certainly driven back Daun, and got between him and Schweidnitz. Prince Ferdinand, too, has obtained another advantage. The accounts came yesterday; no English were engaged; the affair lay between Hessians and Saxons, and Stainville is dislodged from his post. The advantage is reckoned considerable. The King of France is impatient to stop the effusion of blood. Choiseul is eager for peace, and the more so, as all his schemes are baffled. That we wish it all Europe knows, but that is not the best secret for obtaining it. Many people think it agreed. I dread this northern tempest.

¹ Count Schualow, favourite of the Empress Elizabeth; but this did not prove true—he was not employed by Catherine II.—WALPOLE.

² In allusion to North Britons, the famous weekly papers written by Wilkes against Lord Bute.—WALPOLE.

What a volume is here ! and, perhaps, not a syllable of it new to you ! You will, at least, excuse the intention. I wish you and I had any common acquaintance left, that we might chat of something else than kings and queens ! Adieu !

P.S. The Russian minister here, I am told, has received credentials from the new government.

801. TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

MY DEAR LORD :

Strawberry Hill, August 5, 1762.

As you have correspondents of better authority in town, I don't pretend to send you great events, and I know no small ones. Nobody talks of anything under a revolution. That in Russia alarms me, lest Lady Mary should fall in love with the Czarina, who has deposed *her* Lord Coke, and set out for Petersburg. We throw away a whole summer in writing Britons and North Britons ; the Russians change sovereigns faster than Mr. Wilkes can choose a motto for a paper. What years were spent here in controversy on the abdication of King James, and the legitimacy of the Pretender ! Commend me to the Czarina. They doubted, that is, her husband did, whether her children were of genuine blood-royal. She appealed to the Preobazinski guards, excellent casuists ; and, to prove Duke Paul heir to the crown, assumed it herself. The proof was compendious and unanswerable.

I trust you know that Mr. Conway has made a figure by taking the castle of Waldeck. There has been another action to Prince Ferdinand's advantage, but no English were engaged.

You tantalise me by talking of the verdure of Yorkshire ; we have not had a teacup full of rain till to-day for these six weeks. Corn has been reaped that never wet its lips ; not a blade of grass ; the leaves yellow and falling as in the end of October. In short, Twickenham is rueful ; I don't believe Westphalia looks more barren. Nay, we are forced to fortify ourselves too. Hanworth was broken open last night, though the family was all there. Lord Vere lost a silver standish, an old watch, and his writing-box with fifty pounds in it. They broke it open in the park, but missed a diamond ring, which was found, and the telescope, which by the weight of the case they had fancied full of money. Another house in the middle of Sunbury has had the same fate. I am mounting cannon on my battlements.

Your chateau, I hope, proceeds faster than mine. The carpenters are all associated for increase of wages; I have had but two men at work these five weeks. You know, to be sure, that Lady Mary Wortley cannot live. Adieu, my dear Lord!

802. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

Sir:

Strawberry Hill, August 5, 1762.

As I had been dilatory in accepting your kind offer of coming hither, I proposed it as soon as I returned. As we are so burnt, and as my workmen have disappointed me, I am not quite sorry that I had not the pleasure of seeing you this week. Next week I am obliged to be in town on business. If you please, therefore, we will postpone our meeting till the first of September; by which time, I flatter myself we shall be *green*, and I shall be able to show you my additional apartment to more advantage. Unless you forbid me, I will expect you, Sir, the very beginning of next month. In the mean time, I will only thank you for the obliging and curious notes you have sent me, which will make a great figure in my second edition.

803. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, August 10, 1762.

I HAVE received your letter from Greatworth since your return, but I do not find that you have got one, which I sent you to the Vine, enclosing one directed for you: Mr. Chute says you did not mention hearing from me there. I left your button too in town with old Richard to be transmitted to you. Our drought continues, though we have had one handsome storm. I have been reading the story of Phaeton in the *Metamorphoses*; it is a picture of Twickenham. *Ardet Athos, taurusque Cilix, &c.*; mount Richmond burns, parched is Petersham: *Parnassusque biceps*, dry is Pope's grot, the nymphs of Clivden are burning to blackmoors, their faces are already as glowing as a cinder, Cynus is changed into a swan: *quodque suo Tagus amne vehit, fluit ignibus aurum*; my gold fishes are almost molten. Yet this conflagration is nothing to that in Russia: what do you say to a Czarina mounting her horse, and marching at the head of fourteen thousand men, with a large train of artillery, to dethrone her husband? Yet she is not the only

virago in that country; the conspiracy was conducted by the sister of the Czar's mistress, a heroine under twenty! They have no fewer than two czars now in coops—that is, supposing these gentle damsels have murdered neither of them. Turkey will become a moderate government; one must travel to frozen climates if one chooses to see revolutions in perfection. “Here's room for meditation even to madness:” the deposed Emperor possessed Muscovy, was heir to Sweden, and the true heir of Denmark; all the northern crowns centered in his person; one hopes he is in a dungeon, that is, one hopes he is not assassinated. You cannot crowd more matter into a lecture of morality than is comprehended in those few words. This is the fourth Czarina that you and I have seen; to be sure, as historians, we have not passed our time ill. Mrs. Anne Pitt, who, I suspect, envies the heroine of twenty a little, says, “The Czarina has only robbed *Peter* to pay *Paul*;” and I do not believe that her brother, Mr. William Pitt, feels very happy, that he cannot immediately dispatch a squadron to the Baltic to reinstate the friend of the King of Prussia. I cannot afford to live less than fifty years more; for so long, I suppose, at least, it will be before the court of Petersburg will cease to produce amusing scenes. Think of old Count Biren, formerly master of that empire, returning to Siberia, and bowing to Bestucheff, whom he may meet on the road from thence. I interest myself now about nothing but Russia; Lord Bute must be sent to the Orcades before I shall ask a question in English politics; at least I shall expect that Mr. Pitt, at the head of the Preobazinski guards, will seize the person of the prime minister for giving up our conquests *to the chief enemy of this nation*.

My pen is in such a sublime humour, that it can scarce condescend to tell you that Sir Edward Deering is going to marry Polly Hart, Danvers's old mistress; and three more baronets, whose names nobody knows, but Collins, are treading in the same steps.

My compliments to the house of Montagu—upon my word I congratulate the General and you, and your Viceroy [Earl of Halifax], that you escaped being deposed by the primate of Novogorod.

804. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Aug. 12, 1762.

A PRINCE OF WALES [George IV.] was born this morning; the prospect of your old neighbour [the Pretender] at Rome does not improve; the House of Hanover will have numbers in its own family sufficient to defend their crown—unless they marry a Princess of Anhalt Zerbst.¹ What a shocking tragedy that has proved already! There is a manifesto arrived to-day that makes one shudder! This northern Athaliah, who has the modesty not to name her murdered *husband* in that light, calls him *her neighbour*; and, as if all the world were savages, like Russians, pretends that he died suddenly of a distemper that never was expeditious; mocks Heaven with pretensions to charity and piety; and heaps the additional inhumanity on the man she has dethroned and assassinated, of imputing his death to a judgment from Providence. In short, it is the language of usurpation and blood, counselled and apologised for by clergymen! It is Brunehault and an archbishop!

I have seen Mr. Keith's first despatch; in general, my account was tolerably correct; but he does not mention Ivan.² The conspiracy advanced by one of the gang being seized, though for another crime; they thought themselves discovered. Orloff, one of them, hurried to the Czarina, and told her she had no time to lose. She was ready for anything; nay, marched herself at the head of fourteen thousand men and a train of artillery against her husband, but not being the only Alecto in Muscovy, she had been aided by a Princess Daschkaw, a nymph under twenty, and sister to the Czar's mistress. It was not the latter, as I told you, but the Chancellor's wife, who offered up the order of St. Catherine. I do not know how my Lord Buckingham [the English Minister at St. Petersburg] feels, but unless to conjure up a tempest against this fury of the north, nothing could bribe me to set my foot in her dominions. Had she been priestess of the Scythian Diana, she would have sacrificed her brother by choice. It seems she does not degenerate; her mother was ambitious and passionate for intrigues; she went to Paris, and dabbled in politics with all her might.

¹ The Czarina Catherine II. was Princess of Anhalt Zerbst.—WALPOLE.

² Ivan, or John, the former dethroned young Czar.—WALPOLE.

The world had been civilising itself till one began to doubt whether ancient histories were not ancient legends. Voltaire had unpoisoned half the victims to the Church and to ambition. Oh! there never was such a man as Borgia; the league seemed a romance. For the honour of poor historians, the assassinations of the Kings of France and Portugal, majesties still living in spite of Damien and the Jesuits, and the dethronement and murder of the Czar, have restored some credibility to the annals of former ages. Tacitus recovers his character by the edition of Petersburg.

We expect the definitive courier from Paris every day. Now it is said that they ask time to send to Spain. What? to ask leave to desert them! The Spaniards, not so expeditious in usurpation as the Muscovites, have made no progress in Portugal. Their absurd manifestoes appeared too soon. The Czarina and Princess Daschkaw stay till the stroke is struck. Really, my dear Sir, your Italy is growing unfashionably innocent,—if you don't take care, the Archbishop of Novogorod will deserve, by his crimes, to be at the head of the *Christian* Church. I fear my friend, good Benedict,¹ infected you all with his virtues.

You see how this Russian revolution has seized every cell in my head—a Prince of Wales is passed over in a line, the peace in another line. I have not even told you that the treasure of the *Hermione*, reckoned eight hundred thousand pounds, passed the end of my street this morning in one-and-twenty waggons. Of the Havannah I could tell you nothing if I would; people grow impatient at not hearing from thence. Adieu!

You see I am a punctual correspondent when Empresses commit murders.

805. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

SIR:

Strawberry Hill, August 19, 1762.

I AM very sensible of the obligations I have to you and Mr. Masters, and ought to make separate acknowledgments to both; but, not knowing how to direct to him, I must hope that you will kindly be once more the channel of our correspondence; and that you will be so good as to convey to him an answer to what you communicated from him to me, and in particular my thanks for the most obliging offer he has made me of a picture of Henry VII.; of

¹ Pope Benedict XIV. —WALPOLE.

which I will by no means rob him. My view in publishing the *Anecdotes* was, to assist gentlemen in discovering the hands of pictures they possess; and I am sufficiently rewarded when that purpose is answered. If there is another edition, the mistake in the calculation of the Tapestry shall be rectified, and any others, which any gentleman will be so good as to point out. With regard to the monument of Sir Nathaniel Bacon, Vertue certainly describes it as at Culford; and in looking into the place to which I am referred, in Mr. Masters's *History of Corpus Christi College*, I think he himself allows in the note, that there is such a monument at Culford.¹ Of Sir Balthazar Gerbier there are several different prints. Nich. Lanieri purchasing pictures at the King's sale, is undoubtedly a mistake for one of his brothers—I cannot tell now whether Vertue's mistake or my own. At Longleat is a whole-length of Frances, Duchess of Richmond, exactly such as Mr. Masters describes, but in oil. I have another whole-length of the same Duchess, I believe by Mytens, but younger than that at Longleat. But the best picture of her is in Wilson's *Life of King James*, and very diverting indeed.² I will not trouble you, Sir, or Mr. Masters, with any more at present; but, repeating my thanks to both, will assure you that I am, &c.

806. TO THE REV. THOMAS WARTON.³

Sir :

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 21, 1762.

I WAS last week surprised with a very unexpected present in your name; and still more, when, upon examining it, I found myself so much, and so undeservedly distinguished by your approbation. I certainly ought to have thanked you immediately, but I chose to defer my acknowledgments till I had read your volumes very attentively. The praise you have bestowed on me, debars me, Sir, from doing all the justice I ought to your work: the pleasure I received from it would seem to have grown out of the satisfaction I

¹ Yes! and what has not hitherto been noticed, it is evidently the work of the same sculptor (unfortunately unknown) who made the *Sic Sedebat* statue of the great Lord Bacon.—CUNNINGHAM.

² That curious whole length of Frances, Duchess of Richmond and Lenox came from Easton Neston, the seat of the Earl of Pomfret. We shall sit down here before her, and read the equally curious portrait of her by Wilson, in his *Reign of James I. Walpoliana*, ii. 119.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Now first collected. From 'Wooll's Biographical Memoirs of Joseph Warton,' 1806, 4to. The work which Warton presented to Walpole was his 'Observations on Spenser.'—CUNNINGHAM.

felt in what, if it would not be ungrateful, I should be humble enough to call flattery; for how can you, Sir, approve such hasty, superficial writings as mine, you, who in the same pursuits are so much more correct, and have gone so much deeper? for instance, compare your account of Gothic architecture with mine; I have scarce skimmed the subject; you have ascertained all its periods. If my 'Anecdotes' should ever want another edition, I shall take the liberty of referring the readers to your chronicle of our buildings.

With regard to the Dance of Death, I must confess you have not convinced me. Vertue (for it was he, not I, that first doubted of that painting at Basil) persuaded me by the arguments I found in his MSS., and which I have given, that Holbein was not the author. The latter's prints, as executed by Hollar, confirmed me in that opinion: and you must forgive me if I still think the taste of them superior to Albert Durer. This is mere matter of opinion, and of no consequence, and the only point in your book, Sir, in which I do not submit to you and agree with you.

You will not be sorry to be informed, Sir, that in the library of the Antiquarian Society there is a large and very good print of Nonsuch, giving a tolerable idea of that pile, which was not the case of Speed's confused scrap. I have myself drawings of the two old palaces of Richmond and Greenwich; and should be glad to show them to you, if at any time of your leisure you would favour me with a visit here. You would see some attempts at Gothic, some miniatures of scenes which I am pleased to find you love.—Cloisters, screens, round-towers, and a printing-house, all indeed of baby dimensions, would put you a little in mind of the age of Caxton and Wynken. You might play at fancying yourself in a castle described by Spenser.

You see, Sir, by the persuasions I employ, how much I wish to tempt you hither!

I am, Sir,

Your most obliged and obedient servant,

HORACE WALPOLE.

P.S. You know, to be sure, that in Ames's 'Typographical Antiquities' are specified all the works of Stephen Hawes.

807. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Sunday, August 29, 1762.

WE cannot afford to stay any longer for the Havannah, and must make peace without it. The Duke of Bedford, on Wednesday next, is to be named in form Ambassador Extraordinary, as the Duc de Nivernois will be the same day at Paris; on the 7th of next month they are to meet at Dover, cross over and figure-in. Our duke carries good dispositions, but as there is a grain of wrong-headed warmth in his temper, I hope it will not leaven the whole pacific cake. Still I fear that obstinate diadem in Spain! who will not be bullied as when he was plain Don Carlos King of Naples, and which perhaps he has not forgot. Lord Tyrawley is returned, and as they were not pleased to see him and English troops in Portugal, when they feared it would draw down the war upon them, he now will not allow there is any war there, calls it a combination to get our money, and says he will eat every man that is killed, if the Portuguese will engage to roast him. Absurd as this proposition is, it is the only tolerable excuse I have heard for the King of Spain. *En attendant*, the signing of preliminaries, we have a victory of the King of Prussia over Laudohn, and a new squabble with the Dutch. They were sending a convoy of naval stores to Cales—to sell underhand; our good allies do not injure us for nothing; Commodore More sent some men-of-war to visit them; their guardian would not be examined, which he intimated by a cannon; a fight ensued, he has lost his nose and his first-lieutenant, and is brought into Portsmouth. This is our story as arrived to-day. The Dutch minister Borel is very temperate about it, though the lost nose belonged to his nephew.

I rejoice that you agree with me in abhorring that good woman the Czarina. Semiramis and her models never thought of palliating murders by manifestos. One would think that Peter the Great had not yet taught the Russians to read! or she could not have the confidence to write such horrid and such gross falsehoods. They are as ill-drawn as if penned in Spain or Portugal. But what do you think of her recollecting herself, crying for her husband, and wanting to attend his funeral? This, and her backward and forward dealing with the King of Prussia, show what confusion subsists in her councils. I do not grieve to hear that as much reigns in her empire.

I am impatient to learn that she is in a covered waggon on the road to Siberia.

I condole with you for the misfortune of the Gallery, and the loss of the Laocoon; yet, if a fine statue was to be demolished, it was one that could most easily be spared, as there is a duplicate at Rome, and, as I remember, not only a finer, but a more authentic. But how came the Florentines to see their gallery burn with so much indifference? It was collected by the Medici. If formed by the Lorrainers I should not wonder.

Lady Mary Wortley is dead, as I prepared you to expect. Except some trifling legacies, she has given everything to Lady Bute, so we shall never know the sum—perhaps that was intended. It is given out for inconsiderable, besides some rich baubles. Another of our old acquaintance at Florence is greatly advanced; Lady Charlotte Finch¹ is made governess to the Prince; a choice so universally approved that I do not think she will be abused even in the 'North Briton.'

Mrs. Foote's friend,² Lord Westmoreland, is just dead, from a stroke of the palsy. His countess is gone to your sister at Linton. His Chancellorship of Oxford will be an object of contention. Lord Litchfield will have the interest of the Court, which now has some influence there; yet, perhaps, those³ who would have voted for him formerly, may not now be his heartiest friends.

Oh, when I was talking of the royal child, I should have told you of a delightful card which was sent by Mrs. Salvador and Mrs. Mendez, two rich Jewesses, *to know how the Queen did*. Lady Northumberland, who was in waiting, told the servant that that was not the manner—that they should have come in person to inquire. "That's good," replied the fellow; "why, my mistress lies in herself: if she had not, I suppose she would have expected the Queen to send to *her*."

I will make your compliments to Palazzo Pitti [Mr. Thomas Pitt], when I see it; but he has scarce been here; he is not well, and drinking waters at Sunning-Hill.

Thank you for Cocchi's 'Spectator,'⁴ I like it better than you shall own to him. With his father's freedom of thinking, he has a

¹ See vol. i. p. 52.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Mary, sister of Sir Horace Mann.—WALPOLE.

³ The Jacobites.—WALPOLE.

⁴ Son of Dr. Cocchi, a Florentine physician and author; the son wrote some Spectators on the model of Addison's.—WALPOLE.

great deal of humour; but don't let him pursue it. Wit will be but slender comfort in the prisons of the Inquisition, or in a fortress; more uncomfortable, if his opening the eyes of others leads them into the same situation. If curing old errors would prevent the world from falling into new ones, *à la bonne heure*; but one nonsense is as good as another; better; if the change is to be made by blood. A Gustavus Vasa may strike a stroke for liberty, but few men are born to overturn a tyranny with their pen. When established liberty is in danger, then write for it; one may prevent people perhaps from shutting their eyes; 'tis more difficult to unclothe them if shut. Nor can it be done when the world is in cold blood; you may snatch a fortunate fermenting minute, but you cannot prepare it. If Cocchi must write, let him come hither; here he may make reeds, say what he will;¹ but let his own barber remind him that in some countries it is not safe even to trust reeds with one's thoughts. Adieu!

P.S. When I was mentioning acquaintance you have lost, I forgot to name Lady Fane;² you see nervous disorders are not very mortal; I think she must have been above seventy.

808. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 9, 1762.

Nondum laurus erat, longoque decentia crine
Tempora cingebat de quâlibet arbore Phœbus.

THIS is a hint to you, that as Phœbus, who was certainly your superior, could take up with a chesnut garland, or any crown he found, you must have the humility to be content without laurels, when none are to be had: you have hunted far and near for them, and taken true pains to the last in that old nursery-garden Germany, and by the way have made me shudder with your last journal: but you must be easy with *quâlibet* other *arbore*; you must come home to your own plantations. The Duke of Bedford is gone in a fury to make peace, for he cannot be even pacific with temper; and by this time I suppose the Duke de Nivernois is unpacking his portion of olive *dans la rue de Suffolk-street*. I say, I suppose—for I do not, like my friends at Arthur's, whip into my post-chaise to see every

¹ Alluding to Midas's barber.—WALPOLE.

² Charlotte, sister of James first Earl of Stanhope, and mother of Charles, the last Viscount Fane, friend of Sir Horace Mann, and his predecessor at Florence.—WALPOLE.

novelty. My two sovereigns, the Duchess of Grafton and Lady Mary Coke, are arrived, and yet I have seen neither Polly nor Lucy. The former, I hear, is entirely French; the latter as absolutely English.

Well! but if you insist on not doffing your cuirass, you may find an opportunity of wearing it. The storm thickens. The City of London are ready to hoist their standard; treason is the *bon-ton* at that end of the town; seditious papers pasted up at every corner: nay, my neighbourhood is not unfashionable; we have had them at Brentford and Kingston. The Peace is the cry; but to make weight, they throw in all the abusive ingredients they can collect. They talk of your friend the Duke of Devonshire's resigning; and, for the Duke of Newcastle, it puts him so much in mind of the end of Queen Anne's time, that I believe he hopes to be Minister again for another forty years.

In the mean time, there are but dark news from the Havannah; the Gazette, who would not fib for the world, says, we have lost but four officers; the World, who is not quite so scrupulous, says, our loss is heavy.—But what shocking notice to those who have *Harry Conways* there! The Gazette breaks off with saying, that they were to storm the next day! Upon the whole, it is regarded as a preparative to worse news.

Our next monarch [George IV.] was christened last night, George Augustus Frederick; the Princess, the Duke of Cumberland, and Duke of Mecklenburgh, sponsors; the ceremony performed by the Bishop of London.¹ The Queen's bed, magnificent, and they say in taste, was placed in the great drawing-room: though she is not to see company in form, yet it looks as if they had intended people should have been there, as all who presented themselves were admitted, which were very few, for it had not been notified; I suppose to prevent too great a crowd: all I have heard named, besides those in waiting, were the Duchess of Queensbury, Lady Dalkeith, Mrs. Grenville, and about four more ladies.

My Lady Ailesbury is abominable: she settled a party to come hither, and put it off a month; and now she has been here and seen my Cabinet, she ought to tell you what good reason I had not to stir. If she has not told you that it is the finest, the prettiest, the newest and the oldest thing in the world, I will not go to Park-place on the 20th, as I have promised. Oh! but tremble you may for

¹ No: by the Archbishop of Canterbury.—CUNNINGHAM.

me, though you will not for yourself—all my glories were on the point of vanishing last night in a flame! The chimney of the new Gallery, which chimney is full of deal-boards, and which Gallery is full of shavings, was on fire at eight o'clock. Harry¹ had quarrelled with the other servants, and would not sit in the kitchen; and to keep up his anger, had lighted a vast fire in the servants' hall, which is under the Gallery. The chimney took fire; and if Margaret had not smelt it with the first nose that ever a servant had, a quarter of an hour had set us in a blaze. I hope you are frightened out of your senses for me: if you are not, I will never live in a panic for three or four years for you again.

I have had Lord March and the Rena² here for one night, which does not raise my reputation in the neighbourhood, and may usher me again for a Scotchman into the North Briton.³ I have had too a letter from a German that I never saw, who tells me, that, hearing by chance how well I am with my Lord Bute, he desires me to get him a place. The North Briton first *recommended* me for an employment, and has now given me interest at the back-stairs. It is a notion, that whatever is said of one, has generally some kind of foundation: surely I am a contradiction to this maxim! yet, was I of consequence enough to be remembered, perhaps posterity would believe that I was a flatterer! Good night! Yours ever.

809. TO GROSVENOR BEDFORD, ESQ.⁴

DEAR SIR:

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 9, 1762.

I MUST trouble you in an affair in which it is not easy, I fear, to assist me. My servant, Henry Jones, is grown old and wants to retire. If you could find a very good servant for me, it would be of great use. I will tell you exactly what sort of man I want. He is to be steward and butler, not my gentleman, nor have any thing to do with dressing me, or with my clothes, but is to wait at table and at tea. His chief business will be to look after my family, in which

¹ His servant, Henry Jones; see next letter (of this day's date) to Grosvenor Bedford.—CUNNINGHAM.

² A fashionable courtesan.—WALPOLE.

³ The favourable opinion given by Mr. Walpole of the abilities of the Scotch in the Royal and Noble Authors, first drew upon him the notice of the North Briton.—WALPOLE.

⁴ Now first published.—CUNNINGHAM.

he must be strict ; and he must understand buying and selling, for what I shall chiefly expect, will be, that he shall bring me every Saturday night the house-bills for the week, and every month those of the other tradesmen and servants. For these reasons which I cannot dispense with, I chuse to have a grave servant of forty, or near it, with a very good character, and I should wish, not married. When you inquire, be so good as not to let it be known that it is for me ; as I do not like to have servants present themselves, whom I should probably not care to take. The wages I shall make little difficulty about, if it is one that I can depend upon for being careful in my family, and letting there be no waste. I shall be in town on Monday night, and if you will call on me on Tuesday or Wednesday mornings, I will talk to you farther, for though I should be glad to have this servant soon, I am in no particular haste. Adieu, dear Sir ! Yours ever,

H. W.

P.S. One material condition will be, that he is not to have friends coming to my house after him.

810. TO GROSVENOR BEDFORD, ESQ.¹

DEAR SIR :

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 24, 1762.

I WOULD not trouble you with the enclosed commissions, but as I think you pass by both doors almost every day. Be so good as to inquire if the persons mentioned in these advertisements are really objects of charity, and if they are, I will beg you to leave a guinea for each, and put it to my account. Yours ever,

H. W.

811. TO GROSVENOR BEDFORD, ESQ.

DEAR SIR :

I WISH you would be so good as to give five guineas for me (but without my name) to the subscription for the French prisoners, which I see by the enclosed advertisement has taken place ; and put it into the next account.

It is at Mr. Biddulph's, banker, at Charing-cross. Yours ever,

H. W.

¹ Now first published. This is one of many letters addressed by Walpole to his Deputy. Walpole's was not a callous heart. The letters that follow on the same subject (without date) will come in appropriately here.—CUNNINGHAM.

812. TO GROSVENOR BEDFORD, ESQ.

DEAR SIR :

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 12.

THE next time you go that way, be so good as to drop two guineas for me, but not in my name, according to the enclosed advertisement.

I hope your gout is quite gone off. Yours ever,

H. W.

813. TO GROSVENOR BEDFORD, ESQ.

DEAR SIR :

Arlington Street, Oct. 29.

As you go into the city, I will be obliged to you, if you will give two guineas for me at the Poultry, but it must be ordered to be laid out only for the comfort of the sick prisoners, according to this enclosed advertisement. Yours, &c.,

H. W.

814. TO GROSVENOR BEDFORD, ESQ.

DEAR SIR :

I WISH that any morning as you go into the city, you would take the trouble of calling at the Poultry Compter. The poor people there have advertised several times to beg money to pay their fees of discharge. I would give them two guineas towards it if I could be sure it would be honestly employed for them, and will beg you, if you find that possible, to advance it. Yours ever,

H. WALPOLE.

815. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 24, 1762.

I WAS disappointed at not seeing you, as you had given me hopes, but shall be glad to meet the General, as I think I shall, for I go to town on Monday to restore the furniture of my house, which has been painted ; and to stop the gaps as well as I can, which I have made by bringing away everything hither ; but as long as there are auctions, and I have any money or hoards, these wounds soon close.

I can tell you nothing of your dame Montagu and her arms ; but I dare to swear Mr. Chute can. I did not doubt but you would approve Mr. Bateman's, since it has changed its religion ; I converted it from Chinese to Gothic. His cloister of founders, which by the way is Mr. Bentley's, is delightful ; I envy him his old chairs,¹ and the tomb of Bishop Caducanus ; but I do not agree with you in preferring the Duke's [Cumberland's] to Stowe. The first is in a greater style, I grant, but one always perceives the *mésalliance* ; the blood of Bagshot-heath will never let it be green. If Stowe had but half so many buildings as it has, there would be too many ; but that profusion that glut enriches, and makes it look like a fine landscape of Albano ; one figures oneself in Tempe or Daphne. I never saw St. Leonard's-hill [near Windsor] ; would you spoke seriously of buying it ! one could stretch out the arm from one's postchaise, and reach you when one would.

I am here all in ignorance and rain, and have seen nobody these two days since I returned from Park-place. I do not know whether the mob hissed my Lord Bute at his installation,² as they intended, or whether my Lord Talbot drubbed them for it. I know nothing of the peace, nor of the Havannah ; but I could tell you much of old English engravers, whose lives occupy me at present. On Sunday I am to dine with your prime minister Hamilton [Single-Speech] ; for though I do not seek the world, and am best pleased when quiet here, I do not refuse its invitations, when it does not press one to pass above a few hours with it. I have no quarrel to it, when it comes not to me, nor asks me to lie from home. That favour is only granted to the elect, to Greatworth, and a very few more spots. Adieu !

816. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 26, 1762.

WELL, my dear Sir, we write and write, but we do not take the Havannah or make the peace ; I wish the latter may not depend on the former ! Lord Albemarle's last letters have not been made public ; we do not doubt but there is great sickness among our troops, nor do the Spaniards seem so terrified at the name of an

¹ Ante, Vol. iii. p. 429.—CUNNINGHAM.

² The ceremony of the installation of Prince William and Lord Bute, as knights of the garter, took place at Windsor on the 22nd of September.—WRIGHT.

Englishman as the French are. The former proceed in conquering Portugal before our faces; yet we have given them a little check, and I hope a little spirit to the Portuguese. The Duchess of Bedford is certainly going to Paris, but we do not expect the definitive treaty before the Parliament meets. The clamour does not increase, though I do not tell you it abates. One knows not what to believe about the chiefs. Pitt is said to declare firmly against opposition; others make a salvo for him, unless *in case of a bad peace*. But neither they nor he know what he will do till he is in the middle of his first speech. In the mean time Lord Temple is all flax, tow, pitch, and combustibles. What I do believe is, that Pitt has refused all junction with the Duke of Newcastle, who has certainly contributed most to raise the flame, who is for ever at Court, and yet ruining himself with more alacrity than ever in entertainments to keep up a party; yet I dare to say he will neither have courage to head an opposition, nor art enough to get to the top again, but will be just troublesome enough to obtain some insignificant post in the Cabinet Council. Somebody said t'other day, "Yet sure the Duke of Newcastle does not want parts;"—"No," replied Lord Talbot, "for he has done without them for forty years." His Grace, Lord Temple, and Lord Bute, met last Wednesday at the installation of the last. The first, when he performed the ceremony, embraced Lord Bute; Lord Temple sat next to him at dinner, but they did not exchange a syllable, and yet I do not esteem habitual virulence more than habitual dissimulation. The pomp was great; the King, Queen, and all the family, but Princess Amelia, (who excused herself from seeing her father's trophies buried) were there: Prince William [the Duke of Gloucester] was installed too, and it was the King's first appearance to take his stall. The Queen was charmed with Windsor, and they stay there till Tuesday. Pains had been taken to breed a riot, but nothing happened. The Duke de Nivernois was ill, and could not see the ceremony. He is very battered, delicate, and anxious about his health; very plain and little in his person, but with the air of a gentleman, so I hear. I have not seen him, nor have any curiosity; he translated Lord Lyttelton's 'Dialogues of the Dead,' which has not given me much opinion of him.

I did not doubt but such humanity as yours would agree with me about the Czarina—but I grow a little cooled upon that subject; I have not named her with abhorrence above seven times this week.

Well, I have seen my Duchess [of Grafton]—you have not returned her as you received her. I was quite struck at seeing her so much altered. She wears no rouge, and being leaner, her features, which never were delicate, seem larger. Then, she is not dressed French, but Italian, that is, over-French. In one point, in which she cannot be improved, she seemed so; being thinner, she looked taller. She spoke of you to my perfect content; and as if I did not know it, told me of all your good-breeding, good-nature, and attentions. She had said to a friend of mine that she had something for me from you, but that I should not have it till she saw me. That was but for half an hour, and not at her own house, so she and I both forgot it; was it my letters? I hope not, for she is gone to her father's [Lord Ravensworth's] in Northumberland, and being doomed never to appear where she is formed to shine, was not at the Installation; nay, will not be in town till December. If she who was so proper for it was not at Windsor, pray do not imagine I was. I saw that show above thirty years ago, and do not, like the Duke of Newcastle, tease every reign with my presence.

Lord Melcombe, except some trifling legacies, has left everything in his power to a near relation, Mr. Windham; but Eastbury [in Dorsetshire], and the estate are Lord Temple's, who having always threatened to pull down that pile of ugliness when it should be his, is charmed since he has seen it through the eyes of possession. I told you of Lady Mary Wortley's death and Will, but I did not then know that, with her usual maternal tenderness, and usual generosity, she has left her son one guinea.

Arlington Street, Monday night 27th.

This codicil to my letter will not rejoice you. I find here great doubts of the peace: in the city they disbelieve it, and prove their disbelief substantially: the Stocks fall fast. What a scene will follow, if this negotiation breaks off too! What acrimony, if we think ourselves again deluded by France! And does war want new edge? Wretched mortals! more wretched Kings and ministers, who look on lives as on gunpowder, and care not how many barrels they waste of either! Negotiations indeed will fluctuate before they settle. I wish this may be only one of their qualms. Prince Ferdinand too, will not be sparing of the human gunpowder committed to his charge: he will have a match ready in his hand to the last moment to blow up the treaty;—such a blessing is a foreign general, who has a different interest and cannot be called to account! Sure



Engraved by David R. Lucas

ANNE LIDDELL.

*Duchess of Bedford.
and Countess of Upper Ossory.*

FROM A CHALK DRAWING IN THE POSSESSION OF THE RT HON R VERNON SMITH M.P.

these monarchs and heroes would shudder, if they saw a bill drawn upon them thus:—

| | |
|---|------------------------|
| Queen of Hungary, debtor to the human species | Millions. |
| King of Prussia, ditto | do. |
| King of France, by his stewards | do. |
| King of Spain | Many thousands, ditto. |
| Prince Ferdinand, a private gentleman . . | Some thousands. |
| Czarina | Only her own husband. |
| Total | Half Europe. |

817. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 28, 1762.

To my sorrow and your wicked joy, it is a doubt whether Monsieur de Nivernois will shut the temple of Janus. We do not believe him quite so much in earnest as the dove¹ we have sent, who has summoned his turtle to Paris. She sets out the day after to-morrow, escorted, to add gravity to the embassy, by George Selwyn. The Stocks don't mind this journey of a rush, but draw in their horns every day. We can learn nothing of the Havannah, though the axis on which the whole treaty turns. We believe, for we have never seen them, that the last letters thence brought accounts of great loss, especially by the sickness. Colonel Burgoyne² has given a little fillip to the Spaniards, and shown them, that though they can take Portugal from the Portuguese, it will not be entirely so easy to wrest it from the English. Lord Pulteney, and my nephew,³ Lady Waldegrave's brother, distinguished themselves. I hope your hereditary Prince is recovering of the wounds in his loins; for they say he is to marry Princess Augusta.

Lady Ailesbury has told you, to be sure, that I have been at Park-place. Everything there is in beauty; and, I should think, pleasanter than a campaign in Germany. Your Countess is handsomer than Fame; your daughter [afterwards Mrs. Damer] improving every day; your plantations more thriving than the poor woods about Marburg and Cassel. Chinese pheasants swarm there.—For Lady Cecilia Johnston, I assure you, she sits close upon her egg,

¹ The Duke of Bedford, then ambassador at Paris.—WALPOLE.

² Colonel, afterwards General Burgoyne, with the Comte de Lippe, commanded the British troops sent to the relief of Portugal.—WALPOLE.

³ Edward, only son of Sir Edward Walpole. He died in 1771.—WALPOLE.

and it will not be her fault if she does not hatch a hero. We missed all the glories of the Installation, and all the faults, and all the frowning faces there. Not a knight was absent, but the lame and the deaf.

Your brother, Lady Hertford, and Lord Beauchamp, are gone from Windsor into Suffolk. Henry,¹ who has the genuine indifference of a *Harry Conway*, would not stir from Oxford for those pageants. Lord Beauchamp showed me a couple of his letters, which have more natural humour and cleverness than is conceivable. They have the ease and drollery of a man of parts who has lived long in the world—and he is scarce seventeen!

I am going to Lord Waldegrave's for a few days, and, when your Countess returns from Goodwood, am to meet her at Churchill's.² Lord Strafford, who has been terribly alarmed about my lady, mentions, with great pleasure, the letters he receives from you. His neighbour [in Yorkshire] and cousin, Lord Rockingham, I hear, is one of the warmest declaimers at Arthur's against the present system. Abuse continues in much plenty, but I have seen none that I thought had wit enough to bear the sea. Good night. There are satiric prints enough to tapestry Westminster-hall.

Stay a moment: I recollect telling you a lie in my last, which, though of no consequence, I must correct. The right reverend midwife, Thomas Secker, archbishop, did christen the babe, and not the Bishop of London, as I had been told by matron authority. *Apropos* to babes: have you read Rousseau on Education? I almost got through a volume at Park-place, though impatiently; it has more tautology than any of his works, and less eloquence. Sure he has writ more sense and more nonsense than ever any man did of both! All I have yet learned from this work is, that one should have a tutor for one's son to teach him to have no ideas, in order that he may begin to learn his alphabet as he loses his maidenhead.

Thursday, noon, 30th.

Io Havannah! Io Albemarle! I had sealed my letter, and given it to Harry for the post, when my Lady Suffolk sent me a short note from Charles Townshend, to say the Havannah surrendered on the 12th of August, and that we have taken twelve ships of the line in the harbour. The news came late last night. I do

¹ Henry Seymour Conway, second son of Francis, Earl and afterwards Marquis of Hertford.—WALPOLE.

² At Chalfont St. Peter's, in Buckinghamshire.—CUNNINGHAM.

not know a particular more. God grant no more blood be shed! I have hopes again of the peace. My dearest Harry, now we have preserved you to the last moment, do take care of yourself. When one has a whole war to wade through, it is not worth while to be careful in any one battle; but it is silly to fling one's self away in the last. Your character is established; Prince Ferdinand's letters are full of encomiums on you; but what will weigh more with you, save yourself for another war, which I doubt you will live to see, and in which you may be superior commander, and have space to display your talents. A second in service is never remembered, whether the honour of the victory be owing to him, or he killed. Turenne would have a very short paragraph, if the Prince of Condé had been general when he fell. Adieu!

818. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 30, 1762.

It gives me great satisfaction, that Strawberry Hill pleased you enough to make it a second visit. I could name the time instantly, but you threaten me with coming so loaded with presents, that it will look mercenary, not friendly, to accept your visit. If your chaise is empty, to be sure I shall rejoice to hear it at my gate about the 22nd of this next month: if it is crammed, though I have built a convent, I have not so much of the monk in me as not to blush—nor can content myself with praying to our Lady of Strawberries to reward you.

I am greatly obliged to you for the accounts from Gothurst [in Buckinghamshire]. What treasures there are still in private seats, if one knew where to hunt them! The emblematic picture of Lady Digby is like that at Windsor, and the fine small one at Mr. Skinner's. I should be curious to see the portrait of Sir Kenelm's father; was not he the remarkable Everard Digby? ¹ How singular too is the picture of young Joseph and Madam Potiphar! *His Majora*—one has heard of Josephus that did not find the lady's purse any hinderance to *Majora*.

You are exceedingly obliging in offering to make an index to my prints, Sir; but that would be a sad way of entertaining you. I am antiquary and virtuoso enough myself not to dislike such employment,

¹ Yes.—CUNNINGHAM.

but could never think it charming enough to trouble anybody else with it. Whenever you do me the favour of coming hither, you will find yourself entirely at liberty to choose your own amusements—if you choose a bad one, and in truth there is not very good, you must blame yourself, while you know I hope that it would be my wish that you did not repent your favours to, Sir, &c.

819. TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

MADAM :

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 1, 1762.

I HOPE you are as free from any complaint, as I am sure you are full of joy. Nobody partakes more of your satisfaction for Mr. Hervey's¹ safe return ; and now he is safe, I trust you enjoy his glory : for this is a wicked age ; you are one of those un-Lacedæmonian mothers, that are not content unless your children come off with all their limbs. A Spartan countess would not have had the confidence of my Lady Albemarle to appear in the drawing-room without at least one of her sons being knocked on the head.² However, pray, Madam, make my compliments to her ; one must conform to the times, and congratulate people for being happy, if they like it. I know one matron, however, with whom I may condole ; who, I dare swear, is miserable that she has not one of her acquaintance in affliction, and to whose door she might drive with all her sympathising greyhounds to inquire after her, and then to Hawkins's, and then to Graham's,³ and then cry over a ball of rags that she is picking, and be so sorry for poor Mrs. Such-an-one, who has lost an only son !

When your ladyship has hung up all your trophies, I will come and make you a visit. There is another ingredient I hope not quite disagreeable that Mr. Hervey has brought with him, un-Lacedæmonian too, but admitted among the other vices of our system. If besides glory and riches they have brought us peace, I will make a bonfire myself, though it should be in the mayoralty of that virtuous citizen Mr. Beckford. Adieu, Madam !

¹ General William Hervey, youngest son of Lady Hervey : who had just returned from the Havannah.—WALPOLE.

² Lady Anne Lenox, Countess of Albemarle, had three sons present at the taking of the Havannah. The eldest, Lord Albemarle, commanded the land forces ; the second, afterwards Lord Keppel, was then captain of a man of war ; and the third was colonel of a regiment.—WALPOLE.

³ The former a celebrated surgeon, the latter a celebrated apothecary.—CUNNINGHAM.

820. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 3, 1762.

I AM now only the peace in your debt, for here is the Havannah. Here it is, following despair and accompanied by glory, riches, and twelve ships-of-the-line; not all in person, for four are destroyed. The booty—that is an undignified term—I should say, the plunder, or the spoils, which is a more classic word for such heroes as we are, amounts to at least a million and a half. Lord Albemarle's share will be about 140,000*l*. I wish I knew how much that makes in *talents*, or *great sesterces*. What to me is better than all, we have lost but sixteen hundred men; *but*, alas! Most of the sick recovered! What an affecting object my Lady Albemarle's would make in a triumph, surrounded by her three victorious sons; for she had three at stake! My friend Lady Hervey,² too, is greatly happy; her son Augustus distinguished himself particularly, brought home the news, and on his way took a rich French ship going to Newfoundland with military stores. I do not surely mean to detract from him, who set all this spirit on float, but you see we can conquer, though Mr. Pitt is at his plough.

The express arrived while the Duc de Nivernois was at dinner with Lord Bute. The world says, that the joy of the company showed itself with too little politeness—I hope not; I would not exult to a single man, and a minister of peace; it should be in the face of Europe, if I assumed that dominion which the French used to arrogate; nor do I believe it happened; all the company are not so charmed with the event. They are not quite convinced that it will facilitate the pacification, nor am I clear it will. The city of London will not lower their hopes, and views, and expectations, on this acquisition. Well, if we can steer wisely between insolence from success and impatience for peace, we may secure our safety and tranquillity for many years. But they are *not* yet arrived, nor hear I anything that tells me the peace will certainly be made. France *wants* peace; I question if she *wishes* it. How his Catholic royalty

¹ Lady Anne Lenox, youngest daughter of the first Duke of Richmond. George, third Earl of Albemarle; Augustus Keppel, afterwards admiral; and General William Keppel, her three eldest sons, all commanded at the taking of the Havannah.—WALFOLE.

² Mary Lepelle, widow of John Lord Hervey, and mother of George William, Augustus, and Frederic, all successively earls of Bristol.—WALFOLE.

will take this, one cannot guess. My good friend, we are not at table with Monsieur de Nivernois, so we may smile at this consequence of the family-compact. Twelve ships-of-the-line and the Havannah!—it becomes people who cannot keep their own, to divide the world between them!

Your nephew Foote has made a charming figure; the King and Queen went from Windsor to see Eton; he is captain of the Oppidants, and made a speech to them with great applause. It was in English, which was right; why should we talk Latin to our Kings rather than Russ or Iroquois? Is this a season for being ashamed of our country? Dr. Barnard, the master, is the Pitt of masters, and has raised the school to the most flourishing state it ever knew.

Lady Mary Wortley has left twenty-one large volumes in prose and verse, in manuscript; nineteen are fallen to Lady Bute, and will not see the light in haste. The other two Lady Mary in her passage gave to somebody in Holland, and at her death expressed great anxiety to have them published. Her family are in terrors lest they should be, and have tried to get them: hitherto the man is inflexible. Though I do not doubt but they are an olio of lies and scandal, I should like to see them. She had parts, and had seen much. Truth is often at bottom of such compositions, and places itself here and there without the intention of the mother. I dare say in general, these works are like Madame del Pozzo's¹ *Memoires*. Lady Mary had more wit, and something more delicacy; their manners and morals were a good deal more alike.

There is a lad, a waiter at St. James's coffee-house, of thirteen years old, who says he does not wonder we beat the French, for he himself could thrash Monsieur de Nivernois. This duke is so thin and small, that when minister at Berlin, at a time that France was not in favour there, the King of Prussia said, if his eyes were a little older, he should want a glass to see the ambassador. I do not admire this bon-mot. Voltaire is continuing his *Universal History*; he showed the Duke of Grafton a chapter, to which the title is, *Les Anglois vainqueurs dans les Quatres Parties du Monde*. There have been minutes in the course of our correspondence when you and I did not expect to see this chapter. It is bigger by a quarter than

¹ Madame del Pozzo, an Italian lady, who for a short time had been mistress of the Regent of France, was celebrated for her wit, which was extremely coarse and indelicate, and was infamous for her debaucheries and abusive language. She wrote *Memoires* of her life, in which she had spoken so scandalously of Elizabeth Farnese Queen Dowager of Spain, that the latter employed persons to seize her and force them from her. Mr. Walpole knew her at Florence.—WALPOLE.

our predecessors the Romans had any pretensions to, and larger than I hope our descendants will see written of them, for conquest, unless by necessity, as ours has been, is an odious glory ; witness my hand

H. WALPOLE.

P.S. I recollect that my last letter was a little melancholy ; this to be sure, has a grain or two of national vanity ; why, I must own I am a miserable philosopher ; the weather of the hour does affect me. I cannot here, at a distance from the world and unconcerned in it, help feeling a little satisfaction when my country is successful ; yet, tasting its honours and elated with them, I heartily, seriously wish they had their *quietus*. What is the fame of men compared to their happiness ? Who gives a nation peace, gives tranquillity to all. How many must be wretched, before one can be renowned ! A hero bets the lives and fortunes of thousands, whom he has no right to game with : but alas ! Cæsars have little regard to their fish and counters !

Arlington Street, Oct. 4th.

I find I have told you an enormous lie,¹ but luckily I have time to retract it. Lady Mary Wortley has left nothing like the number of volumes I have said.² At the Installation I hear Charles Townsend said they were four—last Thursday he told me twenty-one. I seldom do believe or repeat what he says—for the future I will think of these twenty-one volumes.

There has been a disagreeable bloody affair in Germany. Soubize sent Lord Granby word that he hoped soon to embrace him—in two days they cannonaded us. It was entirely a cannon-ading affair, but it lasted fourteen hours, and cost them between two and three thousand men. We have lost between seven and eight hundred, with fourteen officers of the Guards killed and wounded. Prince Ferdinand, who either suspected the *Danaos*, or had a mind his army should, gave it out in orders that the whole army should be upon their guard. If our amity begins thus, how will it end ?

¹ It was true that Lady Mary Wortley did leave seventeen volumes of her works and memoirs. She gave her letters from Constantinople to an English clergyman in Holland [Mr. Sowden, minister of the English church at Rotterdam], who published them ; and, the day before she died, she gave him those seventeen volumes, with injunctions to publish them too ; but, in two days, the man had a crown-living from Lord Bute, and Lady Bute had the seventeen volumes.—WALPOLE. Lady Bute's daughter, Lady Louisa, says that the price demanded and paid (for the letters afterwards printed in spite of her), was five hundred pounds.—CUNNINGHAM.

² We have now, I fear, got everything in print that exists of Lady Mary Wortley's writings. See Lady Louisa Stuart's charming introduction to Lord Wharnccliffe's edition of her grandmother's works, 3 vols. 8vo, 1837 ; second edition.—CUNNINGHAM.

821. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington Street, Oct. 4, 1762.

I AM concerned to hear you have been so much out of order, but should rejoice your sole command¹ disappointed you, if this late cannonading business² did not destroy all my little prospects. Can one believe the French negotiators are sincere, when their marshals are so false? What vexes me more is to hear you seriously tell your brother that you are always unlucky, and lose all opportunities of fighting. How can you be such a child? You cannot, like a German, love fighting for its own sake. No: you think of the mob of London, who, if you had taken Peru, would forget you the first lord mayor's day, or for the first hyæna that comes to town. How can one build on virtue and on fame too? When do they ever go together? In my passion, I could almost wish you were as worthless and as great as the King of Prussia! If conscience is a punishment, is not it a reward too? Go to that silent tribunal, and be satisfied with its sentence.

I have nothing new to tell you. The Havannah is more likely to break off the Peace than to advance it.³ We are not in a humour to give up the world; *anzi*, are much more disposed to conquer the rest of it. We shall have some cannonading here, I believe, if we sign the peace. Mr. Pitt, from the bosom of his retreat, has made Beckford mayor. The Duke of Newcastle, if not taken in again, will probably end his life as he began it—at the head of a mob. Personalities and abuse, public and private, increase to the most outrageous degree, and yet the town is at the emptiest. You may guess what will be the case in a month. I do not see at all into the

¹ During Lord Granby's absence from the army in Flanders, the command in chief had devolved on Mr. Conway.—WALPOLE.

² The affair of Bucker-Muhl.—WALPOLE.

³ On this subject, Sir Joseph Yorke, in a letter to Mr. Mitchell of the 9th of October, observes, "All the world is struck with the noble capture of the Havannah, which fell into our hands on the Prince of Wales's birthday, as a just punishment upon the Spaniards for their unjust quarrel with us, and for the supposed difficulties they have raised in the negotiation for peace. By what I hear from Paris, my old acquaintance Grimaldi is the cause of the delay in signing the preliminaries, insisting upon points neither France nor England would ever consent to grant, such as the liberty of fishing at Newfoundland; a point we should not dare to yield, as Mr. Pitt told them, though they were masters of the Tower of London. What effect the taking of the Havannah will have is uncertain; for the Spaniards have nothing to give us in return."—WRIGHT.

storm : I do not mean that there will not be a great majority to vote anything ; but there are times when even majorities cannot do all they are ready to do. Lord Bute has certainly great luck, which is something in politics, whatever it is in logic : but whether peace or war, I would not give him much for the place he will have this day twelvemonth. Adieu ! The watchman goes past one in the morning ; and as I have nothing better than reflections and conjectures to send you, I may as well go to bed.

822. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 14, 1762.

You will not make your fortune in the Admiralty at least ; your King's cousin is to cross over and figure in with George Grenville ; the latter takes the Admiralty, Lord Halifax the seals—still, I believe, reserving Ireland for pocket-money ; at least no new viceroy is named. Mr. Fox undertakes the House of Commons—and the peace—and the war—for if we have the first, we may be pretty sure of the second.¹

You see Lord Bute totters ; reduced to shift hands so often, it does not look like much stability. The campaign at Westminster will be warm. When Mr. Pitt can have such a mouthful as Lord Bute, Mr. Fox, and the peace, I do not think three thousand pounds a year will stop it. Well, I shall go into my old corner under the window, and laugh ; I had rather sit by my fire here ; but if there are to be bullfeasts, one would go and see them, when one has a convenient box for nothing, and is very indifferent about the cavalier combatants. Adieu !

¹ In a letter to Mr. Pitt, of this day's date, Mr. Nuthall gives the ex-minister the following account of these changes :—" Mr. Fox kissed hands yesterday, as one of the cabinet ; Lord Halifax, as secretary of state, and Mr. George Grenville, as first lord of the admiralty. Mr. Fox's present state of health, it was given out, would not permit him to take the seals. Charles Townshend was early yesterday morning sent for by Lord Bute, who opened to him this new system, and offered him the secretaryship of the plantations and board of trade, which he not only refused, but refused all connection and intercourse whatever with the new counsellor, and spoke out freely. He was afterwards three times in with the King, to whom he was more explicit, and said things that did not a little alarm." *Chatham Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 181. —WRIGHT. Compare Mr. Fox's Letter to the Duke of Bedford, October 13th, 1762, in 'Bedford Correspondence,' iii. 133.—CUNNINGHAM.

823. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 20, 1762.

A NEW revolution has happened, which perhaps has not struck you as such, from what little has appeared in the papers. Mr. [George] Grenville, Secretary of State, and Lord Halifax, First Lord of the Admiralty, have changed places. "Well!" say you foreigners, "and do you call that a revolution? Sure, you English are not accustomed to great events, violent catastrophes, when you look on two ministers crossing over and figuring-in, as a revolution? Why, in Russia, a wife murders her husband, seizes the crown—" Stay, my good Sir; we do not strangle the Ten Commandments every time there is to be an alteration in the state; but, have a little patience, and you will find these removes not quite so simple as you imagine. Mr. Grenville, besides holding the Seals, was something else, was not he? Have you never heard of "Manager in the House of Commons?" or, what defines it better, had the *management* of the House of Commons. This, Lord Halifax, being in the Lords, cannot execute—if he could, Lord Bute would perform it himself. "Well," you cry, "and who is to do it?" I will tell you presently—let us despatch Mr. Grenville first. Three explanations are given—the majority, of which number for once am I, say, he had qualms on the Peace, could not digest such good terms as have been offered to France. Another set, no friends of Mr. Grenville, suspect some underhand dealings with his brother and Mr. Pitt. This I, who have a very good opinion of Grenville, do not believe. At most, I will allow him to have been afraid of signing the treaty. The third opinion, held by some of Lord Bute's friends, at least, given out by them, though not by himself, who imputes only timidity to Mr. Grenville, whisper, that the latter wanted the *real*¹ power of the House of Commons, and did not notify this ambition, till he thought the nearness of the Parliament would oblige his demands to be accorded. I have many reasons for disbelieving this. In the first place, the service was forced upon him, not sought; in the next, considering what steps have been taken for sole power, he could not expect it. In the last, the designation of his successor proves this was not fact, as Lord Bute must still

¹ Grenville proved a very ambitious man, and grew early though secretly an enemy of Lord Bute, as appeared afterwards.—WALPOLE.

have thought Mr. Grenville a less formidable substitute than the person he has been obliged to embrace—in short, Mr. Fox is again Manager of the House of Commons, remaining Paymaster and waiving the Seals; that is, will defend the treaty, not sign it. This wants no comment.

I see your impatience again—what, is the treaty then made? No—shall I tell you more? I mean my private opinion; it will not be made. Not for want of inclination here, nor in the ambassador at Paris—but I do not believe we can get it. Does that horrid and treacherous carnage, *cannonading* they call it, look like much sincerity on the French side? But the Spaniards will not accede. Have not I always told you, I was persuaded that the crown of Portugal reannexed had more charms in the proud eye of Spain than the Havannah in the eye of their interest? Mr. Stanley is indeed going directly after the Duke of Bedford—for what I know not. I do not expect much from it.

This is the state of the day. If you ask what is to follow, I answer, confusion; and the end of the war removed to the Lord knows when. When the Administration totters in four months,—when the first breach is made within the walls, not from without, is such a citadel impregnable? But if new armies, unexpected armies, join the enemy! nay, I do not tell you the Duke of Newcastle has joined Mr. Pitt; on the contrary, the world says the latter has haughtily rejected all overtures. But, pray, did not the Patriots and the Jacobites concur in every measure against my father, whatever were their different ends? That an opposition, much more formidable than is yet known, will appear, is very probable; and that Mr. Fox, so far from bringing any strength, except great abilities, to Lord Bute's support, will add fuel to the flame is, I think, past doubt. Unpopularity heaped on unpopularity does not silence clamour. Even the silly Tories will not like to fight under Mr. Fox's banner.

Upon the whole, I look on Lord Bute's history as drawing fast to a conclusion. So far from being ready to meet the Parliament, I shall not be surprised if they are not able to meet it, but throw up the cards before they begin to play them. My hopes of Peace are vanished! Few disinterested persons would be content with so moderate a one as I should; yet I can conceive a Peace with which I should not be satisfied. Yet if the time comes when you hear me again lamenting a glorious war, do not think me fickle and inconsistent. Had that happy stroke of a pen been struck last year,

when we might have had a reasonable Peace, we should not now be begging it, nor be uncertain whether we are not to be at last magnificently undone.

I believe I have made a great blunder. I told you the Duchess of Grafton said she had something for me from you, but would not deliver it till she saw me. You, I hooked into this, I do not know how. Lady Mary Coke arrived from Paris at the same time, and brought me a snuff-box, which she would not send, but give me herself. I had been inquiring about both, and interpreted of the Duchess what related to Lady Mary. So I have answered your surprise before I receive it.

My nephew, Mr. Keppel, is made Bishop of Exeter. How reverently ancient this makes me sound! my nephew the bishop! Would not one think I was four-score? Lady Albemarle; there is a happy mother! Honours military and ecclesiastic raining upon her children! She owns she has felt intoxicated. The moment the King had complimented the Duke of Cumberland on Lord Albemarle's success, the Duke stepped across the room to Lady Albemarle, and said, "If it was not in the Drawing-Room, I would kiss you." He 'is full as transported as she is.

Princess Augusta is certainly to marry the young hero of Brunswick.¹ In Portugal it goes woefully. Count la Lippe has been forced to cut the sash from the breast of a Portuguese general officer for cowardice. I suppose, however, that they will have honour enough left to stab him privately for it! Carvalho's² situation is beyond description; when our generals go to confer with him, they find a guard at every door of every room in his house; bolts and bars are unlocked before they can arrive at him; he is forced to keep himself as he would secure the head of the Jesuits. I expect very soon to see the Portuguese royal family at Somerset-house. Adieu!

824. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 29, 1762.

You take my philosophy very kindly, as it was meant; but I suppose you smile a little in your sleeve to hear me turn moralist.

¹ George Lord Albemarle, the conqueror of the Havannah, was the chief favourite of William Duke of Cumberland.—WALPOLE. "Upon the whole no joy can equal mine, and I strut and plume myself as if it was I that had taken the Havannah." *Duke of Cumberland to Lord Albemarle*, 2nd Oct. 1762.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Charles, hereditary Prince, and afterwards Duke of Brunswick.—WALPOLE.

³ The famous Prime Minister of Portugal.—WALPOLE.

Yet why should not I? Must every absurd young man prove a foolish old one? Not that I intend, when the latter term is quite arrived, to profess preaching; nor should, I believe, have talked so gravely to you, if your situation had not made me grave. Till the campaign is ended, I shall be in no humour to smile. For the war, when it will be over, I have no idea. The Peace is a jack-o'-lanthorn that dances before one's eyes, is never approached, and at best seems ready to lead some folks into a woful quagmire.

As your brother was in town, and I had my intelligence from him, I concluded you would have the same, and therefore did not tell you of this last revolution, which has brought Mr. Fox again upon the scene. I have been in town but once since; yet learned enough to confirm the opinion I had conceived, that the building totters, and that this last buttress will but push on its fall. Besides the clamorous opposition already encamped, the world talks of another, composed of names not so often found in a mutiny. What think you of the great Duke [Cumberland], and the little Duke [Bedford], and the old Duke [Newcastle], and the Derbyshire Duke [Devonshire], banded together against the favourite [Bute]? If so, it proves the court, as the late Lord G * * * *¹ wrote to the mayor of Litchfield, will have a majority in everything but numbers. However, my letter is a week old before I write it: things may have changed since last Tuesday. Then the prospect was *des plus* gloomy. Portugal at the eve of being conquered—Spain preferring a diadem to the mural crown of the Havannah—a squadron taking horse for Naples, to see whether King Carlos has any more private bowels than public, whether he is a better father than brother. If what I heard yesterday be true, that the Parliament is to be put off till the 24th, it does not look as if they were ready in the green-room, and despised cat-calls.

You bid me send you the flower of brimstone, the best things published in this season of outrage. I should not have waited for orders, if I had met with the least tolerable morsel. But this opposition ran stark mad at once, cursed, swore, called names, and has not been one minute cool enough to have a grain of wit. Their prints are gross, their papers scurrilous; indeed the authors abuse one another more than anybody else. I have not seen a single ballad or epigram. They are as seriously dull as if the controversy was religious. I do not take in a paper of either side; and being very indifferent, the only way of being impartial, they shall not make me

¹ Query: Gower.—CUNNINGHAM.

pay till they make me laugh. I am here quite alone, and shall stay a fortnight longer, unless the Parliament prorogued lengthens my holidays. I do not pretend to be so indifferent, to have so little curiosity, as not to go and see the Duke of Newcastle frightened *for* his country—the only thing that never yet gave him a panic. Then I am still such a schoolboy, that though I could guess half their orations, and know *all* their meaning, I must go and hear Cæsar and Pompey scold in the Temple of Concord. As this age is to make such a figure hereafter, how the Gronoviiuses and Warburtons would despise a senator that deserted the forum when the masters of the world harangued! For, as this age is to be historic, so of course it will be a standard of virtue too; and we, like our wicked predecessors the Romans, shall be quoted, till our very ghosts blush, as models of patriotism and magnanimity. What lectures will be read to poor children on this æra! Europe taught to tremble, the great King humbled, the treasures of Peru diverted into the Thames, Asia subdued by the gigantic Clive! for in that age men were near seven feet high; France suing for peace at the gates of Buckingham-house, the steady wisdom of the Duke of Bedford drawing a circle round the Gallic monarch, and forbidding him to pass it till he had signed the cession of America; Pitt more eloquent than Demosthenes, and trampling on proffered pensions like—I don't know who; Lord Temple sacrificing a brother to the love of his country; Wilkes as spotless as Sallust, and the Flamen Churchill¹ knocking down the foes of Britain with statues of the Gods!—Oh! I am out of breath with eloquence and prophecy, and truth and lies: my narrow chest was not formed to hold inspiration! I must return to piddling with my Painters: those lofty subjects are too much for me. Good night!

P.S. I forgot to tell you that Gideon,² who is dead worth more than the whole land of Canaan, has left the reversion of all his milk and honey, after his son and daughter and their children, to the Duke of Devonshire, without insisting on his taking the name, or even being circumcised. Lord Albemarle is expected home in December. My nephew Keppel³ is Bishop of Exeter, not of the Havannah, as you may imagine, for his mitre was promised the day before the news came.

¹ Charles Churchill the poet.—WALPOLE.

² See vol. ii. p. 260 and p. 395.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Frederick Keppel, youngest brother of George Earl of Albemarle, who commanded at taking the Havannah, had married Laura, eldest daughter of Sir Edward Walpole.—WALPOLE.

825. TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

MADAM :

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 31, 1762.

It is too late, I fear, to attempt acknowledging the honour Madame de Chabot¹ does me; and yet, if she is not gone, I would fain not appear ungrateful. I do not know where she lives, or I would not take the liberty again of making your ladyship my penny-post. If she is gone, you will throw my note into the fire.

Pray, Madam, blow your nose with a piece of flannel—not that I believe it will do you the least good—but, as all wise folks think it becomes them to recommend nursing and flannelling the gout, imitate them; and I don't know any other way of lapping it up, when it appears in the person of a running cold. I will make it a visit on Tuesday next, and shall hope to find it tolerably vented.

P.S. You must tell me all the news when I arrive, for I know nothing of what is passing. I have only seen in the papers, that the cock and hen doves² that went to Paris not having been able to make peace, there is a third dove³ just flown thither to help them.

826. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Thursday, Nov. 4, 1762.

THE events of these last eight days will make you stare. This day se'nnight the Duke of Devonshire came to town, was flatly refused an audience, and gave up his key. Yesterday Lord Rockingham resigned, and your cousin Manchester was named to the bedchamber. The King then in council called for the book, and dashed out the Duke of Devonshire's name. If you like spirit, *en voila!*

Do you know I am sorry for all this? You will not suspect me of tenderness for his grace of Devonshire, nor, recollecting how the whole house of Cavendish treated me on my breach with my uncle,⁴

¹ Lady Mary Chabot, daughter of the Earl of Stafford.—WALPOLE.

² The Duke and Duchess of Bedford.—WALPOLE.

³ Mr. Hans Stanley.—WALPOLE.

⁴ One of old Horace's sons had married a daughter of the Duke of Devonshire.—CUNNINGHAM.

will any affronts, that happen to them, call forth my tears. But I think the act too violent and too serious, and dipped in a deeper dye than I like in politics. Squabbles, and speeches, and virtue, and prostitution, amuse one sometimes; less and less indeed every day; but measures, from which you must advance and cannot retreat, is a game too deep; one neither knows who may be involved, nor where will be the end. It is not pleasant. Adieu!

827. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 9, 1762.

I now pay my last debt to you, for I send you the Peace. It arrived at three o'clock yesterday morning, and was signed on the third; includes Spain, saves Portugal, and leaves the hero and heroine¹ of Germany to scratch out one another's last eye. I do not pretend to minute the particulars to you; you will have heard them from France before you can have received them from me. Nay, I do not know them exactly. Florida for the Havannah is the chief thing mentioned; so Spain pays a little for the family-compact, besides the loss of her ships, and disappointment of the Crown of Portugal. I believe she relinquished her prospect of the latter to save that of Naples; a bombarding fleet was destined thither. The Ministry affect to talk highly of their peace, though I think they are not very proud of it. The City condemns it already by wholesale, and will by retail. Mr. Pitt says it is inadequate to our successes, and inglorious for our Allies; the gentlest words I suppose he will utter. For my part, who know nothing of the detail, I can but rejoice that peace is made. The miserable world will have some repose, and Mr. Conway is safe. I own I have lived in terror about him.

Coupled with the consequences of the Peace will be two great events that have lately happened to one considerable person, and which have occasioned much surprise. The Duke of Devonshire, who has been fluctuating between his golden Key and disgust, ever since the Duke of Newcastle's fall, came from the Bath last Thursday se'nnight; prepared to resign, if ill received.² He went directly

¹ The King of Prussia and the Empress Queen.—WALPOLE.

² See the Duke of Newcastle to Lord Rockingham, Oct. 28th, 1762, for an account of what his grace is pleased to call "the most extraordinary event that has happened in any court of Europe." *Rockingham Memoirs*, i. 355. The Duke confirms the accuracy of Walpole.—CUNNINGHAM.

to Court, and bid the page in waiting tell the King he was there. A flat answer that the King would not see him was returned. He sent in again to know what he must do with his Key and Staff [as Lord Chamberlain],—reply: he should receive the King's orders about them. He went directly to Lord Egremont's and left them there. On the following Wednesday the King in Council called for the Council-book, and ordered the Duke's name to be struck out of it:—a proceeding almost novel, having never happened but to Lord Bath [Mr. Pulteney] and Lord George Sackville. There are but faint reasons given for so ignominious a treatment, as his not coming to council when summoned, &c., but the political cause assigned is, to intimidate the great lords, and prevent more resignations, which were expected. Hitherto in that light it has succeeded, for Lord Rockingham alone has quitted. It is very amusing to me to see the House of Lords humbled. I have long beheld their increasing power with concern, and though not at all wishing to see the higher scale preponderating, I am convinced nothing but the Crown can reduce the exorbitance of the peers, and perhaps it will be able; for I believe half those who are proud of twenty thousand pounds a-year, will bear anything for a thousand more.

I forgot when I named only Lord Rockingham: the duke's brother and brother-in-law, Lord George Cavendish and Lord Besborough resigned their places immediately. None of them but the Marquis of Rockingham in the Bedchamber are yet filled up.

I am an honest prophet than most of my profession. I record my blunders. I foretold that this Ministry would not be able to open the Parliament. See how fair I am; I do not pretend that I only meant on the eleventh—it is put off to the twenty-fifth, and yet I do not brag of the event verifying my prediction. As the Peace is come, they must abide it; and probably will be able to carry it through—and yet they will have to fight their way. The Duke of Newcastle certainly—by certainly I only mean to answer for his resolution at this instant—goes into opposition. Lord Hardwicke, it is said, will accompany him—if he does, I shall not think Lord Bute's game so sure; that is, I have no notion of Yorkes in opposition without a moral assurance of success. If the *man* Hardwicke comes out of the weather-house, it will certainly be a stormy season.

I write shortly, for I am in a hurry; but my letter, rolled out, would make a very large one. Your own comments will make it last you some time. In short, more than one die is cast. I am

returning to Strawberry for some days, rejoiced that my friends are secure; and for events, let them come as they may. I have nothing to do to be glad or sorry, whatever happens ministerially, and do not know why one may not *see* history with the same indifference that one *reads* it. Adieu!

P.S. I wish you would trouble yourself to inquire at Rome whether the mould of the Livia Mattei, made by Valory for my mother's statue, exists. My cast is broken through and through, and the plaster too rotten to be repaired or to last. If existing, will you inform yourself to how much a cast in bronze would amount? If it would pass my pocket, I must be glad of another cast.

828. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

DEAR SIR:

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 13, 1762.

You will easily guess that my delay in answering your obliging letter, was solely owing to my not knowing whither to direct to you. I waited till I thought you may be returned home. Thank you for all the trouble you have given, and do give yourself for me; it is vastly more than I deserve.

Duke Richard's portrait I willingly wave, at least for the present, till one can find out who he is. I have more curiosity about the figures of Henry VII. at Christ's College. I shall be glad some time or other to visit them, to see how far either of them agree with his portrait in my picture of his marriage. St. Ethelreda was mighty welcome.

We have had variety of weather since I saw you, but I fear none of the patterns made your journey more agreeable.

829. TO THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE.¹

DEAR SIR:

Nov. 21, 1762.

As soon as I heard that the Parks,² which Lord Ashburnham had

¹ On her monument in Westminster Abbey, vol. i. p. lxxviii.—WALPOLE.

² Now first collected, from Walpole's *Memoirs of the reign of King George III.*, vol. i. p. 213.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ The Rangership of St. James's and Hyde Parks. This post was not worth two thousand two hundred pounds a-year by itself, but with the bedchamber, as Lord Ashburnham had held it. Lord Orford was already lord of the bedchamber; so, though I did not know it at that time, the offer was grossly fallacious. Fox, however, might be ignorant too of this circumstance.—WALPOLE.

quitted, were worth 2,200*l.* a-year (as they certainly are), I thought such an income might, if not prevent, at least procrastinate your nephew's ruin.¹ I find nobody knows his lordship's² thoughts on the present state of politics.

Perhaps he has none. Now, are you willing, and are you the proper person, to tell Lord Orford that I will do my best to procure this employment for him, if I can soon learn that he desires it? If he does choose it, I doubt not of his and his friend Boone's³ hearty assistance, and believe I shall see you too, much oftener in the House of Commons. This is offering you a bribe, but 'tis such a one as one honest good-natured man may without offence offer to another.

If you undertake this, do it immediately, and have attention to my part in it, which is delicate. If you do not undertake it, let me know your thoughts of the proposal, whether I had better drop it entirely, or put it into other hands, and whose.

You'll believe me, when I tell you that goodness of heart has as much share in this to the full, as policy.

Yours ever,

H. Fox.⁴

¹ George Walpole, third Earl of Orford, grandson of Sir Robert Walpole. Not only his grandfather and father had left great debts, but his own dissipation had involved him in many more.—WALPOLE.

² He scarcely ever had any thoughts about politics, but lived almost always in the country and at Newmarket, wasting his time and fortune by carelessness, rather than in pleasures and expenses. With a most engaging figure and address, he profited of no one advantage to which he was born; and, without any view of advantage to himself, disgusted every friend he had by insensibility, and every friend he might have had by insincerity.—WALPOLE.

³ Charles Boone, brought early into parliament by Lord Orford, for Castlerising. Fox *had already* solicited Lord Orford through Mr. Boone, but without receiving any answer.—WALPOLE.

⁴ This artful and disingenuous letter the messenger was ordered to desire I would answer immediately. I determined at once to guard my expressions in such a manner, that, under the appearance of the same insincere cordiality which Fox affected to wear, it should not be possible to fix either declaration or engagement upon me; showing him at the same time that I would neither accept favour from him, nor be indirectly obliged to him though my nephew. I was aware that, if I refused to notify the offer to Lord Orford, he or his friends, and the Court too, would raise a clamour against me for preventing his receiving a favour that he wanted so much: and, as he was already lord of the bedchamber, there could be no reason in honour why he should not accept an addition of income; nor was there anything in his principles that would make him difficult to be farther bound. With these views I returned the following answer.—WALPOLE.

880. TO THE RIGHT HON. HENRY FOX.¹

DEAR SIR :

Nov. 21, 1762.

AFTER having done² what the world knows I have done, to try to retrieve the affairs of my family, and to save my nephew from ruin, I can have little hopes that any interposition of mine will tend to an end I wish so much. I cannot even flatter myself with having the least weight with my Lord Orford. In the present case I can still less indulge myself in any such hopes. You remember in the case of the St. Michael election, how hardly he used me on your account. I know how much he resented last year his thinking you concerned in the contest about the borough³ where he set up Mr. Thomas Walpole; as he has not even now deigned to answer Mr. Boone's letter,⁴ I can little expect that he will behave with more politeness to me. Yet, I think it so much my duty to lay before him anything for his advantage, and what is by no means incompatible with his honour, that I certainly will acquaint him immediately with the offer you are so good as to make him.

You see I write to you with my usual frankness and sincerity; and you will, I am sure, be so good as to keep to yourself the freedom with which I mention very nice family affairs. You must excuse me if I add one word more on myself. My wish is, that Lord Orford should accept this offer; yet, I tell you truly, I shall state it to him plainly and simply, without giving any advice, not only for the reasons I have expressed above, but because I do not mean to be involved in this affair any otherwise than as a messenger. A man who is so scrupulous as not to accept any obligation for himself, cannot be allowed to accept one for another without thinking himself bound in gratitude as much as if done to himself. The very little share I ever mean to take more in public affairs, shall

¹ Now first collected.

² This alludes to my having projected a match for Lord Orford with Miss Nicholl, an heiress worth one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, whom Lord Orford would not marry; and in the course of which negotiation I had a great quarrel with my uncle, old Horace Walpole, who endeavoured, though trusted with her by me, to marry her to one of his own younger sons. This quarrel had made very great noise, and many persons were engaged in it. The young lady afterwards married the Marquis of Caernarvon.—WALPOLE.

³ Mr. Fox had supported Mr. Sullivan at a borough in the west, against Mr. T. Walpole; I forget whether it was Callington or Ashburton. Lord Orford was heir to estates in both by his mother.—WALPOLE.

⁴ Mr. Boone had acquainted me with this, and Mr. Fox thought I did not know it, but I chose to let him see I did.—WALPOLE.

and must be dictated by disinterested motives. I have no one virtue to support me but that disinterestedness, and, if I act with you, no man living shall have it to say that it was not by choice and by principle.

I am, dear sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

HORACE WALPOLE.¹

831. TO THE EARL OF ORFORD.²

MY DEAR LORD :

Arlington Street, Nov. 22, 1762.

I MUST preface what I am going to say, with desiring you to believe that I by no means take the liberty of giving you any advice, and should the proposal I have to make to you be disagreeable, I beg you to excuse it, as I thought it my duty to lay before you anything that is for your advantage, and as you would have reason to blame me if I declined communicating to you a lucrative offer.

I last night received a letter from Mr. Fox, in which he tells me, that, hearing the Parks, vacant by Lord Ashburnham's resignation, are worth 2,200*l.* a-year, he will, if you desire to succeed him, do his best to procure that employment for you, if he can soon learn that it is your wish.

If you will be so good as to send me your answer, I will acquaint him with it, or if you think it more polite to thank Mr. Fox himself for his obliging offer, I shall be very well content to be, as I am in everything else, a cypher, except where I can show myself,

My dear Lord,

Your very affectionate humble servant,

HORACE WALPOLE.³

¹ There were truths enough to displease, and they did not escape Fox. The consequence to me was, that by his influence with Martin, secretary of the treasury, my payments were stopped for some months, nor made but on my writing to Lord Bute himself; which, as, notwithstanding this persecution, I would take no part with the administration, proved that the delay had not flowed from the minister himself, but from his associate, my good friend.—WALPOLE.

² Now first collected.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ To this letter, nor to the offer, did Lord Orford give himself the trouble of making the least reply; but arriving in town the very day the parliament met, he came to me, and asked me what he was to do. I replied very coldly, I did not know what he intended to do; but if his meaning was to accept, I suppose, he ought to go to Mr. Fox, and tell him so, I having nothing further to do with it than barely to acquaint him with the offer. Without preface or apology, without recollecting his long enmity (it is true he did not know why he was Fox's enemy), and without a hint of reconciliation, to Fox he went, accepted the place, and never gave that ministry one vote afterwards; continuing in the country, as he would have done, had they given him nothing.—WALPOLE.

832. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Dec. 20, 1762.

As I am far from having been better since I wrote to you last, my post-chaise points more and more to Naples. Yet Strawberry, like a mistress,

As oft as I descend the hill of health,
Washea my hold away.

Your company would have made me decide much faster, but I see I have little hopes of that, nor can I blame you; I don't use so rough a word with regard to myself, but to your pursuing your amusement, which I am sure the journey would be. I never doubted your kindness to me one moment; the affectionate manner in which you offered, three weeks ago, to accompany me to Bath, will never be forgotten. I do not think my complaint very serious; for how can it be so, when it has never confined me a whole day? But my mornings are so bad, and I have had so much more pain this last week, with restless nights, that I am convinced it must not be trifled with. Yet I think Italy would be the last thing I would try, if it were not to avoid politics: yet I hear nothing else. The court and opposition both grow more violent every day from the same cause; the victory of the former. Both sides torment me with their affairs, though it is so plain I do not care a straw about either. I wish I were great enough to say, as a French officer on the stage at Paris said to the pit, "Accordez-vous, canaille!" Yet to a man without ambition or interestedness, politicians are canaille. Nothing appears to me more ridiculous in my life than my having ever loved their squabbles, and that at an age when I loved better things too! My poor neutrality, which thing I signed with all the world, subjects me, like other insignificant monarchs on parallel occasions, to affronts. On Thursday I was summoned to Princess Emily's loo. *Loo* she called it, *politics* it was. The second thing she said to me was, "How were you the two long days?" "Madam, I was only there the first." "And how did you vote?" "Madam, I went away." "Upon my word, that was carving well." Not a very pleasant apostrophe to one who certainly never was a time-server! Well, we sat down. She said, "I hear Wilkinson is turned out, and that Sir Edward Winnington is to have his place; who is he?" addressing herself to me, who sat over against her. "He is the late Mr. Win-

nington's heir, Madam." "Did you like that Winnington?" "I can't but say I did, Madam." She shrugged up her shoulders, and continued; "Winnington originally was a great Tory; what do you think he was when he died?" "Madam, I believe what all people are in place." Pray, Mr. Montagu, do you perceive anything rude or offensive in this? Hear then: she flew into the most outrageous passion, coloured like scarlet, and said, "None of your wit; I don't understand joking on those subjects; what do you think your father would have said if he had heard you say so? He would have murdered you, and you would have deserved it." I was quite confounded and amazed; it was impossible to explain myself across a loo-table, as she is so deaf; there is no making a reply to a woman and a Princess, and particularly for me, who have made it a rule, when I must converse with royalties, to treat them with the greatest respect, since it is all the court they will ever have from me. I said to those on each side of me, "What can I do? I cannot explain myself now." Well, I held my peace, and so did she for a quarter of an hour. Then she began with me again, examined me on the whole debate, and at last asked me directly, which I thought the best speaker, my father or Mr. Pitt. If possible, this was more distressing than her anger. I replied, it was impossible to compare two men so different; that I believed my father was more a man of business than Mr. Pitt. "Well, but Mr. Pitt's language?" "Madam," said I, "I have always been remarkable for admiring Mr. Pitt's language." At last, this unpleasant scene ended; but as we were going away, I went close to her, and said, "Madam, I must beg leave to explain myself; your Royal Highness has seemed to be very angry with me, and I am sure I did not mean to offend you: all I intended to say was, that I supposed Tories were Whigs when they got places!" "Oh!" said she, "I am very much obliged to you; indeed, I was very angry." Why she was angry, or what she thought I meant, I do not know to this moment, unless she supposed that I would have hinted that the Duke of Newcastle and the Opposition were not men of consummate virtue, and had lost their places out of principle. The very reverse was at that time in my head; for I meant that the Tories would be just as loyal as the Whigs, when they got anything by it.

You will laugh at my distresses, and in truth they are little serious; yet they almost put me out of humour. If your cousin [Halifax] realises his fair words to you, I shall be very good-humoured again. I am not so morose as to dislike my friends for being in place; in-

deed, if they are in great place, my friendship goes to sleep like a paroli at pharaoh, and does not wake again till their deal is over. Good night.

833. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 30, 1762.

As the Parliament is met, you will naturally expect to hear much news; but, whatever disposition there may be to create novelties, nothing has yet happened of any importance. One perceives that the chiefs of the Opposition have not much young blood in their veins. The first day of the session was remarkable for nothing but the absence of the leaders; Mr. Fox had vacated his seat, and Mr. Pitt was laid up with the gout, as he still continues. But, if the generals want fire, the troops do not: Lord Bute was in great danger from the mob, was hissed and pelted, and, if the guards had not been fetched, would probably have fared still worse. The majority is certainly with the Court; the Nation against it. The Duke of Cumberland, who has entirely broken with Mr. Fox, has had a conference of four hours with Mr. Pitt. Hitherto it has produced nothing.

As wishing well to Mr. Fox, I can but be sorry he has undertaken his new province, to which his health is by no means equal. I should think the probability of his death must alarm the Court, who owe their present security entirely to him, and would not meet with much quarter from Mr. Pitt, the Duke of Devonshire, or the greater Duke.¹ The resentment of the last I guess to be the bitterest of all. For the Duke of Newcastle, he only makes one smile as usual; to see him frisking while his grave is digging. Contests for power and struggles of faction have long served only to divert me. I wish I thought the present tempest would end like all others I have seen, in gratifying the dirty views of particulars; they would have their pay, and we should be quiet for a season. I don't take that to be entirely the case at present.

The Duke of Marlborough is Lord Chamberlain; Lord Northumberland, Chamberlain to the Queen and Cabinet Counsellor. Other places vacated by resignations are not yet filled up; but it is known that Mr. Morice, whom you have lately seen, is to be Comptroller of the Household. Your old friend, Lord Sandwich, goes ambassador to Spain. Another of your friends is dead, Lord Corke; and another

¹ The Duke of Cumberland.—WALPOLE.

has desired me to say much to you from him—Lord Stormont : he is a particular favourite with me.

Mr. Conway stays to conduct home the troops : as it will be above six weeks before I see him, I should be sorry if I did not envy anybody that is at a distance from these bustles. I am particularly glad that he is so, for it is not every man who has resolution enough to meddle so little in them as I do. Lord Granby is impatiently expected : it is not certain what part he will take, and, with his unbounded popularity, it cannot be indifferent. The most tempting honours have been offered to him ; but, however it is, even Lord Hardwicke has resisted temptations—very lucrative temptations ! Yet I do not brag of the virtue of the age ; for, if there are two Fabricii, there are two hundred Esaus.

There is come forth a new State Coach, which has cost 8,000*l*. It is a beautiful object, though crowded with improprieties. Its support are Tritons, not very well adapted to land-carriage ; and formed of palm-trees, which are as little aquatic as Tritons are terrestrial. The crowd to see it on the opening of the Parliament was greater than at the Coronation, and much more mischief done.

The Duchess of Grafton has given me the drawing of the Casino at Leghorn by Inigo Jones. It is very pretty : was not I to have a church by him too ?

The Duchess of Bedford has sent to Lady Bolingbroke a remarkably fine enamelled watch, to be shown to the Queen. The Queen desired her to put it on, that she might see how it looked—and then said it looked so well, it ought to remain by Lady Bolingbroke's side, and gave it her. Was not this done in a charming manner ?

George Selwyn, of whom you have heard so much, but don't know, is returned from Paris, whither he went with the Duchess of Bedford. He says our passion for everything French is nothing to theirs for everything English. There is a book published called the '*Anglomanie*.' How much worse they understand us, even than we do them, you will see by this story. The old Marechale de Villars gave a vast dinner to the Duchess of Bedford. In the middle of the dessert, Madame de Villars called out, "Oh, Lord ! they have forgot ! yet I bespoke them, and I am sure they are ready ; you English love hot rolls—bring the rolls." There arrived a huge dish of hot rolls, and a sauce-boat of melted butter. Adieu !

834. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Dec. 20, 1762.

I RECEIVED your letter for the Duchess of Grafton, and gave it to her last night. She was so pleased with your good-breeding and compliments, that she made me read it. Her Duke is appearing in a new light, and by the figure he makes will probably soon be the head of the Opposition, if it continues; though the vast majority on the preliminaries will probably damp it extremely. In the Lords there was no division; in the Commons, 319 to 65. Such a triumphancy in the Court will not be easily mastered. To-day has been execution-day; great havoc is made amongst the Duke of Newcastle's friends, who are turned out down to the lowest offices.

This is a want of moderation after victory, which I, who never loved the House of Pelham, cannot commend. He cannot indemnify his friends; and I am not apt to think he would if he could. Some of them, who had the same doubt, took care not to put this last ingratitude in his power, but abandoned him. I missed a scene that would have pleased me. The Chancellor [Northington] abused the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Hardwicke unmercifully, though the latter moves mighty slowly towards opposition, and counts his purse over at every step. I have so often seen unbounded subservience to those two men in the House of Lords, that it would have pleased me to witness their defeat on the same spot, and,—there I have done with it. It is an angry Opposition, but very dull; does not produce a lively ballad or epigram. I have even heard but one *bon-mot* of its manufacture, and that was very delicate and pretty. They were saying that everybody, without exception, was to be turned out that the Duke of Newcastle had brought in; somebody replied, "Save the King."¹

For twenty years I have been looking at parties, factions, changes, and struggles; do you wonder I am tired, when I have seen them so often acted over, and pretty much by the same *dramatis personæ*? Yet I wish I had no worse reason for not enjoying the repetition. I am not only grown old (though I find that is no reason with the generality, for I think all the chiefs are very *Struldbrugs* in politics), but my spirits are gone.

¹ I am pleased with a *bon mot* that I am told is in one of the public papers (for I never read them), viz., that the ministers have turned out everybody your grace helped to bring in except the king.—*Duke of Devonshire to Duke of Newcastle*, Dec. 29, 1762.—CUNNINGHAM.

It is always against my will when I talk of my health, and I have disguised its being out of order as long as I could; but since the fit of the gout I had in the spring, and whose departure I believe I precipitated too fast, I have had a constant pain in my breast or stomach. It comes like a fever at six in the morning, proceeds to a pain by the time I rise, and lasts with a great lowness of spirits till after dinner. In most evenings I am quite well. I am teased about my management of myself. I abhor physicians, and have scarce asked a question of one; my regimen is still more condemned; but I act by what I find succeeds best with me. You will be surprised when I tell you, that though I think my complaint a flying gout, I treat it with water and the coldest things I can find, except harts-horn; fifty drops of the latter, and three pears are my constant supper, and my best nights are when I adhere to this method. I thought for three weeks I had cured myself, but for these last ten days I have been rather worse than before. In short, what I hope you will not dislike, though you will be sorry for the cause, I am thinking seriously of a journey to Italy in March. Much against my inclination, I own, except for the pleasure of seeing you.

Strawberry, which I have almost finished to my mind, and where I mean to pass the greatest part of the remainder of my life, pulls hard. I shall decide in a few days whether I shall set out, or first try Bath or Bristol. The two latter, except for the shortness of the time, are much more against my inclination than going abroad; but I have talked too much of myself; let us come to you. I am heartily glad Mr. Mackenzie is your friend; he is a man of strict honour, and will be so if he professes it. I do not know what to advise about Naples. You know I always repeat my father's maxim, "*Quieta non movere*." Besides, should you like it? After so many years, would you care to tap a new world, a new set of acquaintance? But I am a bad counsellor: my aversion to embarking in new scenes, not early in one's life, is, I find it, particular; few think themselves so old as I do at five-and-forty; nor would I give myself for a rule to any man else. My bidding adieu to the world already (I do not mean by a formal retreat, of which one always grows tired, and which one makes a silly figure by quitting again) is not a part for everybody; for I never had any ambition, and though much love for fame, I very near despise that as much too now. Youth is the only real season for joy, but cannot, and surely should not be pushed a moment beyond its term—but this is moralising! If Mr. Mackenzie could send you to Naples, he can keep you at Florence.

Continue to secure him. Try to be useful to the King in his love of *virtù*. I counselled this from the first minute of his reign.

If you choose to try for Naples, I cannot dissuade it; nor can the solicitation hurt you whether it succeed or not. Whatever you wish I wish heartily. I have long made myself of too little consequence to contribute anything to my friends but wishes. Adieu! my dear Sir.

P.S. It is very true, I had the gesse of my mother's statue, but, as I told you, it is so rotten and crumbling that I want another.

335. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

DEAR SIR:

Arlington Street, Dec. 23, 1762.

You are always abundantly kind to me, and pass my power of thanking you. You do nothing but give yourself trouble and me presents. My cousin Calthorpe¹ is a great rarity, and I think I ought, therefore, to return him to you; but that would not be treating him like a relation, or you like a friend. My ancestor's epitaph, too, was very agreeable to me.

I have not been at Strawberry Hill these three weeks. My maid is ill there, and I have not been well myself with the same flying gout in my stomach and breast, of which you heard me complain a little in the summer. I am much persuaded to go to a warmer climate, which often disperses these unsettled complaints. I do not care for it, nor can determine till I see I grow worse: if I do go, I hope it will not be for long; and you shall certainly hear again before I set out.

336. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 23, 1763.

I AM a slatternly correspondent when I have nothing to say. When that is the case, I like you should understand it by my silence, rather than give a description of a vacuum.

The Peace, which has hitched and hobbled, draws, they say, to a conclusion. The Opposition died in the birth. All is quiet, but a little paper-war, which is pungent enough, but no citadel was ever taken by pop-guns.

¹ A print or drawing that Cole had sent to Walpole.—CUNNINGHAM.

Shall you be glad or sorry that my post-chaise is not at the door bound for Florence? For me you will rejoice, as I trust you will be a little disappointed on your own account, though I have been so often bound for Italy, that perhaps you did not expect me even now. For this month we have had a most severe frost, which kills everybody else, and cures me. In short, I am so much better since the cold weather set in, that it has almost persuaded me that my complaint was nervous and not gouty; and, consequently, if Greenland suits me, Naples would not: however, I am come to no decision. I await the thaw before I shall know what to think; still extremely disposed to an Italian voyage, if Strawberry would give its consent.

This winter has produced no ghost, no new madness. I fear Monsieur de Nivernois will think we have been scandalised, and that we are quite a reasonable people; but he, too, must wait for the thaw!

I have nothing to send you more but the enclosed lines on Lord Granville,¹ which I wrote last year. The picture is allowed to be so like, that you, who could scarcely be acquainted with him, will know it. Adieu! I am sorry tranquillity and the post agree so ill together!

837. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, Feb. 28, 1763.

YOUR letter of the 19th seems to postpone your arrival rather than advance it; yet Lady Ailesbury tells me that to her you talk of being here in ten days. I wish devoutly to see you, though I am not departing myself; but I am impatient to have your disagreeable function² at an end, and to know that you enjoy yourself after such fatigues, dangers, and ill-requited services. For any public satisfaction you will receive in being at home, you must not expect much. Your mind was not formed to float on the surface of a mercenary world. My prayer (and my belief) is, that you may always prefer what you always have preferred, your integrity to success. You will then laugh, as I do, at the attacks and malice of faction or ministers. I taste of both; but, as my health is recovered, and my mind does not reproach me, they will perhaps only give me

¹ These lines on John, Earl Granville, got into print, and, therefore, are not repeated here.—WALPOLE. Printed in *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1763, p. 38.—CUNNINGHAM.

² The re-embarkation of the British troops from Flanders after the peace.—WALPOLE.

an opportunity, which I should never have sought, of proving that I have some virtue—and it will not be proved in the way they probably expect. I have better evidence than by hanging out the tattered ensigns of patriotism. But this and a thousand other things I shall reserve for our meeting. Your brother [Hertford] has pressed me much to go with him, if he goes, to Paris [as ambassador]. I take it very kindly, but have excused myself, though I have promised either to accompany him for a short time at first, or to go to him if he should have any particular occasion for me: but my resolution against ever appearing in any public light is unalterable. When I wish to live less and less in the world here, I cannot think of mounting a new stage at Paris. At this moment I am alone here, while everybody is balloting in the House of Commons. Sir John Philips proposed a Commission of Accounts, which has been converted into a select committee of twenty-one, eligible by ballot. As the ministry is not predominant in the affections of mankind, some of them may find a jury elected that will not be quite so complaisant as the House is in general when their votes are given *openly*. As many may be glad of this opportunity, I shun it; for I should scorn to do anything in *secret*, though I have some enemies that are not quite so generous.

You say you have seen the North Briton [No. 2], in which I make a capital figure. Wilkes, the author, I hear, says, that if he had thought I should have taken it so well, he would have been damned before he would have written it—but I am not sore where I am not sore.

The theatre at Covent-garden has suffered more by riots than even Drury-lane.¹ A footman of Lord Dacre has been hanged for murdering the butler. George Selwyn had great hand in bringing him to confess it. That Selwyn should be a capital performer in a scene of that kind is not extraordinary: I tell it you for the strange coolness which the young fellow, who was but nineteen, expressed:

¹ In January there was a riot at Drury-lane, in consequence of the managers refusing admittance at the end of the third act of a play for half price; when the glass lustres were broken and thrown upon the stage, the benches torn up, and the performance put a stop to. The same scene was threatened on the following evening, but was prevented by Garrick's consenting to give admittance at half-price after the third act, except during the first winter of a new pantomime. At Covent Garden, the redress demanded having been acceded to, no disturbance took place on that occasion; but a more serious riot happened on the 24th of February, in consequence of a demand for full prices at the opera of Artaxerxes. The mischief done was estimated at not less than 2000*l*.—WRIGHT.

as he was writing his confession, "I murd—" he stopped, and asked, "How do you spell *murdered*?"

Mr. Fox is much better than at the beginning of the winter; and both his health and power seem to promise a longer duration than people expected. Indeed, I think the latter is so established, that Lord Bute would find it more difficult to remove him, than he did his predecessors, and may even feel the effects of the weight he has made over to him; for it is already obvious that Lord Bute's *levée* is not the present path to fortune. Permanence is not the complexion of these times—a distressful circumstance to the votaries of a court, but amusing to us spectators. Adieu!

838. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 4, 1763.

It is an age since I wrote to you, but I told you that the conclusion of the war would leave our correspondence a little dry. The Peace is now general, and the King of Prussia, who has one life more than Rominagrobis the monarch of the cats had, lights upon all his legs. He has escaped an hundred battles, and what was more threatening, three angry Empresses,¹ of whom one,² at least, is not tender of sovereign lives. If he does not write his own history, I shall not rejoice much for him; yet now he will have managements; he will not be quite so frank, as in the middle of his career and anger. Besides, his objects will have shifted so often, that his *Memoires*, like the Duchess of Marlborough's, will vary continually from his first impressions. There is no change in the scene at home. The Opposition has proved the silliest that ever was, and has scarcely even pretensions to the title. There have been more hostilities at the playhouses, than between anything that calls itself party. Both Theatres have been demolished on the inside.³ The cause was, the managers refusing to take half prices after the second act; and with good reason; considering how everything is advanced in dearness, it is hard on them to be stinted to primitive tolls. The managers have submitted; but the King's Bench, where some of the rioters are to be tried, is not likely to be so acquiescent.

¹ Elizabeth and Catherine of Russia, and Maria Theresa of Germany.—WALPOLE.

² The Czarina Catherine.—WALPOLE.

³ These riots commenced at Drury Lane Theatre, on the 26th of January in this year, in consequence of the prices of admission having been raised by Mr. Garrick.—WRIGHT.

The Duchess of Hamilton, who was thought in a deep consumption like her sister Coventry, has produced a son, and, according to the marvellous fortune attending those two beauties, will probably be mother of two dukes [Hamilton and Argyll],¹ whose rival houses so long divided Scotland. Lord Bath's history winds up in a more melancholy manner. After preserving his only son Lord Pulteney, through the course of the war, he has just lost him by a putrid fever at Madrid, as he was returning from Portugal. That enormous wealth, heaped up with so little credit, is left without an heir!

I saw yesterday a magnificent service of Chelsea china, which the King and Queen are sending to the Duke of Mecklenburgh. There are dishes and plates without number, an epergne, candlesticks, salt-sellers, sauce-boats, tea and coffee equipages; in short, it is complete; and cost twelve hundred pounds! I cannot boast of our taste; the forms are neither new, beautiful, nor various. Yet Sprimont, the manufacturer, is a Frenchman. It seems their taste will not bear transplanting. But I have done; my letter has tumbled from the King of Prussia to a set of China; *encore passe*, if I had begun with the King of Poland, *ce Roy de Fayence*,² as the other called him. Adieu!

839. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, March 29, 1763.

THOUGH you are a runaway, a fugitive, a thing without friendship or feeling, though you grow tired of your acquaintance in half the time you intended, I will not quite give you up: I will write to you once a quarter, just to keep up a connection that grace may catch at, if it ever proposes to visit you. This is my plan, for I have little or nothing to tell you. The ministers only cut one another's throats, instead of ours. They growl over their prey like two curs over a bone, which neither can determine to quit; and the whelps in opposition are not strong enough to beat either way, though like the species, they will probably hunt the one that shall be worsted. The saddest dog of all, Wilkes, shows most spirit. The last 'North Briton' is a masterpiece of mischief. He has written a dedication too to an old play, 'the Fall of Mortimer,'

¹ This was the case; the eldest Gunning girl was the mother of a Duke of Hamilton and of a Duke of Argyll.—CUNNINGHAM.

² From the manufacture of porcelain at Dresden.—WALPOLE.

that is wormwood; and he had the impudence t'other day to ask Dyson¹ if he was going to the Treasury; "Because," said he, "a friend of mine has dedicated a play to Lord Bute, and it is usual to give dedicators something; I wish you would put his lordship in mind of it." Lord and Lady Pembroke are reconciled, and live again together. Mr. Hunter would have taken his daughter [Kitty] too, but upon condition she should give back her settlement to Lord Pembroke and her child: she replied nobly, that she did not trouble herself about fortune, and would willingly depend on her father; but for her child, she had nothing left to do but to take care of that, and would not part with it; so she keeps both, and I suppose will soon have her lover again too, for my Lady Pembroke's beauty is not glutinous. T'other sister² [Lady Bolingbroke] has been sitting to Reynolds, who by her husband's direction has made a speaking picture. Lord Bolingbroke said to him, "You must give the eyes something of Nelly O'Brien,³ or it will not do." As he has given Nelly something of his wife's, it was but fair to give her something of Nelly's, and my lady will not throw away the present!

I am going to Strawberry for a few days *pour faire mes pâques*. The Gallery advances rapidly. The ceiling is Harry the Seventh's Chapel in *propria personâ*; the canopies are all placed; I think three months will quite complete it. I have bought at Lord Granville's sale the original picture of Charles Brandon and his queen; and have to-day received from France a copy of Madame Maintenon, which with my La Valière, and copies of Madame Grammont, and of the charming portrait of the Mazarine at the Duke of St. Alban's, is to accompany Bianca Capello and Ninon L'Enclos in the Round Tower. I hope now there will never be another auction, for I have not an inch of space, or a farthing left.

¹ Jeremiah Dyson, secretary to the Treasury, now best remembered as the able and active patron of Akenside.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Lady Bolingbroke, (Lady Di Spencer, afterwards Lady Di Beauclerk,) and the Countess of Pembroke, (Lady Betty Spencer) were sisters.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ The portrait of Nelly O'Brien by Reynolds, a half-length, painted 1763, is the leading attraction of the Hertford Gallery, and (1857) of the Art-Treasures Exhibition at Manchester.—CUNNINGHAM. "Nelly O'Brien is now lying in London to the great joy, I presume, of the noble family, but whether married or not is uncertain. What a slip Lady Harriet Wentworth has made, an Irishman, a footman, and who has been a foot-soldier." *Mr. Whitehead to Lord Harcourt*, Nov. 4, 1764 (MS.). "I have told you Nelly O'Brien has a son. It was christened yesterday. Bunny [Bunbury] and his trull were sponsors. Now for his name; guess it if you can; it is of no less consequence in this country than Alfred; but Magill was so drunk he had like to have named it Hiccup. *Gilly Williams to Selwyn*. Christmas-day, 1764.

As I have some remains of paper, I will fill it up with a song that I made t'other day in the post-chaise, after a particular conversation that I had had with Miss Pelham the night before at the Duke of Richmond's.

THE ADVICE.

I.

The business of women, dear Chloe, is pleasure,
And by love ev'ry fair one her minutes should measure.
"Oh ! for love we're all ready," you cry.—Very true ;
Nor would I rob the gentle fond god of his due.
Unless in the sentiments Cupid has part,
And dips in the amorous transport his dart ;
'Tis tumult, disorder, 'tis loathing and hate ;
Caprice gives it birth, and contempt is its fate.

II.

True passion insensibly leads to the joy,
And grateful esteem bids its pleasures ne'er cloy.
Yet here you should stop—but your whimsical sex
Such romantic ideas to passion annex,
That poor men, by your visions and jealousy worried,
To nymphs less ecstatic, but kinder, are hurried.
In your heart, I consent, let your wishes be bred ;
Only take care your heart don't get into your head.

Adieu, till Midsummer-day !

840. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, April 6, 1763.

You will pity my distress when I tell you that Lord Waldegrave has got the small-pox, and a bad sort. This day se'nnight, in the evening, I met him at Arthur's : he complained to me of the headache, and a sickness in the stomach. I said, "My dear lord, why don't you go home, and take James's powder ? you will be well in the morning." He thanked me, said he was glad I had put him in mind of it, and he would take my advice. I sent in the morning ; my niece said he had taken the powder, and that James thought he had no fever, but that she found him very low. As he had no fever, I had no apprehension. At eight o'clock on Friday night, I was told abruptly at Arthur's, that Lord Waldegrave had the small-pox. I was excessively shocked, not knowing if the powder was good or bad for it. I went instantly to the house ; at the door I was met

by a servant of Lady Ailesbury, sent to tell me that Mr. Conway was arrived. These two opposite strokes of terror and joy overcame me so much, that when I got to Mr. Conway's I could not speak to him, but burst into a flood of tears. The next morning, Lord Waldegrave hearing I was there, desired to speak to me alone. I should tell you, that the moment he knew it was the small-pox he signed his will. This has been the unvaried tenor of his behaviour, doing just what is wise and necessary, and nothing more. He told me, he knew how great the chance was against his living through that distemper at his age. That, to be sure, he should like to have lived a few years longer; but if he did not, he should submit patiently. That all he desired was, that if he should fail, we would do our utmost to comfort his wife, who, he feared, was breeding, and who, he added, was the best woman in the world. I told him he could not doubt our attention to her, but that at present all our attention was fixed on him. That the great difference between having the small-pox young, or more advanced in years, consisted in the fear of the latter; but that as I had so often heard him say, and now saw, that he had none of these fears, the danger of age was considerably lessened. Dr. Wilmot says, that if anything saves him, it will be his tranquillity. To my comfort I am told, that James's powder has probably been a material ingredient towards his recovery. In the mean time, the universal anxiety about him is incredible. Dr. Barnard, the master of Eton, who is in town for the holidays, says, that, from his situation, he is naturally invited to houses of all ranks and parties, and that the concern is general in all. I cannot say so much of my lord, and not do a little justice to my niece too. Her tenderness, fondness, attention, and courage are surprising. She has no fears to become her, nor heroism for parade. I could not help saying to her, "There never was a nurse of your age had such attention." She replied, "There never was a nurse of my age had such an object." It is this astonishes one, to see so much beauty sincerely devoted to a man so unlovely in his person; but if Adonis was sick, she could not stir seldomer out of his bed-chamber. The physicians seem to have little hopes, but, as their arguments are not near so strong as their alarms, I own I do not give it up, and yet I look on it in a very dangerous light.

I know nothing of news and the world, for I go to Albemarle-street early in the morning, and don't come home till late at night. Young Mr. Pitt has been dying of a fever in Bedfordshire. The Bishop of Carlisle [Lyttelton], whom I have appointed visitor of

Strawberry, is gone down to him. You will be much disappointed if you expect to find the Gallery near finished. They threaten me with three months before the gilding can be begun. Twenty points are at a stand by my present confinement, and I have a melancholy prospect of being forced to carry my niece thither the next time I go. The Duc de Nivernois, in return for a set of the Strawberry editions, has sent me four seasons, which, I conclude, he thought good, but they shall pass their whole round in London, for they have not even the merit of being badly old enough for Strawberry. Mr. Bentley's epistle to Lord Melcomb has been published in a magazine. It has less wit by far than I expected from him, and to the full as bad English. The thoughts are old Strawberry phrases; so are *not* the panegyrics. Here are six lines written extempore by Lady Temple, on Lady Mary Coke,¹ easy and genteel, and almost true :

She sometimes laughs, but never loud;
She's handsome too, but somewhat proud;
At court, she bears away the belle;
She dresses fine, and figures well;
With decency she's gay and airy;
Who can this be but Lady Mary?

There has been tough doings in Parliament about the tax on cider; and in the western counties the discontent is so great, that if Mr. Wilkes will turn patriot-hero, or patriot-incendiary in earnest, and put himself at their head, he may obtain a rope of martyrdom before the summer is over. Adieu! I tell you my sorrows, because, if I escape them, I am sure nobody will rejoice more.

841. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Friday night, late. April 8, 1763.

AMIDST all my own grief, and all the distress which I have this moment left, I cannot forget you, who have so long been my steady and invariable friend. I cannot leave it to newspapers and correspondents to tell you my loss. Lord Waldegrave died to-day. Last night he had some glimmerings of hope. The most desponding of the faculty flattered us a little. He himself joked with the phy-

¹ "I am just come from Princess Emily's court; have since writ out my verses on Lady Mary to send. Her Royal Highness was much upbraided by her for letting other people see them, and never showing them to her. It is too long a story to tell you, but Mr. Walpole has got them, admires them much as an impromptu, and shows them to everybody." *Countess Temple to Earl Temple, April 5, 1763.*—CUNNINGHAM.

sicians, and expressed himself in this engaging manner; asking what day of the week it was; they told him Thursday: "Sure," said he, "it is Friday." "No, my lord, indeed it is Thursday." "Well," said he, "see what a rogue this distemper makes one; I want to steal nothing but a day." By the help of opiates, with which, for two or three days, they had numbed his sufferings, he rested well. This morning he had no worse symptoms. I told Lady Waldegrave, that as no material alteration was expected before Sunday, I would go to dine at Strawberry, and return in time to meet the physicians in the evening; in truth, I was worn out with anxiety and attendance, and wanted an hour or two of fresh air. I left her at twelve, and had ordered dinner at three that I might be back early. I had not risen from table when I received an express from Lady Betty Waldegrave, to tell me that a sudden change had happened, that they had given him James's powder, but that they feared it was too late, and that he probably would be dead before I could come to my niece, for whose sake she begged I would return immediately. It was indeed too late! too late for every thing—late as it was given, the powder vomited him even in the agonies—had I had power to direct, he should never have quitted James; but these are vain regrets! vain to recollect how particularly kind he, who was kind to everybody, was to me! I found Lady Waldegrave at my brother's; she weeps without ceasing, and talks of his virtues and goodness to her in a manner that distracts one. My brother bears this mortification with more courage than I could have expected from his warm passions: but nothing struck me more than to see my rough savage Swiss, Louis, in tears, as he opened my chaise.

I have a bitter scene to come; to-morrow morning I carry poor Lady Waldegrave to Strawberry. Her fall is great, from that adoration and attention that he paid her, from that splendour of fortune, so much of which dies with him, and from that consideration, which rebounded to her from the great deference which the world had for his character. Visions perhaps. Yet who could expect that they would have passed away even before that fleeting thing, her beauty.

If I had time or command enough of my thoughts, I could give you as long a detail of as unexpected a revolution in the political world. To-day has been as fatal to a whole nation, I mean to the Scotch, as to our family. Lord Bute resigned this morning.¹ His

¹ See Lord Bute's Letter to the Duke of Bedford, dated April 2, 1763, in the Bedford Correspondence, iii. 223.—CUNNINGHAM.

intention was not even suspected till Wednesday, nor at all known a very few days before. In short, there is nothing, more or less, than a panic; a fortnight's opposition has demolished that scandalous but vast majority, which a fortnight had purchased; and in five months a plan of absolute power has been demolished by a panic. He pleads to the world bad health; to his friends, more truly, that the nation was set at him. He pretends to intend retiring absolutely, and giving no umbrage. In the mean time he is packing up a sort of ministerial legacy, which cannot hold even till next session, and I should think would scarce take place at all. George Grenville is to be at the head of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer; Charles Townshend to succeed him; and Lord Shelburne, Charles. Sir Francis Dashwood to have his barony of Despencer and the Great Wardrobe, in the room of Lord Gower, who takes the Privy Seal, if the Duke of Bedford takes the presidency; but there are many *ifs* in this arrangement; the principal *if* is, if they dare stand a tempest which has so terrified the pilot. You ask what becomes of Mr. Fox? Not at all pleased with this sudden determination, which has blown up so many of his projects, and left him time to heat no more furnaces, he goes to France by the way of the House of Lords,¹ but keeps his place and his tools till something else happens. The confusion I suppose will be enormous, and the next act of the drama a quarrel among the Opposition, who would be all-powerful if they could do what they cannot, hold together and not quarrel for the plunder. As I shall be at a distance for some days, I shall be able to send you no more particulars of this interlude, but you will like a pun my brother made when he was told of this explosion: "Then," said he, "they must turn the *Jacks* out of the drawing-room again, and again take them into the kitchen." Adieu! what a world to set one's heart on!

842. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, April 10, 1763.

AT a time when the political world is in strange and unexpected disorder, you would wonder that I should be here, and be so for some days; but I am come on a very melancholy occasion. Lord Waldegrave is just dead of the small-pox, and I have brought my

¹ On the 16th, Mr. Fox was created Baron Holland of Foxley.—WRIGHT.

poor unhappy niece hither till he is buried. He was taken ill on the Wednesday, the distemper showed itself on the Friday, a very bad sort, and carried him off that day se'nnight. His brother and sister were inoculated, but it was early in the practice of that great preservative, which was then devoutly opposed; he was the eldest son, and weakly.¹ He never had any fear of it, nor ever avoided it. We scarce feel this heavy loss more than it is felt universally. He was one of those few men whose good-nature silenced even ill-nature. His strict honour and consummate sense made him revered as much as beloved. He died as he lived, the physicians declaring that if anything saved him, it would be his tranquillity: I soon saw by their ignorance and contradictions that *they* would not. Yet I believe James's powder would have preserved him. He took it by my persuasion, before I knew what his disorder was. But James was soon chased away, to make room for regular assassins. In the course of the illness nobody would venture to take on them so important a hazard as giving the powder again; yet in his agonies it was given, and even then had efficacy enough to vomit him; but too late! My niece has nothing left but a moderate jointure of a thousand pounds a-year, three little girls, a pregnancy, her beauty, and the testimonial of the best of men, who expressed no concern but for her, and who has given her as much as he could, and ratified her character by making her sole executrix. Her tenderness, which could not be founded on any charms in his person, shows itself in floods of tears, in veneration for his memory, and by acting with just such reason and propriety as he would wish her to exert; yet it is a terrible scene! She loses in him a father, who formed her mind, and a lover whose profusion knew no bounds. From his places his fortune was very great—that is gone! From his rank and consideration with all parties, she was at the summit of worldly glory—that is gone too! Four short years were all their happiness. Since the death of Lady Coventry, she is allowed the handsomest woman in England; as she is so young, she may find as great a match and a younger lover—but she never can find another Lord Waldegrave!

Yesterday, when her brother-in-law, the Bishop of Exeter, came hither to acquaint her with the Will, and we were endeavouring to stop the torrent of her tears, by observing how satisfactory it

¹ A very curious list might be compiled of the heads of great families left without heirs-male by the small-pox; the two most remarkable are the two familiar friends, Queen Anne and the Duchess of Marlborough.—CUNNINGHAM.

must be to her to find what confidence her Lord had placed in her sense and conduct, she said, charmingly, "Oh! I wish he had ever done one thing I could find fault with!" The trial is great and dismal. She is not above three months gone with child, and is to pass seven more in melancholy anxiety, to have a labour without a father, perhaps another girl, or a son, whose chance of life will be a constant anxiety to her.

The same day that put an end to Lord Waldegrave's life gave a period to the administration of Lord Bute, his supplanter, whom he did not love, and yet whom he could hardly hate, for aversion was not in his nature; nor did ever any man who had undertaken such a post as governor to a Prince with the utmost reluctance, and who could not have been totally void of the ambition which must have attended such a charge when once accepted, feel less resentment at the disappointment; but I will say no more on Lord Waldegrave, for I forget that you never knew him, and have kept you for above two pages in suspense. Ill health, antecedent determination of retirement, and national antipathy to him, are pleaded as the motives to Lord Bute's sudden resignation, which was not known, nay, not suspected, till two days before it happened. Leave out the two first causes, which are undoubtedly false, and call the third by its true name, panic, and you have the whole secret of this extraordinary revolution. It is plain, that if Mr. Pitt had headed the Opposition sooner, or that the Opposition had had any brains without him, this event would have happened earlier. A single fortnight of clamour and debate on the Cyder Tax, copied from the noise on the Excise in my father's time, and adopted into petitions from the City, frightened this mighty favourite out of all his power and plans, and has reduced Mr. Fox to take almost the same steps, though he, too, has an intended project of retirement to plead; but he keeps his place, takes a peerage, and goes to France. Lord Bute keeps nothing but the King's favour, and that, too, he is not to use. He will be wise to adhere to this measure, now he has taken the other, lest necessity should prescribe instead of option.

I suppose you by this time conclude, that when Lord Bute quitted the King, he sent the keys of St. James's and Buckingham-house to Mr. Pitt. Stay a little—we are to have another episode of a summer Administration first, for you find we do not wear the same suits in both seasons. Mr. Grenville is to be First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer; Charles Townshend at the head

of the Admiralty, and Lord Shelburne at the Board of Trade. Sir Francis Dashwood, in recompense for the woful incapacity he has shown, goes into the House of Lords, and is to succeed in the great Wardrobe to Lord Gower, who again takes the Privy Seal, as the Duke of Bedford is to be President of the Council. Lord Hertford is named for Paris, and Lord Stormont for Vienna; the Duke of Marlborough gets what he wished, the Master of the Horse; I suppose to leave the Chamberlain's Office vacant for the last incumbent.¹ The Duke of Rutland to be contented with Lord Granby's being Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, where he will finish² his life and fortune.

In this state I left history. All this arrangement may be already overturned. No man, I suppose, is so unwise as to expect any duration to it. It can only mean, time to deal with the Opposition, or to divide them; and, considering what numbers and what great names are to be satisfied, it is a chaos into which one cannot foresee. I have seldom been a lucky prophet, and therefore shall not exercise my talent. The poor man who is gone [Lord Waldegrave] could have been of the utmost consequence at this moment to accomplish some establishment; he had been offered, and had refused the greatest things—no bad ingredient in reconciling others. In that or any other qualification I know few equal to him. Adieu!

843. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, April 14, 1763.

I HAVE received your two letters together, and foresaw that your friendly good heart would feel for us just as you do. The loss is irreparable, and my poor niece is sensible it is. She has such a veneration for her Lord's memory, that if her sister and I make her cheerful for a moment, she accuses herself of it the next day to the Bishop of Exeter [her brother-in-law], as if he was her confessor, and that she had committed a crime. She cried for two days to such a degree, that if she had been a fountain it must have stopped. Till yesterday she scarce eat enough to keep her alive, and looks accordingly; but at her age she must be comforted: her esteem will last, but her spirits will return in spite of herself. Her lord has made her sole executrix, and added what little *douceurs* he could

¹ The Duke of Devonshire.—WALPOLE.

² Lord Granby drank very hard, and was profusely generous.—WALPOLE.

to her jointure, which is but a thousand pounds a-year, the estate being but three-and-twenty hundred. The little girls will have about eight thousand pounds a-piece; for the Teller's place was so great during the war, that notwithstanding his temper was a sluice of generosity, he had saved thirty thousand pounds since his marriage.

Her sisters have been here with us the whole time. Lady Huntingtower is all mildness and tenderness; and by dint of attention I have not displeased the other. Lord Huntingtower has been here once; the Bishop most of the time: he is very reasonable and good-natured, and has been of great assistance and comfort to me in this melancholy office, which is to last here till Monday or Tuesday. We have got the eldest little girl too, Lady Laura, who is just old enough to be amusing; and last night my nephew arrived here from Portugal. It was a terrible meeting at first; but as he is very soldierly and lively, he got into spirits, and diverted us much with his relations of the war and the country. He confirms all we have heard of the villany, poltroonery, and ignorance of the Portuguese, and of their aversion to the English; but I could perceive, even through his relation, that our flippancies and contempt of them must have given a good deal of play to their antipathy.

You are admirably kind, as you always are, in inviting me to Greatworth, and proposing Bath; but besides its being impossible for me to take any journey just at present, I am really very well in health, and the tranquillity and air of Strawberry have done much good. The hurry of London, where I shall be glad to be just now, will dissipate the gloom that this unhappy loss has occasioned; though a deep loss I shall always think it. The time passes tolerably here; I have my painters and gilders and constant packets of news from town, besides a thousand letters of condolence to answer; for both my niece and I have received innumerable testimonies of the regard that was felt for Lord Waldegrave. I have heard of but one man who ought to have known his worth, that has shown no concern; but I suppose his childish mind is too much occupied with the loss of his last governor.¹ I have given up my own room to my niece, and have betaken myself to the Holbein chamber, where I am retired from the rest of the family when I choose it, and nearer to overlook my workmen. The Chapel is quite finished except the carpet. The sable mass of the altar gives it a

¹ Lord Waldegrave had been governor of George the Third.—WRIGHT.

very sober air; for, notwithstanding the solemnity of the painted windows, it had a gaudiness that was a little profane.

I can know no news here but by rebound; and yet, though they are to rebound again to you, they will be as fresh as any you can have at Greatworth. A kind of administration is botched up for the present, and even gave itself an air of that fierceness with which the winter sat out. Lord Hardwicke was told, that his sons must vote with the court, or be turned out; he replied, as he meant to have them in place, he chose they should be removed now. It looks ill for the Court when he is sturdy. They wished, too, to have had Pitt, if they could have had him without consequences; but they don't find any recruits repair to that standard. They brag that they should have had Lord Waldegrave; a most notorious falsehood, as he had refused every offer they could invent the day before he was taken ill. The Duke of Cumberland orders his servants to say, that so far from joining them, he believes if Lord Waldegrave could have been foretold of his death, he would have preferred it to an union with Bute and Fox. The former's was a decisive panic: so sudden, that it is said Lord Egremont was sent to break his resolution of retiring to the King. The other [Fox], whose journey to France does not indicate much less apprehension, affects to walk in the streets at the most public hours to mark his not trembling. In the mean time the two chiefs have paid their braves magnificently: no less than fifty-two thousand pounds a-year are granted in reversion! *Young Martin*,¹ who is older than I am, is named my successor; but I intend he shall wait some years: if they had a mind to serve me, they could not have selected a fitter tool to set my character in a fair light by the comparison. Lord Bute's son [Lord Mountstuart] has the reversion of an Auditor of the Imprest; this is all he has done ostensibly for his family, but the great things bestowed on the most insignificant objects make me suspect some private compacts. Yet I may wrong him, but I do not mean it. Lord Granby has refused Ireland, and the Northumberlands are to transport their magnificence thither.² I lament that you made so little of that voyage, but is this the season of unrewarded merit? One should blush to be preferred within the same year. Do but think that Calcraft is to be an Irish

¹ Samuel Martin, a West Indian, secretary to the treasury when Lord Bute was first lord, and treasurer to the Princess Dowager of Wales.—WALPOLE. See vol. ii. p. 483, and *post* p. 125.—CUNNINGHAM.

² The Earl of Northumberland was gazetted on the 20th of April Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and on the 14th of May the Marquis of Granby was appointed Master of the Ordnance.—WRIGHT.

lord! Fox's millions, or Calcraft's tythes of millions, cannot purchase a grain of your virtue or character. Adieu!

844. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, April 22, 1763.

I HAVE two letters from you, and shall take care to execute the commission in the second. The first diverted me much.

I brought my poor niece [Lady Waldegrave] from Strawberry on Monday. As executrix, her presence was quite necessary, and she has never refused to do anything reasonable that has been desired of her. But the house and the business have shocked her terribly; she still eats nothing, sleeps worse than she did, and looks dreadfully: I begin to think she will miscarry. She said to me t'other day, "They tell me that if my lord had lived, he might have done great service to his country at this juncture, by the respect all parties had for him. This is very fine; but as he did not live to do those services, it will never be mentioned in History!" I thought this solicitude for his honour charming. But he will be known by History; he has left a small volume of Memoirs, that are a *chef-d'œuvre*.¹ He twice showed them to me, but I kept his secret faithfully; *now* it is for his glory to divulge it.

I am glad you are going to Dr. Lewis. After an Irish voyage I do not wonder you want careening. I have often preached to you—nay, and lived to you too; but my sermons were flung away and my example.

This ridiculous Administration is patched up for the present; the detail is delightful, but that I shall reserve for Strawberry-tide. Lord Bath has complained to Fanshaw of Lord Pulteney's extravagance, and added, "if he had lived he would have spent my whole estate." This almost comes up to Sir Robert Brown, who, when his eldest daughter was given over, but still alive, on that uncertainty sent for an undertaker, and bargained for her funeral in hopes of having it cheaper, as it was possible she might recover. Lord Bath has purchased the Hatton vault in Westminster-abbey, squeezed his wife, son, and daughter into it, reserved room for himself, and has set the rest to sale.* Come; all this is not far short of Sir Robert Brown.

¹ 'Memoirs from 1754 to 1758, by James, Earl Waldegrave, K.G.' 1821.—CUNNINGHAM.

² There was not the slightest colour for this calumny, "circulated by a gentleman of very high rank," (Walpole?) See *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xlvii. p. 231.—CUNNINGHAM.

To my great satisfaction, the new Lord Holland has not taken the least friendly, or even formal notice of me, on Lord Waldegrave's death. It dispenses me from the least farther connexion with him, and saves explanations, which always entertain the world more than satisfy.

Dr. Cumberland is an Irish bishop; I hope before the summer is over that some beam from your cousin's [Halifax's] portion of the triumvirate may light on poor Bentley. If he wishes it till next winter, he will be forced to try still new sunshine. I have taken Mrs. Pritchard's house [at Twickenham] for Lady Waldegrave; I offered her to live with me at Strawberry, but with her usual good sense she declined it, as she thought the children would be troublesome.

Charles Townshend's episode in this revolution passes belief, though he does not tell it himself. If I had a son born, and an old fairy were to appear and offer to endow him with her choicest gifts, I should cry out, "Powerful Goody, give him anything but parts!"¹ Adieu!

845. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, April 30, 1763.

THE papers have told you all the formal changes; the real one consists solely in Lord Bute being out of office, for having recovered his fright he is still as much Minister as ever, and consequently does not find his unpopularity decrease. On the contrary, I think his situation more dangerous than ever: he has done enough to terrify his friends, and encourage his enemies, and has acquired no new strength; rather has lost strength, by the disappearance of Mr. Fox from the scene. His deputies, too, will not long care to stand all the risk for him, when they perceive, as they must already, that they have neither credit nor confidence. Indeed the new administration is a general joke, and will scarce want a violent death to put an end to it. Lord Bute is very blameable for embarking the King so deep in measures that may have so serious a termination. The longer the Court can stand its ground, the more firmly will the opposition be united, and the more inflamed. I have ever thought

¹ Lord Barrington, in a letter to Mr. Mitchell, of the 19th of April, says—"Charles Townshend accepted the Admiralty on Thursday, and went to kiss hands the next day; but he brought Peter Burrell with him to court, and insisted he likewise should be one of the board. Being told that Lords Howe and Digby were to fill up the vacant seats at the Admiralty, he declined accepting the office destined for him, and the next day received a dismissal from the King's service."—WRIGHT.

this would be a turbulent reign, and nothing has happened to make me alter my opinion.

Mr. Fox's exit has been very unpleasant. He would not venture to accept the Treasury, which Lord Bute would have bequeathed to him; and could not obtain an earldom, for which he thought he had stipulated; but some of the negotiators asserting that he had engaged to resign the Paymaster's place, which he vehemently denies, he has been forced to take up with a barony, and has broken with his associates—I do not say friends, for with the chief¹ of *them* he had quarrelled when he embarked in the new system. He meets with little pity, and yet has found as much ingratitude as he had had power of doing service.

I am glad you are going to have a great duke; it will amuse you, and a new Court will make Florence lively, the only beauty it wants. You divert me with my friend the Duke of Modena's conscientious match: if the Duchess² had outlived him, she would not have been so scrupulous. But, for Hymen's sake, who is that Madame Simonetti? I trust, not that old painted, gaming, debauched, Countess³ from Milan, whom I saw at the fair of Reggio!

I surprise myself with being able to write two pages of pure English; I do nothing but deal in broken French. The two nations are crossing over and figuring-in. We have had a Count d'Usson⁴ and his wife these six weeks; and last Saturday arrived a Madame de Boufflers,⁵ *scarante, galante*, a great friend of the Prince of Conti, and a passionate admirer *de nous autres Anglois*. I am forced to live much with *tout ça*, as they are perpetually at my Lady Hervey's; and as my Lord Hertford goes ambassador to Paris, where I shall certainly make him a visit next year—don't you think I shall be computing how far it is to Florence? There is coming, too, a Marquis de Fleury, who is to be consigned to me, as a political relation, *à l'amitié entre le Cardinal son oncle et feu monsieur mon père*. However, as my cousin Fleury is not above six-and-twenty, I had much rather be excused from such a commission as showing the Tombs and the Lions, and the King and Queen, and my Lord Bute, and the Waxwork, to a boy. All this breaks in upon my

¹ The Duke of Cumberland and Devonshire.—WALPOLE.

² She was daughter of the Regent Duke of Orleans.—WALPOLE.

³ It was that Madame Simonetti.—WALPOLE.

⁴ He was afterwards Envoy to Sweden, where he died in 1781-2. He married a Dutch woman. WALPOLE.

⁵ Mademoiselle Saujon, Marquise de Boufflers, mistress of the Prince de Conti, whom she hoped to marry.—WALPOLE.

plan of withdrawing by little and little from the world, for I hate to tire it with an old lean face, and which promises to be an old lean face for thirty years longer, for I am as well again as ever. The Duc de Nivernois called here the other day in his way from Hampton Court; but, as the most sensible French never have eyes to see anything, unless they see it every day and see it in fashion, I cannot say he flattered me much, or was much struck with Strawberry. When I carried him into the Cabinet, which I have told you is formed upon the idea of a Catholic chapel, he pulled off his hat, but perceiving his error, he said, "*Ce n'est pas une chapelle pourtant,*" and seemed a little displeased.

My poor niece [Lady Waldegrave] does not forget her Lord, though by this time I suppose the world has. She has taken a house here, at Twickenham, to be near me. Madame de Boufflers has heard so much of her beauty, that she told me she should be glad to peep through a grate anywhere to get a glimpse of her,—but at present it would not answer. I never saw so great an alteration in so short a period; but she is too young not to recover her beauty, only dimmed by grief that must be temporary. Adieu! my dear Sir.

Monday, May 2nd, Arlington Street.

The plot thickens: Mr. Wilkes is sent to the Tower for the last 'North Briton';¹ a paper whose fame must have reached you. It said Lord Bute had made the King utter a gross falsehood in his last speech. This hero is as bad a fellow as ever hero was, abominable in private life, dull in Parliament, but, they say, very entertaining in a room, and certainly no bad writer, besides having had the honour of contributing a great deal to Lord Bute's fall. Wilkes fought Lord Talbot in the autumn, whom he had abused; and lately in Calais, when the Prince de Croy, the Governor, asked how far the liberty of the press extended in England, replied, I cannot tell, but I am trying to know. I don't believe this will be the only paragraph I shall send you on this affair.

846. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, May 1, 1763.

I FEEL happy at hearing your happiness; but, my dear Harry, your vision is much indebted to your long absence, which

Makes bleak rocks and barren mountains smile.

¹ No. 45.—CUNNINGHAM.

I mean no offence to Park-place, but the bitterness of the weather makes me wonder how you can find the country tolerable now. This is a May-day for the latitude of Siberia! The milkmaids should be wrapped in *the motherly comforts of a swan-skin petticoat*. In short, such hard words have passed between me and the north wind to-day, that, according to the language of the times, I was very near abusing it for coming from Scotland, and to imputing it to Lord Bute. I don't know whether I should not have written a 'North Briton' against it, if the printers were not all sent to Newgate, and Mr. Wilkes to the Tower—ay, to the Tower, *tout de bon*. The new Ministry are trying to make up for their ridiculous insignificance by a *coup d'éclat*. As I came hither yesterday, I do not know whether the particulars I have heard are genuine—but in the Tower he certainly is, taken up by Lord Halifax's warrant for treason; vide the 'North Briton' of Saturday was se'nnight. It is said he refused to obey the warrant, of which he asked and got a copy from the two messengers, telling them he did not mean to make his escape, but sending to demand his Habeas-corpus, which was refused. He then went to Lord Halifax, and thence to the Tower; declaring they should get nothing out of him but what they knew. All his papers have been seized. Lord Chief Justice Pratt, I am told, finds great fault with the wording of the warrant.

I don't know how to execute your commission for books of architecture, nor care to put you to expense, which I know will not answer. I have been consulting my neighbour, young Mr. Thomas Pitt,¹ my present architect: we have all books of that sort here, but cannot think of one which will help you to a cottage or a green-house. For the former you should send me your idea, your dimensions; for the latter, don't you rebuild your old one, though in another place? A pretty green-house I never saw; nor without immoderate expense can it well be an agreeable object. Mr. Pitt thinks a mere portico without a pediment, and windows removable in summer, would be the best plan you could have. If so, don't you remember something of that kind, which you liked, at Sir Charles Cottrel's at Rousham? But a fine green-house must be on a more exalted plan. In short, you must be more particular, before I can be at all so.

I called at Hammersmith yesterday about Lady Ailesbury's tubs; one of them is nearly finished, but they will not both be completed

¹ Afterwards [1784] created Lord Camelford.—WALPOLE.

these ten days. Shall they be sent to you by water? Good-night to her ladyship and you, and the infant,¹ whose progress in waxen statuary I hope advances so fast, that by next winter she may rival Rackstrow's old man. Do you know that, though apprised of what I was going to see, it deceived me, and made such impression on my mind, that, thinking on it as I came home in my chariot, and seeing a woman steadfastly at work in a window in Pall-mall, it made me start to see her move. Adieu!

Arlington Street, Monday night.

The mighty commitment set out with a blunder; the warrant directed the printer, and all concerned (unnamed) to be taken up. Consequently Wilkes had his Habeas-corpus of course, and was committed again; moved for another in the Common-Pleas, and is to appear there to-morrow morning. Lord Temple being, by another strain of power, refused admittance to him, said, "I thought this was the Tower, but find it is the Bastille." They found among Wilkes's papers an unpublished 'North Briton,' designed for last Saturday. It contained advice to the King not to go to St. Paul's on the thanksgiving, but to have a snug one in his own chapel; and to let Lord George Sackville carry the sword. There was a dialogue in it too between Fox and Calcraft: the former says to the latter, "I did not think you would have served me so, Jemmy Twitcher."

847. TO SIR DAVID DALRYMPLE.

SIR:

Strawberry Hill, May 2, 1763.

I FORBORE to answer your letter for a few days, till I knew whether it was in my power to give you satisfaction. Upon inquiry, and having conversed with some who could inform me, I find it would be very difficult to obtain so peremptory an order for dismissing fictitious invalids (as I think they may properly be called), as you seem to think the state of the case requires; by any interposition of mine, quite impossible. Very difficult I am told it would be to get them dismissed from our Hospitals when once admitted, and subject to a clamour which, in the present unsettled state of government, nobody

¹ Anne Seymour Conway [Mrs. Damer], whose genius for sculpture has since distinguished itself in more durable materials.—BERRY.

would care to risk. Indeed, I believe it could not be done by any single authority. The power of admission, and consequently of dismissal, does not depend on the Minister, but on the Board who direct the affairs of the Hospital, at which Board preside the Paymaster, Secretary at War, Governor, &c. ; if I am not quite exact, I know it is so in general. I am advised to tell you, Sir, that if upon examination it should be thought right to take the step you counsel, still it could not be done without previous and deliberate discussion. As I should grudge no trouble, and am very desirous of executing any commission, Sir, you will honour me with, if you will draw up a memorial in form, stating the abuses which have come to your knowledge, the advantages which would result to the community by more rigorous examination of candidates for admission, and the uses to which the overflowings of the military might be put, I will engage to put it into the hands of Mr. Grenville, the present head of the Treasury, and to employ all the little credit he is so good to let me have with him, in backing your request. I can answer for one thing and no more, that as long as he sits at that Board, which probably will not be long, he will give all due attention to any scheme of national utility.

It is seldom, Sir, that political revolutions bring any man upon the stage, with whom I have much connection. The great actors are not the class whom I much cultivate ; consequently I am neither elated with hopes on their advancement, nor mortified nor rejoiced at their fall. As the scene has shifted often of late, and is far from promising duration at present, one must, if one lives in the great world, have now and then an acquaintance concerned in the drama. Whenever I happen to have one, I hope I am ready and glad to make use of such (however substantial) interest to do good or to oblige ; and this being the case at present, and truly I cannot call Mr. Grenville much more than an acquaintance, I shall be happy, Sir, if I can contribute to your views, which I have reason to believe are those of a benevolent man and good citizen ; but I advertise you truly, that my interest depends more on Mr. Grenville's goodness and civility, than on any great connection between us, and still less on any political connection. I think he would like to do public good, I know I should like to contribute to it—but if it is to be done by this channel, I apprehend there is not much time to be lost—you see Sir, what I think of the permanence of the present system ! Your ideas, Sir, on the hard fate of our brave soldiers concur with mine ; I lamented their sufferings, and have tried in vain to suggest some

little plans for their relief. I only mention this, to prove to you that I am not indifferent to the subject, nor undertake your commission from mere complaisance. You understand the matter better than I do, but you cannot engage in it with more zeal. Methodise, if you please, your plan, and communicate it to me, and it shall not be lost for want of solicitation. We swarm with highwaymen, who have been heroes. We owe our safety to them, consequently we owe a return of preservation to them, if we can find out methods of employing them honestly. Extend your views, Sir, for them, and let me be solicitor to the cause.

348. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington Street, May 6, very late, 1763.

THE complexion of the times is a little altered since the beginning of this last winter. Prerogative, that gave itself such airs in November, and would speak to nothing but a Tory, has had a rap this morning that will do it some good, unless it is weak enough to do itself more harm. The judges of the Common-Pleas have unanimously dismissed Wilkes from his imprisonment,¹ as a breach of privilege; his offence not being a breach of the peace, only tending to it. The people are in transports; and it will require all the vanity and confidence of those able ministers, Lord Sandwich and Mr. C * * *, to keep up the spirits of the court.

I must change this tone, to tell you of the most dismal calamity that ever happened. Lady Molesworth's house, in Upper Brookstreet, was burned to the ground between four and five this morning. She herself, two of her daughters, her brother,² and six servants, perished. Two other of the young ladies jumped out of the two pair of stairs and garret windows: one broke her thigh, the other (the eldest of all) broke hers too, and has had it cut off. The fifth daughter is much burnt. The French governess leaped from the garret, and was dashed to pieces. Dr. Molesworth and his wife,

¹ Wilkes was discharged on the 6th of May, by the Lord Chief Justice Pratt, who decided that he was entitled to plead his privilege as a Member of Parliament; the crime of which he was accused, namely, a libel, being in the eyes of the law only a high misdemeanor, whereas the only three cases which could affect the privilege of a Member of Parliament were treason, felony, and breach of the peace.—WRIGHT.

² Captain Usher. Lady Molesworth was daughter of the Rev. W. Usher, Archdeacon of Clonfert, and the second wife of Richard, third Viscount Molesworth, who was aide-de-camp to the Duke of Marlborough at the battle of Ramillies, and saved his grace's life in that engagement.—WRIGHT.

who were there on a visit, escaped; the wife by jumping from the two pair of stairs, and saving herself by a rail; he by hanging by his hands till a second ladder was brought, after a first had proved too short. Nobody knows how or where the fire began; the catastrophe is shocking beyond what one ever heard: and poor Lady Molesworth, whose character and conduct were the most amiable in the world, is universally lamented. Your good hearts will feel this in the most lively manner.¹

I go early to Strawberry to-morrow, giving up the new Opera, Madame de Boufflers, and Mr. Wilkes, and all the present topics. Wilkes, whose case has taken its place by the side of the seven Bishops, calls himself the eighth—not quite improperly, when one remembers that Sir Jonathan Trelawney, who swore like a trooper, was one of those confessors.

There is a good letter in the *Gazetteer* on the other side, pretending to be written by Lord Temple, and advising Wilkes to cut his throat, like Lord E * * *, as it would be of infinite service to their cause. There are published, too, three volumes of Lady Mary Wortley's letters, which I believe are genuine, and are not unenterprising.—But have you read Tom Hervey's letter to the late King? That beats everything for madness, horrid indecency, and folly, and yet has some charming and striking passages.

I have advised Mrs. Harris to inform against Jack, as writing in the *North Briton*; he will then be shut up in the Tower, and may be shown for old Nero.² Adieu!

849. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, May 10, 1763.

You will be impatient to hear the event of last Friday. Mr. Wilkes was delivered by the Court of Common Pleas, unanimously: not, said they, on a defect of affidavit in the Warrant; not on defect of specification of libellous matter in the Warrant; (two objections that had been made by his counsel to the legality of the commitment;) but on a breach of privilege, the libel in question not being a breach of the peace, but only tending to it.

¹ The King, upon hearing of this calamity, immediately sent the young ladies a handsome present; ordered a house to be taken and furnished for them at his expense; and not only continued the pension settled on the mother, but ordered it to be increased two hundred pounds per annum.—WRIGHT.

² An old lion there, so called.—WALPOLE.

The triumph of the Opposition, you may be sure, is great. Though he is still liable to be prosecuted in the King's Bench, a step gained against the Court gives confidence and encouragement. It has given so much to Mr. Wilkes and the warmest of his friends, that I think their indiscretion and indecency will revolt the gravest of their well-wishers. Wilkes keeps no bounds; wrote immediately to the Secretaries of State that his house had been robbed, and that he supposed they had his goods—nay, he went to a Justice of Peace to demand a Warrant for searching their houses, which, you may imagine, he did not obtain. The King ordered Lord Temple, Lord Lieutenant of Buckinghamshire, to remove him from the Militia of that county. The Earl acquainted him with that dismissal, in terms of condolence; for which his Lordship has since been displaced himself. In short, the scene grows every day more serious—violence on one side, and incapacity on the other.

I quit politics, to tell you the most melancholy catastrophe, that one almost ever heard or read of. The house of Lady Molesworth, in Upper Brook Street, was suddenly burnt to the ground last Friday, between four and five in the morning. Herself, two of her daughters, her brother, and three servants perished, with all the circumstances of horror imaginable! The house, which was small, happened to be crowded, by the arrival of her brother, Captain Usher, from Jamaica, who lay there but that night for the first time, and by a visit from Dr. Molesworth (her brother-in-law) and his wife. The doctor waked, hearing what he thought hail. He rose, opened the window and saw nothing. The noise increased, he opened the door, and found the whole staircase in flames and smoke. Seeing no retreat, he would have persuaded his wife to rush with him into the smoke, and perish at once, as the quickest death. She had not resolution enough. He then flung out a mattress for her to jump on (it was two pair of stairs backwards): while he was doing this he saw from the garret above one of the young ladies leap into the back court. Mrs. Molesworth then jumped out of the window, and was scarce hurt; he clambered out too, and hung by a hook: a man from the back of another house saw him, and called to him that he would bring a ladder; he did, but it was too short. However, he begged the doctor, if possible, to hang there still, which, though his strength, for he is a very old man, almost failed him, he did and was saved; but he is since grown so disordered with the terror and calamity, that they doubt if he will live. Lady Molesworth, who lay two pair of stairs forwards, and who, to make room, had taken her eldest

daughter, of seventeen, to lie with her, was seen by persons in the street at the window: the daughter jumped into the street, fell on the iron spikes, and thence into the area. Lady Molesworth was at the other window in her shift, and lifted up her hands, either to open the sash, or in agonies for her daughter, but suddenly disappeared. Some think that the floor at that instant fell with her; I rather conclude that she swooned when her daughter leaped, and never recovered.

The young lady has had her leg cut off, and has not been in her senses since. The youngest daughter, about nine or ten, had the quickness to get out at window on the top of the house, but from spikes and chimneys could get no farther. She went back to her room where her governess was, who jumped first, and was dashed to pieces. The child then jumped, and was little hurt, though burnt, and almost stifled by the bed-clothes which Dr. Molesworth flung out, for this was her that he saw. They told her that her governess was safe; she replied, "Don't pretend to make me believe that, for I saw her dead on the pavement, and her brains scattered about."

Another of the sisters jumped too, and escaped with a fractured thigh. A footman, who lay below, and could have saved himself easily, ran up to try to save some of the family, but being involved in flames and much burnt, was forced to try the window, fell on the spikes like Miss Molesworth, but they think will live. Lord Molesworth, the only son, a boy at Westminster, was at home that day, and was to have lain there, but not having done his task, was obliged to go back to school, and was thus fortunately preserved.

The general compassion on this dreadful tragedy is much heightened by the very amiable character of Lady Molesworth. She had been a very great beauty, and was still a most pleasing woman, not above forty. Lord Molesworth, then very aged, married her, and had several children by her; her character and virtue beyond all suspicion, untainted and irreproachable. Her care of her children was most meritorious, and her general behaviour to the greatest degree engaging. Dr. Molesworth had been much her enemy, yet, while her husband lived, she had persuaded him to give the doctor an annuity, and since his death has treated him with the utmost friendship.

It is not yet known how this terrible accident happened. Many suspect two blacks belonging to Captain Usher, but I believe merely from not knowing how to account for it, nor where it began.

We have just got three volumes of Lady Mary Wortley's Letters;

of which she had given copies at Venice. They are entertaining, though perhaps the least of all her works, for these were written during her first travels, and have no personal history. All relating to that is in the hands of Lady Bute, and I suppose will never see the light. These letters, though pretty well guarded, have certain marks of originality—not bating freedoms, both of opinion, and with regard to truth, for which you know she had little partiality. Adieu!

850. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

DEAR SIR :

Strawberry Hill, May 16, 1763.

I PROMISED you should hear from me if I did not go abroad, and I flatter myself that you will not be sorry to know that I am much better in health than I was at the beginning of the winter. My journey is quite laid aside, at least for this year; though, as Lord Hertford goes ambassador to Paris, I propose to make him a visit there next spring.

As I shall be a good deal here this summer, I hope you did not take a surfeit of Strawberry Hill, but will bestow a visit on it while its beauty lasts; the Gallery advances fast now, and I think in a few weeks will make a figure worth your looking at.

851. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, May 17, 1763.

“ON vient de nous donner une très jolie fête au château de Straberri : tout étoit tapissé de narcisses, de tulipes, et de lilacs ; des cors de chasse, des clarionettes ; des petits vers galants faits par des fées, et qui se trouvoient sous la presse ; des fruits à la glace, du thé, du caffé, des biscuits, et force hot-rolls.”—This is not the beginning of a letter to you, but of one that I might suppose sets out to-night for Paris, or rather, which I do not suppose will set out thither ; for though the narrative is circumstantially true, I don’t believe the actors were pleased enough with the scene, to give so favourable an account of it.

The French do not come hither to see. *A l’Anglaise* happened to be the word in fashion ; and half a dozen of the most fashionable people have been the dupes of it. I take for granted that their next mode will be *à l’Iroquoise*, that they may be under no

obligation of realising their pretensions. Madame de Boufflers¹ I think will die a martyr to a taste, which she fancied she had, and finds she has not. Never having stirred ten miles from Paris, and having only rolled in an easy coach from one hotel to another on a gliding pavement, she is already worn out with being hurried from morning till night from one sight to another. She rises every morning so fatigued with the toils of the preceding day, that she has not strength, if she had inclination, to observe the least, or the finest thing she sees! She came hither to-day to a great breakfast I made for her, with her eyes a foot deep in her head, her hands dangling, and scarce able to support her knitting-bag. She had been yesterday to see a ship launched, and went from Greenwich by water to Ranelagh. Madame Dusson, who is Dutch-built, and whose muscles are pleasure-proof, came with her; there were besides, Lady Mary Coke, Lord and Lady Holderness, the Duke and Duchess of Grafton, Lord Hertford, Lord Villiers, Offley, Messieurs de Fleury, D'Eon,² et Duclos. The latter is author of the *Life of Louis Onze*; ³ dresses like a dissenting minister, which I suppose is the livery of a *bel esprit*, and is much more impetuous than agreeable. We breakfasted in the great parlour, and I had filled the hall and large cloister by turns with French horns and clarionettes. As the French ladies had never seen a printing-house, I carried them into mine; they found something ready set, and desiring to see what it was, it proved as follows:—

The Press speaks—

FOR MADAME DE BOUFFLERS.

The graceful fair, who loves to know,
Nor dreads the north's inclement snow;

¹ The Comtesse de Boufflers, who since the Revolution in France of the year 1789 resided in England for two or three years with her daughter-in-law, the Comtesse Emilie de Boufflers.—WALPOLE. Her visit to Dr. Johnson is made memorable by Boswell.—CUNNINGHAM.

² The Chevalier d'Eon, secretary to the Duke de Nivernois, the French ambassador, and, upon the Duke's return to France, appointed minister plenipotentiary. On the Comte de Guerchy being some time afterwards nominated ambassador, the Chevalier was ordered to resume his secretaryship; at which he was so much mortified that he libelled the Comte, for which he was indicted and found guilty in the Court of King's Bench, in July 1764. For a further account of this extraordinary personage, see post, [p. 138] letter to Lord Hertford, on the 25th of November.—WRIGHT.

³ Duclos's History of Louis XI. appeared in 1743. He was also the author of several ingenious novels, and had a large share in the 'Dictionary of the Academy.' After his death, which took place in 1772, his 'Secret Memoirs of the Courts of Louis XIV. and Louis XV.' appeared. Rousseau describes him as a man "droit et adroit;" and D'Alembert said of him, "De tous les hommes que je connais, c'est lui qui a le plus d'esprit dans un temps donné."—WRIGHT.

Who bids her polish'd accent wear
The British diction's harsher air;
Shall read her praise in every clime
Where types can speak or poets rhyme.

FOR MADAME DUSSON.

Feign not an ignorance of what I speak;
You could not miss my meaning were it Greek:
'Tis the same language Belgium utter'd first,
The same which from admiring Gallia burst.
True sentiment a like expression pours;
Each country says the same to eyes like yours.

You will comprehend that the first speaks English, and that the second does not; that the second is handsome, and the first not; and that the second was born in Holland. This little gentillesse pleased, and atoned for the popery of my house, which was not serious enough for Madame de Boufflers, who is Montmorency, *et du sang du premier Chrétien*; and too serious for Madame Dusson, who is a Dutch Calvinist. The latter's husband was not here, nor Drumgold,¹ who have both got fevers, nor the Duc de Nivernois, who dined at Claremont. The Gallery is not advanced enough to give them any idea at all, as they are not apt to go out of their way for one; but the Cabinet, and the glory of yellow glass at top, which had a charming sun for a foil, did surmount their indifference, especially as they were animated by the Duchess of Grafton, who had never happened to be here before, and who perfectly entered into the air of enchantment and fairyism, which is the tone of the place, and was peculiarly so to-day—*à-propos*, when do you design to come hither? Let me know, that I may have no measures to interfere with receiving you and your grandsons.

Before Lord Bute ran away, he made Mr. Bentley a Commissioner of the Lottery; I don't know whether a single or double one: the latter, which I hope it is, is two hundred a-year.

Thursday, 19th.

I am ashamed of myself to have nothing but a journal of pleasures to send you; I never passed a more agreeable day than yesterday. Miss Pelham gave the French an entertainment at Esher; but they have been so feasted and amused, that none of them were well enough, or reposed enough, to come, but Nivernois and Madame Dusson. The rest of the company were, the Graftons,

¹ Secretary to the Duc de Nivernois.—WALPOLE.

Lady Rockingham, Lord and Lady Pembroke, Lord and Lady Holderness, Lord Villiers, Count Woronzow the Russian minister, Lady Sondes, Mr. and Miss Mary Pelham, Lady Mary Coke, Mrs. Anne Pitt, and Mr. Shelley. The day was delightful, the scene transporting; the trees, lawns, concaves, all in the perfection in which the ghost of Kent¹ would joy to see them. At twelve we made the tour of the farm in eight chaises and calashes, horsemen, and footmen, setting out like a picture of Wouverman's. My lot fell in the lap of Mrs. Anne Pitt,² which I could have excused, as she was not at all in the style of the day, romantic, but political. We had a magnificent dinner, cloaked in the modesty of earthenware; French horns and hautboys on the lawn. We walked to the Belvidere on the summit of the hill, where a theatrical storm only served to heighten the beauty of the landscape, a rainbow on a dark cloud falling precisely behind the tower of a neighbouring church, between another tower and the building at Claremont. Monsieur de Nivernois, who had been absorbed all day, and lagging behind, translating my verses, was delivered of his version, and of some more lines which he wrote on Miss Pelham in the Belvidere, while we drank tea and coffee. From thence we passed into the wood, and the ladies formed a circle on chairs before the mouth of the cave, which was overhung to a vast height with woodbines, lilacs, and laburnums, and dignified by the tall shapely cypresses. On the descent of the hill were placed the French horns; the abigails, servants, and neighbours wandering below by the river; in short, it was Parnassus, as Watteau would have painted it. Here we had a rural syllabub, and part of the company returned to town; but were replaced by Giardini and Onofrio, who with Nivernois on the violin, and Lord Pembroke on the base, accompanied Miss Pelham, Lady Rockingham, and the Duchess of Grafton, who sang. This little concert lasted till past ten; then there were minuets, and as we had seven couple left, it concluded with a country dance. I blush again, for I danced, but was kept in countenance by Nivernois, who has one wrinkle more than I have. A quarter after twelve they sat down to supper, and I came home by a charming moonlight. I am going to dine in town, and to a great ball with fireworks at Miss

¹ Escher's peaceful grove

Where Kent and Nature vie for Pelham's love.—*Pope*.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Mrs. Anne Pitt, sister of Lord Chatham, whom she strikingly resembled in features as well as in talent, died at Kensington, Feb. 9, 1780. See vol. ii. p. 367.—CUNNINGHAM.

Chudleigh's, but I return hither on Sunday, to bid adieu to this abominable Arcadian life; for really when one is not young, one ought to do nothing but *s'ennuyer*; I will try, but I always go about it awkwardly. Adieu!

P.S. I enclose a copy of both the English and French verses.

A' MADAME DE BOUFFLERS.

Boufflers, qu'embellissent les graces,
Et qui plairait sans le vouloir,
Elle à qui l'amour du sçavoir
Fit braver le Nord et les glaces;
Boufflers se plait en nos vergers,
Et veut à nos sons étrangers
Plier sa voix enchanteresse.
Répétons son nom mille fois,
Sur tous les cœurs Boufflers aura des droits,
Par tout où la rime et la Presse
A l'amour prêteront leur voix.

A' MADAME D'USSON.

Ne feignez point, Iris, de ne pas nous entendre;
Ce que vous inspirez, en Grec doit se comprendre.
On vous l'a dit d'abord en Hollandois,
Et dans un langage plus tendre
Paris vous l'a répété mille fois.
C'est de nos cœurs l'expression sincère;
En tout climat, Iris, à toute heure, en tous lieux,
Par tout où brilleront vos yeux,
Vous apprendrez combien ils sçavent plaire.

852. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington Street, May 21, 1763.

You have now seen the celebrated Madame de Boufflers. I dare say you could in that short time perceive that she is agreeable, but I dare say too that you will agree with me that vivacity is by no means the *partage* of the French—bating the *étourderie* of the *mousquetaires* and of a high-dried *petit-maitre* or two, they appear to me more lifeless than Germans. I cannot comprehend how they came by the character of a lively people. Charles Townshend has more *sal volatile* in him than the whole nation. Their King is taciturnity itself, Mirepoix was a walking mummy, Nivernois has about as much life as a sick favourite child, and M. Dusson is a good-humoured country gentleman, who has been drunk the day

before, and is upon his good behaviour. If I have the gout next year, and am thoroughly humbled by it again, I will go to Paris, that I may be upon a level with them: at present, I am *trop fou* to keep them company. Mind, I do not insist that, to have spirits, a nation should be as frantic as poor Fanny Pelham, as absurd as the Duchess of Queensbury, or as dashing as the Virgin Chudleigh. Oh, that you had been at her ball t'other night! History could never describe it and keep its countenance. The Queen's real birthday, you know, is not kept: this Maid of Honour kept it—nay, while the Court is in mourning, expected people to be out of mourning; the Queen's family really was so, Lady Northumberland having desired leave for them. A scaffold was erected in Hyde-park for fireworks. To show the illuminations without to more advantage, the company were received in an apartment totally dark, where they remained for two hours.—If they gave rise to any more birth-days, who could help it? The fireworks were fine, and succeeded well. On each side of the court were two large scaffolds for the Virgin's tradespeople. When the fireworks ceased, a large scene was lighted in the court, representing their Majesties; on each side of which were six obelisks, painted with emblems, and illuminated; mottoes beneath in Latin and English: 1. For the Prince of Wales, a ship, *Multorum spes*. 2. For the Princess Dowager, a bird of paradise, and two little ones, *Meos ad sidera tollo*. People smiled. 3. Duke of York, a temple, *Virtuti et honori*. 4. Princess Augusta, a bird of paradise, *Non habet parem*—unluckily this was translated, *I have no peer*. People laughed out, considering where this was exhibited. 5. The three younger princes, an orange-tree, *Promittit et dat*. 6. The two younger princesses, the flower crown-imperial. I forget the Latin: the translation was silly enough, *Bashful in youth, graceful in age*. The lady of the house made many apologies for the poorness of the performance, which she said was only oil-paper, painted by one of her servants; but it really was fine and pretty. The Duke of Kingston was in a frock, *comme chez lui*. Behind the house was a cenotaph for the Princess Elizabeth, a kind of illuminated cradle; the motto, *All the honours the dead can receive*. This burying-ground was a strange codicil to a festival; and, what was more strange, about one in the morning, this sarcophagus burst out into crackers and guns. The Margrave of Anspach began the ball with the Virgin. The supper was most sumptuous.

You ask, when I propose to be at Park-place. I ask, shall not you come to the Duke of Richmond's masquerade, which is the

6th of June ?¹ I cannot well be with you till towards the end of that month.

The enclosed is a letter which I wish you to read attentively, to give me your opinion upon it, and return it. It is from a sensible friend of mine in Scotland [Sir David Dalrymple], who has lately corresponded with me on the enclosed subjects, which I little understand ; but I promised to communicate his ideas to George Grenville, if he would state them—are they practicable ? I wish much that something could be done for those brave soldiers and sailors, who will all come to the gallows, unless some timely provision can be made for them.—The former part of his letter relates to a grievance he complains of, that men who have *not* served are admitted into garrisons, and then into our hospitals, which were designed for meritorious sufferers.² Adieu !

853. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington Street, Saturday evening. [May 28, 1763.]

No, indeed I cannot consent to your being a dirty Philander.³ Pink and white, and white and pink ! and both as greasy as if you had gnawed a leg of a fowl on the stairs of the Haymarket with a bunter from the Cardigan's Head !⁴ For Heaven's sake don't produce a tight rose-coloured thigh, unless you intend to prevent my Lord Bute's return from Harrowgate. Write, the moment you receive this, to your tailor to get you a sober purple domino as I have done, and it will make you a couple of summer waistcoats.

In the next place, have your ideas a little more correct about us of times past. We did not furnish our cottages with chairs of ten guineas a-piece. Ebony for a farm-house !⁵ So, two hundred years hence some man of taste will build a hamlet in the style of George

¹ The Masquerade was very numerous and very fine. Old Gunning was there in a running-footman's habit, with Lady Coventry's picture hung at his button-hole, like a Croix de St. Louis.—*Earl of March to Selwyn, June 1763.*—CUNNINGHAM.

² As this letter cannot be found, no further light can be thrown on its contents.—WALPOLE.

³ At the masquerade given by the Duke of Richmond on the 6th of June, 1763, at his house in Privy-garden.—WALPOLE.

⁴ The Cardigan's Head is the sign in Hogarth's picture of Night, the scene of which is laid close to Charles the First's statue at Charing Cross.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁵ Mr. Conway was at this time fitting up the little building beautifully situated on the brow of the hill at Park-place, called the Cottage, though indeed containing a very good room towards the prospect in the Gothic style, for which he had consulted Mr. Walpole on the propriety of ebony chairs.—BERRY.

the Third, and beg his cousin Tom Hearne to get him some chairs for it of mahogany gilt, and covered with blue damask. Adieu! I have not a minute's time more.

854. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Huntingdon, May 30, 1763.

As you interest yourself about Kimbolton, I begin my journal of two days here. But I must set out with owning, that I believe I am the first man that ever went sixty miles to an auction.¹ As I came for ebony, I have been up to my chin in ebony; there is literally nothing but ebony in the house; all the other goods, if there were any, and I trust my Lady Conyers did not sleep upon ebony mattresses, are taken away. There are two tables and eighteen chairs, all made by the Hallet² of two hundred years ago. These I intend to have; for mind, the auction does not begin till Thursday. There are more plebeian chairs of the same materials, but I have left commission for only the true black blood. Thence I went to Kimbolton³ and asked to see the house. A kind footman, who in his zeal to open the chaise pinched half my finger off, said he would call the housekeeper: but a Groom of the chambers insisted on my visiting their Graces; and as I vowed I did not know them, he said they were in the great apartment, that all the rest was in disorder and altering, and would let me see nothing.—This was the reward of my first lie. I returned to my inn or alehouse, and instantly received a message from the Duke⁴ to invite me to the Castle. I was quite undressed, and dirty with my journey, and unacquainted with the Duchess—yet was forced to go—Thank the god of dust, his Grace was dirtier than me. He was extremely civil, and detected me to the Groom of the chambers—asked me if I had dined. I said yes—lie the second. He pressed me to take a bed there. I hate to be criticised at a formal supper by a circle of stranger-footmen, and protested I was to meet a gentleman at Huntingdon to-night. The Duchess⁵ and Lady Caroline⁶

¹ The eight very fine ebony chairs at Strawberry Hill were bought at the Lady Conyers' at Great Stoughton, Huntingdonshire.—CUNNINGHAM.

² The Hallet who bought Canons, in Middlesex, Timons's Villa. See vol. ii. p. 447.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ In Huntingdonshire, the seat of the Duke of Manchester.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ George fourth Duke of Manchester died 1788.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁵ Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Thomas Dashwood, of Kirlington, Oxon, painted by Sir Joshua as Diana disarming Cupid.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁶ Sister of the Duke of Manchester.—WRIGHT.

came in from walking ; and to disguise my not having dined, for it was past six, I drank tea with them. The Duchess is much altered, and has a bad short cough. I pity Catherine of Arragon¹ for living at Kimbolton : I never saw an uglier spot. The fronts are not so bad as I expected, by not being so French as I expected ; but have no pretensions to beauty, nor even to comely ancient ugliness. The great apartment is truly noble, and almost all the portraits good, of what I saw ; for many are not hung up, and half of those that are, my lord Duke does not know. The Earl of Warwick² is delightful ; the Lady Mandeville,³ attiring herself in her wedding garb, delicious. The Prometheus is a glorious picture, the Eagle as fine as my statue. Is not it by Vandyck ?⁴ The Duke told me that Mr. Spence found out it was by Titian—but critics in poetry I see are none in painting. This was all I was shown, for I was not even carried into the chapel. The walls round the house are levelling, and I saw nothing without doors that tempted me to taste. So I made my bow, hurried to my inn, snapped up my dinner, lest I should again be detected, and came hither, where I am writing by a great fire, and give up my friend the east wind, which I have long been partial to for the south-east's sake, and in contradiction to the west, for blowing perpetually and bending all one's plantations. To-morrow I see Hinchinbrook [Lord Sandwich's]—and London. Memento, I promised the Duke that you should come and write on all his portraits. Do, as you honour the blood of Montagu ! Who is the man in the picture [a half-length] with Sir Charles Goring, where a page is tying the latter's scarf ?⁵ And who are the ladies in the double half-lengths ?

Arlington Street, May 31.

Well ! I saw Hinchinbrook this morning. Considering it is in Huntingdonshire, the situation is not so ugly nor melancholy as I expected ; but I do not conceive what provoked so many of your

¹ Queen Catherine of Arragon, after her divorce from Henry the Eighth, resided some time in this castle, and died there in 1536.—WRIGHT.

² Robert Rich, Earl of Warwick, died 1658, a fine full-length inscribed "*Ætatis sue 44, anno 1632. D. Mytens p^t.*"—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Anne Rich (died 1641), daughter of the Earl of Warwick and second wife of Lord Mandeville, (the parliamentary general) afterwards Earl of Manchester. It is a whole length, and, as Walpole says, "delicious."—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ No, by Rubens—the Eagle by Snyders, according to a letter written by Rubens. *Carpenter's Vandyck*, p. 142.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁵ Mountjoy Blount, Earl of Newport (died 1665) and George Goring, Earl of Norwich (died 1662) with Goring's son and successor, Charles (in the centre of the composition) tying on his father's sash. A knee-piece. Both men are in buff coats, one wears a blue scarf, the other a red. *Duplicate at Petworth.*—CUNNINGHAM.

ancestors to pitch their tents in that triste country, unless the Capulets loved fine prospects. The house of Hinchinbrook is most comfortable, and just what I like; old, spacious, irregular, yet not vast or forlorn. I believe much has been done since you saw it—it now only wants an apartment, for in no part of it are there above two chambers together. The furniture has much simplicity, not to say too much; some portraits tolerable, none I think fine. When this lord gave Blackwood the head of the Admiral¹ that I have now, he left himself not one so good. The head he kept is very bad: the whole-length is fine, except the face of it. There is another of the Duke of Cumberland by Reynolds, the colours of which are as much changed as the original is to the proprietor. The garden is wondrous small, the park almost smaller, and no appearance of territory. The whole has a quiet decency that seems adapted to the Admiral after his retirement, or to Cromwell before his exaltation. I returned time enough for the opera; observing all the way I came the proof of the duration of this east wind, for on the west side the blossoms were so covered with dust one could not distinguish them; on the eastern hand the hedges were white in all the pride of May. Good-night!

Wednesday, June 1.

My letter is a perfect diary. There has been a sad alarm in the kingdom of white satin and muslin. The Duke of Richmond was seized last night with a sore throat and fever; and though he is much better to-day, the Masquerade of to-morrow night is put off till Monday. Many a Queen of Scots, from sixty to sixteen, has been ready to die of the fright. Adieu once more! I think I can have nothing more to say before the post goes out to-morrow.

855. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, June 5, 1763.

I AM much concerned at the melancholy accounts you give me of both Lord and Lady Northampton.² They are young, handsome, and happy, and life was very valuable to them. She has been consumptive some time; but he seemed healthy and strong.

The misery in the family of Molesworth is not yet closed. The

¹ Admiral Sir Edward Montagu, first Earl of Sandwich, died 1672.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Charles Compton, Earl of Northampton [died 1763], married Lady Anne Somerset, eldest daughter of Noel Duke of Beaufort.—WALPOLE.

eldest young lady, who has had her leg cut off, does not yet know of the loss of her mother and sisters, but believes them much hurt, and not able even to write to her; by degrees they intend to tell her that her mother grows worse and then dies. Till this week she did not know she had lost a limb herself, they keeping the mangled part in a frame. One of her sisters, she of eleven, who is still lame with her bruises, was lately brought to her. They had not prepared the child, thinking she knew nothing of what had happened to Miss Molesworth. The moment the girl came in, she said, "Oh! poor Harriet! they tell me your leg is cut off!" Still this did not deceive her. She replied, "No, it is not." The method they have since taken to acquaint her with it was very artful: they told her her leg must be taken off, and then softened the shock by letting her know the truth. She wept much, but soon comforted herself, saying, "Thank God, it is not my arm, for now I can still amuse myself." It would surprise one that at her age so many indications should not lead her to the full extent of her calamity; but they keep her in a manner intoxicated with laudanum. She is in the widow Lady Grosvenor's house, and the humanity, tenderness, and attention of Lord Grosvenor to her is not to be described. The youngest girl overheard the servants in the next room talking of her mother's death, and would not eat anything for two days.

Lord Bath's extravagant avarice and unfeelingness on his son's death rather increases. Lord Pulteney left a kind of Will, saying he had nothing to give, but made it his request to his father to give his post-chaise and one hundred pounds to his cousin Colman;¹ the same sum and his pictures to another cousin, and recommended the Lakes, his other cousins, to him. Lord Bath sent Colman and Lockman word they might get their hundred pounds as they could, and for the chaise and pictures they might buy them if they pleased, for they would be sold for his son's debts; and he expressed great anger at the last article, saying, that he did not know what business it was of his son to recommend heirs to him.

I have told you of our French: we have got another curious one,

¹ George Colman, son of Lady Bath's sister, author of several dramatic works, and afterwards manager of the Little Theatre in the Haymarket.—WALPOLE. "Let me place Mr. Murray, the present Attorney-General, before your eyes; look steadfastly towards him, and see what a rapid progress he hath made towards wealth and great reputation. You have as good parts * * * When you are at Lincoln's Inn, I tell you beforehand that I will have you closely watched and be constantly informed how you employ your time. * * * I must have no running to play-houses." *Lord Bath to Colman, January 20, 1755.*—CUNNINGHAM.

La Condamine, *qui se donne pour philosophe*. He walks about the streets, with his trumpet and a map, his spectacles on, and hat under his arm.

But, to give you some idea of his philosophy, he was on the scaffold to see Damien executed. His deafness was very inconvenient to his curiosity; he pestered the confessor with questions to know what Damien said: "Monsieur, il jure horriblement." La Condamine replied, "Ma foi, il n'a pas tort;" not approving it, but as sensible of what he suffered. Can one bear such want of feeling?¹ Oh! but as a philosopher he studied the nature of man in torments;—pray, for what? One who can so far divest himself of humanity as to be, uncalled, a spectator of agony, is not likely to employ much of his time in alleviating it. We have lately had an instance that would set his philosophy to work. A young highwayman was offered his life after condemnation, if he would consent to have his leg cut off, that a new styptic might be tried. "What!" replied he, "and go limping to the devil at last? no, I'll be d——d first"—and was hanged!

Mr. Crawford has given me the second plan of Inigo Jones's church at Leghorn, for which I thank you. I am happy that you are easy about your brother James: I had told you he would write; have not you received that letter?

No public news. Parliamentary and political campaigns end when the military used to begin, and, thank God, we have now not them!

Did I, or did I not, tell you how much I am diverted with his serenity of Modena's match with that old, battered, painted, debauched Simonetta? An antiquated bagnio is an odd place for conscience to steal a wedding in! Two and twenty years ago she was as much repaired as Lady Mary Wortley, or as her own new spouse. Why, if they were not past approaching them, their faces must run together like a palette of colours, and they would be disputing to which such an eyebrow or such a cheek belonged. The first time I saw her, at the fair of Reggio, in 1741, I was to dine with her; and going at three o'clock, found her in a loose linen gown, with no other woman, playing at faro with eleven men in white waistcoats and nightcaps. Such a scene was very new to me at that age! I did not expect that twenty years afterwards she

¹ As La Condamine was on the scaffold, one of the executioners said to another, "Est-il des notres?" "Non," replied he, "Monsieur n'est qu'amateur."—Yet, La Condamine was a very humane and good man.—WALPOLE.

would become mistress of the duchy, or be a ladder to help the Duke to heaven.

June 7th.

Last night we had a magnificent entertainment at Richmond House, a masquerade and fireworks. A masquerade was a new sight to the young people, who had dressed themselves charmingly, without having the fear of an earthquake before their eyes, though Prince William and Prince Henry¹ were not suffered to be there. The Duchesses of Richmond and Grafton, the first as a Persian Sultana, the latter as Cleopatra,—and such a Cleopatra! were glorious figures, in very different styles. Mrs. Fitzroy² in a Turkish dress, Lady George Lenox and Lady Bolingbroke as Grecian girls, Lady Mary Coke as Imoinda, and Lady Pembroke as a pilgrim, were the principal beauties of the night. The whole garden was illuminated, and the apartments. An encampment of barges decked with streamers in the middle of the Thames, kept the people from danger, and formed a stage for the fireworks, which were placed, too, along the rails of the garden. The ground rooms lighted, with suppers spread, the houses covered and filled with people, the bridge, the garden full of masks, Whitehall crowded with spectators to see the dresses pass, and the multitude of heads on the river who came to light by the splendour of the fire-wheels, composed the gayest and richest scene imaginable, not to mention the diamonds and sumptuousness of the habits. The Dukes of York and Cumberland, and the Margrave of Anspach, were there, and about six hundred masks. Adieu!

856. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, June 16, 1763.

I do not like your putting off your visit hither for so long. Indeed, by September the Gallery will probably have all its fine clothes on, and by what have been tried, I think it will look very well. The fashion of the garments to be sure will be ancient, but I have given them an air that is very becoming. Princess Amelia was here last night while I was abroad; and if Margaret is not too much prejudiced by the guinea left, or by natural partiality to what servants call *our house*, I think was pleased, particularly with the Chapel.

¹ Afterwards Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland.—WALPOLE.

² Eldest daughter of Sir Peter Warren.—WALPOLE.

As Mountain-George will not come to Mahomet-me, Mahomet-I must come to Greatworth. Mr. Chute and I think of visiting you about the seventeenth of July, if you shall be at home, and nothing happens to derange our scheme; possibly we may call at Horton; we certainly shall proceed to Drayton, Burleigh, Fotheringay, Peterborough, and Ely; and shall like much of your company, all, or part of the tour. The only present proviso I have to make is the health of my niece [Lady Waldegrave], who is at present much out of order (we think not breeding), and who was taken so ill on Monday, that I was forced to carry her suddenly to town, where I yesterday left her better at her father's [Sir Edward Walpole's].

There has been a report that the new Lord Holland [Mr. Fox] was dead at Paris, but I believe it is not true. I was very indifferent about it: eight months ago it had been lucky. I saw his jackall t'other night in the meadows, the Secretary at War,¹ so emptily-important and distilling paragraphs of old news with such solemnity, that I did not know whether it was a man or the Utrecht gazette.

857. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, June 30, 1763.

MONSIEUR DE LA CONDAMINE will certainly have his letter; but, my dear Sir, it is equally sure that I shall not deliver it myself. I have given it to my Lord Hertford for him, while I act being in the country. To tell you the truth, La Condamine is absurdity itself. He has had a quarrel with his landlady, whose lodgers being disturbed by La Condamine's servant being obliged to bawl to him, as he is deaf, wanted to get rid of him. He would not budge: she dressed two chairmen for bailiffs to force him out. The next day he published an address to the people of England, in the newspaper, informing them that they are the most savage nation in or out of Europe. This is pretty near truth; and yet I would never have abused the Iroquois to their faces in one of their own gazettes. I honour La Condamine's zeal for inoculation, which is combated by his countrymen. Even here, nonsense attacks it; that is of course, for the practice is sense; but I wish humane men, or men of reflection, would be content to feel and to think, without advertising themselves by a particular denomination. But they will call them-

¹ Welbore Ellis, Esq., afterwards Lord Mendip. The meadows were at Twickenham.
—CUNNINGHAM.

selves philosophers, and the instant they have created themselves a character, they think they must distinguish themselves by it, and run into all kind of absurdities. I wish they would consider that the most desirable kind of understanding is the only kind that never aims at any particularity; I mean common sense. This is not Monsieur de la Condamine's kind; and Count Lorenzi must excuse me if I avoid the acquaintance. I think I said something of him in a former letter.

Lord Strathmore is arrived, and has brought the parcel. He has been twice at Palazzo Pitti. I prefer the master of the latter. The Lord is too *doucereux* and Céladonian.¹

You say I am patron of the French; I fear they do not think so. Very, very few of them have struck me. Then the trouble of conversing in a language not one's own, and the difficulty of expressing one's ideas as one would, disheartens me. Madame de Boufflers has pleased me most, and conceives us the best; though I doubt whether she will return so partial to us as she came. She told me one day, "*Dans ce pays-ci c'est un effort perpétuel pour se divertir*;" and she did not seem to think we succeed. However, next spring I must go to Paris, which at present, like the description of the grave, is the way of all flesh. Foley, the banker at Paris, told Lord Strathmore, that thirty thousand pounds have been remitted hence every month since the Peace, for the English that flock thither.

Your account of Lord Northampton is moving. He will, I fear, be little better for Tronchin, who, I am assured, from very good judges at Paris, is little better than a charlatan.

I have nothing to tell you, and I am glad of it; we have a long repose from politics; and it is comfortable when folks can be brought to think or talk of something else, which they seldom will in winter. My Gallery occupies me entirely, but grows rather too magnificent for my humility; however, having at no time created myself a philosopher, I am at liberty to please myself, without minding a contradiction or two. Adieu!

858. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, July 1, 1763.

MR. CHUTE and I intend to be with you on the seventeenth or eighteenth; but as we are wandering swains, we do not drive one

¹ Too much of a swain, a Céladon.—WALPOLE.

nail into one day of the almanack irremovably. Our first stage is to Blechley, the parsonage of venerable Cole, the antiquarian of Cambridge. Blechley lies by Fenny Stratford; now can you direct us how to make Horton¹ in our way from Stratford to Greatworth? If this meander engrosses more time than we propose, do not be disappointed, and think we shall not come, for we shall. The journey you must accept as a great sacrifice either to you or to my promise, for I quit the Gallery almost in the critical minute of consummation. Gilders, carvers, upholsterers, and picture-cleaners are labouring at their several forges, and I do not love to trust a hammer or a brush without my own supervisal. This will make my stay very short, but it is a greater compliment than a month would be at another season; and yet I am not profuse of months. Well, but I begin to be ashamed of my magnificence; Strawberry is growing sumptuous in its latter day; it will scarce be any longer like the fruit of its name, or the modesty of its ancient demeanour, both which seem to have been in Spenser's prophetic eye, when he sung of

——— the blushing strawberries
Which lurk, close-shrouded from high-looking eyes,
Showing that sweetness low and hidden lies.

In truth, my collection was too great already to be lodged humbly; it has extended my walls, and pomp followed. It was a neat, small house; it now will be a comfortable one, and, except one fine apartment, does not deviate from its simplicity. Adieu! I know nothing about the world, and am only Strawberry's and yours sincerely.

859. TO SIR DAVID DALRYMPLE.

Strawberry Hill, July 1, 1763.

PERHAPS, Sir, you have wondered that I have been so long silent about a scheme that called for despatch. The truth is, I have had no success. Your whole plan has been communicated to Mr. Grenville by one whose heart went with it, going always with what is humane. Mr. Grenville mentions two objections; one, insuperable as to expedition; the other, totally so. No Crown or public lands could be so disposed of without an Act of Parliament. In that case

¹ In Northamptonshire, the seat of the Earl of Halifax.—CUNNINGHAM.

the scheme should be digested during a war, to take place at the conclusion, and cannot be adjusted in time for receiving the disbanded. But what is worse, he hints, Sir, that your good heart has only considered the practicability with regard to Scotland, where there are no poor's rates. Here every parish would object to such settlers. This is the sum of his reply; I am not master enough of the subject or the nature of it, to answer either difficulty. If you can, Sir, I am ready to continue the intermediate negociator; but you must furnish me with answers to these obstacles, before I could hope to make any way even with any private person. In truth, I am little versed in the subject; which I own, not to excuse myself from pursuing it if it can be made feasible, but to prompt you, Sir, to instruct me. Except at this place, which cannot be called the country, I have scarce ever lived in the country, and am shamefully ignorant of the police and domestic laws of my own country. Zeal to do any good, I have; but I want to be tutored when the operation is at all complicated. Your knowledge, Sir, may supply my deficiencies; at least you are sure of a solicitor for your good intentions in your, &c.

860. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

DEAR SIR:

Strawberry Hill, July 1, 1763.

As you have given me leave, I propose to pass a day with you [at Bletchley], on my way to Mr. Montagu's. If you have no engagement, I will be with you on the 16th of this month, and if it is not inconvenient, and you will tell me truly whether it is or not, I shall bring my friend Mr. Chute with me, who is destined to the same place. I will beg you too to let me know how far it is to Bletchley, and what road I must take: that is, how far from London, or how far from Twickenham, and the road from each, as I am uncertain yet from which I shall set out. If any part of this proposal does not suit you, I trust you will own it, and I will take some other opportunity of calling on you, being most truly, dear Sir, &c.¹

¹ Horry is taken up with nursing his niece, who bore a most painful operation on her breast very heroically.—*Gilly Williams to Selwyn, July 6, 1763.*—CUNNINGHAM.

861. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

DEAR SIR:

Strawberry Hill, July 12, 1763.

UPON consulting maps and roads and the knowing, I find it will be my best way to call on Mr. Montagu first, before I come to you, or I must go the same road twice. This will make it a few days later than I intended before I wait on you, and will leave you time to complete your hay-harvest, as I gladly embrace your offer of bearing me company on the tour I meditate to Burleigh, Drayton, Peterborough, Ely, and twenty other places, of all which you shall take as much or as little as you please. It will, I think, be Wednesday or Thursday se'nnight before I wait on you, that is the 20th or 21st, and I fear I shall come alone; for Mr. Chute is confined with the gout: but you shall hear again before I set out. Remember I am to see Sir Kenelm Digby's.

I thank you much for your informations. The Countess of Cumberland is an acquisition, and quite new to me. With the Countess of Kent I am acquainted since my last edition.

Addison certainly changed *scies* in the epitaph to *indicabit* to avoid the jingle with *dies*: though it is possible that the thought may have been borrowed elsewhere. Adieu, Sir!

862. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

DEAR SIR:

WEDNESDAY is the day I propose waiting on you; what time of it the Lord and the roads know; so don't wait for me any part of it. If I should be violently pressed to stay a day longer at Mr. Montagu's, I hope it will be no disappointment to you: but I love to be uncertain, rather than make myself expected and fail.

863. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Stanford, Saturday night, July 23, 1763.

"Thus far our arms have with success been crowned," bating a few mishaps, which will attend long marches like ours. We have

Gothurst, in Buckinghamshire.—CUNNINGHAM.

conquered as many towns as Louis Quatorze in the campaign of seventy-two: that is, seen them, for he did little more, and into the bargain he had much better roads, and a dryer summer. It has rained perpetually till to-day, and made us experience the rich soil of Northamptonshire, which is a clay-pudding, stuck full of villages. After we parted with you on Thursday, we saw Castle Ashby [Lord Northampton's] and Easton Mauduit [Lord Sussex's]. The first is most magnificently triste, and has all the formality of the Comptons. I should admire it if I could see out of it, or anything in it, but there is scarce any furniture, and the bad little frames of glass exclude all objects. Easton is miserable enough; there are many modern portraits, and one I was glad to see of the Duchess of Shrewsbury. We lay at Wellingborough—pray never lie there—the beastliest inn upon earth is there! We were carried into a vast bedchamber, which I suppose is the club-room, for it stunk of tobacco like a justice of peace. I desired some boiling water for tea; they brought me a sugar-dish of hot water in a pewter plate. Yesterday morning we went to Boughton [Lord Montagu's], where we were scarce landed, before the Cardigans, in a coach and six and three chaises, arrived with a cold dinner in their pockets, on their way to Deane; for as it is in dispute, they never reside at Boughton. This was most unlucky, that we should pitch on the only hour in the year in which they are there. I was so disconcerted, and so afraid of falling foul of the Countess and her caprices, that I hurried from chamber to chamber, and scarce knew what I saw, but that the house is in the grand old French style, that gods and goddesses lived over my head in every room, and that there was nothing but pedigrees all around me, and under my feet, for there is literally a coat of arms at the end of every step of the stairs: did the Duke mean to pun, and intend this for the *descent* of the Montagus? Well! we hurried away and got to Drayton¹ an hour before dinner. Oh! the dear old place! you would be transported with it. In the first place, it stands in as ugly a hole as Boughton: well! that is not its beauty. The front is a brave strong castle wall, embattled and loop-holed for defence. Passing the great gate, you come to a sumptuous but narrow modern court, behind which rises the old mansion, all towers and turrets. The house is excellent; has a vast

¹ Horry has gone a progress into Northamptonshire, to Lady Betty Germaine's. Is it not surprising how he moves from old Suffolk on the Thames to another old goody on the Tyne, and does not see the ridicule which he would so strongly paint in any other character? *Gilly Williams to Selwyn, July 18, 1763.*—CUNNINGHAM.

hall, ditto dining-room, king's chamber, trunk gallery at the top of the house, handsome chapel, and seven or eight distinct apartments, besides closets and conveniences without end. Then it is covered with portraits, crammed with old china, furnished richly, and not a rag in it under forty, fifty, or a thousand years old; but not a bed or chair that has lost a tooth, or got a grey hair, so well are they preserved. I rummaged it from head to foot, examined every spangled bed, and enamelled pair of bellows, for such there are; in short, I do not believe the old mansion was ever better pleased with an inhabitant, since the days of Walter de Drayton, except when it has received its divine old mistress.¹ If one could honour her more than one did before, it would be to see with what religion she keeps up the old dwelling and customs, as well as old servants, who you may imagine do not love her less than other people do. The garden is just as Sir John Germain² brought it from Holland; pyramidal yews, treillages, and square cradle walks with windows clipped in them. Nobody was there, but Mr. Beauclerc³ and Lady Catherine,⁴ and two parsons: the two first suffered us to ransack and do as we would, and the two last assisted us, informed us, and carried us to every tomb in the neighbourhood. I have got every circumstance by heart, and was pleased beyond my expectation, both with the place and the comfortable way of seeing it. We stayed here till after dinner to-day, and saw Fotheringhay in our way hither. The castle is totally ruined.⁵ The mount, on which the keep stood, two door-cases, and a piece of the moat, are all the remains. Near it is a front and two projections of an ancient house, which, by the arms about it, I suppose was part of the palace of Richard and Cicely, Duke and Duchess of York. There are two pretty tombs for them and their uncle Duke of York in the church, erected by order of Queen Elizabeth. The church has been very fine, but is now intolerably shabby; yet many large saints remain in the windows, two entire, and all the heads well painted. You may imagine we were civil enough to the Queen of Scots, to feel a feel of pity for her, while we stood on the very spot where she was put to death;

¹ Lady Betty Germain, the friend and correspondent of Swift. See vol. i. p. 95.—CUNNINGHAM.

² See vol. i. p. 95.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Aubrey Beauclerk, Esq., member for Thetford. He succeeded to the dukedom of St. Albans, as fifth duke, in 1787, and died in 1802.—WRIGHT.

⁴ Lady Catherine Ponsonby, daughter of the Earl of Besborough.—WRIGHT.

⁵ James I. is said to have ordered it to be destroyed, in consequence of its having been the scene of the trial and execution of his mother, Mary, Queen of Scots, beheaded there in February, 1587.—WRIGHT.

my companion [Mr. Cole], I believe, who is a better royalist than I am, felt a little more. There, I have obeyed you. To-morrow we see Burleigh and Peterborough, and lie at Ely; on Monday I hope to be in town, and on Tuesday I hope much more to be in the gallery at Strawberry Hill, and to find the gilders laying on the last leaf of gold. Good night!

864. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Hockerill, Monday night, July 25, 1763.

I CONTINUE. You must know we were drowned on Saturday night. It rained, as it did at Greatworth on Wednesday, all night and all next morning, so we could not look even at the outside of Burleigh; but we saw the inside pleasantly; for Lord Exeter, whom I had prepared for our intentions, came to us, and made every door and every lock fly open, even of his magazines, yet unopened. He is going through the house by degrees, furnishing a room every year, and has already made several most sumptuous. One is a little tired of Carlo Maratti and Luca Giordano, yet still these are treasures. The china and japan are of the finest; miniatures in plenty, and a shrine full of crystal vases, filigree, enamel, jewels, and the trinkets of taste, that have belonged to many a noble dame. In return for his civilities, I made my Lord Exeter a present of a glorious cabinet, whose drawers and sides are all painted by Rubens. This present you must know is his own, but he knew nothing of the hand or the value. Just so I have given Lady Betty Germain a very fine portrait, that I discovered at Drayton in the woodhouse.

I was not much pleased with Peterborough; the front is adorable, but the inside has no more beauty than consists in vastness. By the way, I have a pen and ink that will not form a letter. We were now sent to Huntingdon in our way to Ely, as we found it impracticable, from the rains and floods, to cross the country thither. We landed in the heart of the assizes, and almost in the middle of the races, both which, to the astonishment of the virtuosi, we eagerly quitted this morning. We were hence sent south to Cambridge, still on our way northward to Ely; but when we got to Cambridge we were forced to abandon all thoughts of Ely, there being nothing but lamentable stories of inundations and escapes. However, I made myself amends with the University, which I have not seen these four-and-twenty years, and which revived many youthful scenes,

which, merely from their being youthful, are forty times pleasanter than any other ideas. You know I always long to live at Oxford : I felt that I could like to live even at Cambridge again. The colleges are much cleaned and improved since my days, and the trees and groves more venerable ; but the town is tumbling about their ears. We surprised Gray with our appearance, dined and drank tea with him, and are come hither within sight of land. I always find it worth my while to make journies, for the joy I have in getting home again. A second adieu !

865. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

DEAR SIR :

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 8, 1763.

You judge rightly, I am very indifferent about Dr. Shorton, since he is not Dr. Shorter. It has done nothing but rain since my return ; whoever wants hay, must fish for it ; it is all drowned, or swimming about the country. I am glad our tour gave you so much pleasure ; you was so very obliging, as you have always been to me, that I should have been grieved not to have had it give you satisfaction. I hope your servant is quite recovered.

The painters and gilders quit my Gallery this week, but I have not got a chair or a table for it yet ; however, I hope it will have all its clothes on by the time you have promised me a visit.

866. TO DR. DUCAREL.

SIR :

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 8, 1763.

I HAVE been rambling about the country, or should not so long have deferred to answer the favour of your letter. I thank you for the notices in it, and have profited of them. I am much obliged to you too for the drawings you intended me ; but I have since had a letter from Mr. Churchill, and he does not mention them.

867. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 9, 1763.

My Gallery claims your promise ; the painters and gilders finish to-morrow, and next day it washes its hands. You talked of the

15th; shall I expect you then, and the Countess [of Ailesbury], and the Contessina [their daughter], and the Baroness [Lyttelton]?

Lord Digby¹ is to be married immediately to the pretty Miss Feilding; and Mr. Boothby, they say, to Lady Mary Douglas. What more news I know I cannot send you; for I have had it from Lady Denbigh and Lady Blandford, who have so confounded names, genders, and circumstances, that I am not sure whether Prince Ferdinand is not going to be married to the hereditary Prince. Adieu!

P.S. If you want to know more of me, you may read a whole column of abuse upon me in 'The Public Ledger' of Thursday last; where they inform me that the Scotch cannot be so sensible as the English, because they have not such good writers. Alack! I am afraid *the most sensible men in any country do not write*.

I had writ this last night. This morning I receive your paper of evasions, *perfide que vous êtes!* You may let it alone, you will never see anything like my Gallery—and then to ask me to leave it the instant it is finished! I never heard such a request in my days!—Why, all the earth is begging to come to see it: as Edging says, I have had offers enough from blue and green ribands to make me a falbala-apron. Then I have just refused to let Mrs. Keppel and her Bishop [of Exeter] be in the house with me, because I expected all you—it is mighty well, mighty fine!—No, sir, no, I shall not come; nor am I in a humour to do anything else you desire: indeed, without your provoking me, I should not have come into the proposal of paying Giardini. We have been duped and cheated every winter for these twenty years by the undertakers of operas, and I never will pay a farthing more till the last moment, nor can be terrified at their puffs; I am astonished you are. So far from frightening me, the kindest thing they could do would be not to let one have a box to hear their old threadbare voices and frippery thefts; and as for Giardini himself, I would not go cross the room to hear him play to eternity. I should think he could frighten nobody but Lady Bingley by a refusal.

¹ Lord Digby has come to town, I believe to consummate. He has stole this match upon us, and shut us out of a very comfortable house, where we had promised ourselves many a cod and oyster sauce for the winter. *Gilly Williams to Selwyn, Aug. 4, 1763.*—CUNNINGHAM.

868. TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

MY DEAR LORD:

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 10, 1763.

I HAVE waited in hopes that the world would do something worth telling you: it will not, and I cannot stay any longer without asking you how you do, and hoping you have not quite forgot me. It has rained such deluges, that I had some thoughts of turning my Gallery into an ark, and began to pack up a pair of bantams, a pair of cats, in short, a pair of every living creature about my house: but it is grown fine at last, and the workmen quit my Gallery to-day without hoisting a sail in it. I know nothing upon earth but what the ancient ladies in my neighbourhood knew threescore years ago; I write merely to pay you my pepper-corn of affection, and to inquire after my lady, who I hope is perfectly well. A longer letter would not have half the merit: a line in return will however repay all the merit I can possibly have to one to whom I am so much obliged.

869. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Aug. 11, 1763.

I AM never so fruitful in summer, you know, as in winter. This year I am particularly barren. Your letter of July 23rd has given me a little fillip, or I don't know when I should have written, for I have not a single circumstance to tell you, but that you will soon see a greater prince than him of Lichtenstein. The Duke of York is going to take a Mediterranean tour with Augustus Hervey,¹ and, when at Leghorn, will certainly see Florence. You will find him civil, condescending, and good-natured to a great degree; and *loro eccellenze*, the *Dame Florentine* will like him still better, for he is very *galant* and very generous.

I am very sorry for Lord Northampton, and yet I could not help smiling at his physician's expression, that he seemed to go *al patibolo in gala*. La Condamine, I believe, is departed; I have heard nothing of him this month or six weeks. The French do not arrive in such shoals as we do at Paris; there are no fewer than five English Duchesses there, Ancaster, Richmond, Bridgewater, Hamilton, and Douglas: the two last, indeed, upon an extraordinary

¹ Captain of a man-of-war, and afterwards Earl of Bristol.—WALPOLE.

law-suit, which is vastly too long for a letter, and curious enough for the *Causes Célèbres*. It is a contest about the Douglas estate, to which the Hamiltons think a pretender has been set up, and whom they say they shall, or have detected. This suit is not more extraordinary than the taste of the French, who prefer the Duchess of Ancaster¹ to either the Hamilton or the Richmond. The last, (Lady Ailesbury's daughter,) is in all the bloom of youth and beauty, but awkward and unfashioned; the second is sadly changed by ill health from that lovely figure which disputed with her sister Coventry; and yet one is surprised that what was so charming, or what could be so charming, should not be preferred to the first, the Duchess of Ancaster, who is not young, was at best a pretty figure, is now repaired by very evident art, and is a heap of *minauderies* and affectations which have not even the stamp of a woman of quality; but taste seems as much extinguished in France as spirit or parts. Adieu!

870. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 15, 1763.

THE most important piece of news I have to tell you is, that the Gallery is finished; that is, the workmen have quitted it. For chairs and tables, not one is arrived yet. Well, how you will tramp up and down in it! Methinks I wish you would. We are in the perfection of beauty; verdure itself was never green till this summer, thanks to the deluges of rain. Our complexion used to be mahogany in August. Nightingales and roses indeed are out of blow, but the season is celestial. I don't know whether we have not even had an earthquake to-day. Lady Buckingham, Lady Waldegrave, the Bishop of Exeter, and Mrs. Keppel, and the little Hotham dined here; between six and seven we were sitting in the great parlour; I sat in the window looking at the river: on a sudden I saw it violently agitated, and, as it were, lifted up and down by a thousand hands. I called out, they all ran to the window; it continued; we hurried into the garden, and all saw the Thames in the same violent commotion for I suppose a hundred yards. We fancied at first there must be some barge rope; not one was in sight. It lasted in this manner, and at the farther end, towards Teddington, even to dashing. It did not cease before I got to the middle of the terrace, between

¹ Daughter of Mr. Panton of Newmarket.—WALPOLE.

the fence and the hill. Yet this is nothing to what is to come. The Bishop and I walked down to my meadow by the river. At this end were two fishermen in a boat, but their backs had been turned to the agitation, and they had seen nothing. At the farther end of the field was a gentleman fishing, and a woman by him; I had perceived him on the same spot at the time of the motion of the waters, which was rather beyond where it was terminated. I now thought myself sure of a witness, and concluded he could not have recovered his surprise. I ran up to him; "Sir," said I, "did you see that strange agitation of the waters?" "When, Sir? when, Sir?" "Now, this very instant, not two minutes ago." He replied, with the phlegm of a philosopher, or of a man that *can* love fishing, "Stay, Sir, let me recollect if I remember nothing of it." "Pray, Sir," said I, scarce able to help laughing, "you must remember whether you remember it or not, for it is scarce over." "I am trying to recollect," said he, with the same coolness. "Why, Sir," said I, "six of us saw it from my parlour window yonder." "Perhaps," answered he, "you might perceive it better where you were, but I suppose it was an earthquake." His nymph had seen nothing neither, and so we returned as wise as most who inquire into natural phenomena. We expect to hear to-morrow that there has been an earthquake somewhere; unless this appearance portended a state-quake. You see, my impetuosity does not abate much; no, nor my youthfullity, which bears me out even at a sabat. I dined last week at Lady Blandford's, with her, the old Denbigh, the old Litchfield, and Methuselah knows who. I had stuck some sweet peas in my hair, was playing at quadrille, and singing to my *sorcières*. The Duchess of Argyle and Mrs. Young came in; you may guess how they stared; at last the Duchess asked what was the meaning of those flowers? "Lord, Madam," said I, "don't you know it is the fashion? The Duke of Bedford is come over with his hair full." Poor Mrs. Young took this in sober sadness, and has reported that the Duke of Bedford wears flowers. You will not know me less by a precipitation of this morning. Pitt¹ and I were busy adjusting the Gallery. Mr. Elliot came in and discomposed us; I was horribly tired of him. As he was going, he said, "Well, this house is so charming, I don't wonder at your being able to live so much alone." I, who shudder at the thought of anybody's living with me, replied very innocently, but a little too quick, "No, only pity me when I

¹ Thomas Pitt, afterwards (1784) the first Lord Camelford.—CUNNINGHAM.

don't live alone." Pitt was shocked, and said, "To be sure he will never forgive you as long as he lives." Mrs. Leneve used often to advise me never to begin being civil to people I did not care for: "For," says she, "you grow weary of them, and can't help showing it, and so make it ten times worse, than if you had never attempted to please them."

I suppose you have read in the papers the massacre of my innocents. Every one of my Turkish sheep, that I have been nursing up these fourteen years, torn to pieces in one night by three strange dogs! They killed sixteen outright, and mangled the two others in such a manner, that I was forced to have them knocked on the head. However, I bore this better than an interruption.

I have scrawled and blotted this letter, so I don't know whether you can read it; but it is no matter, for I perceive it is all about myself; but what has one else in the dead of summer? In return, tell me as much as you please about yourself, which you know is always a most welcome subject to me. One may preserve one's spirits with one's juniors, but I defy anybody to care but about their cotemporaries. One wants to know about one's predecessors, but who has the least curiosity about their successors? This is abominable ingratitude: one takes wondrous pains to consign one's own memory to them at the same time that one feels the most perfect indifference to whatever relates to them themselves. Well, they will behave just so in their turns. Adieu!

871. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 1, 1763.

My letters are like the works of Vertot; I write nothing but *les Révolutions d'Angleterre*. Indeed, the present history is like some former I have sent you,—a revolution that has not taken place, and, resembling Lord Granville's,¹ begun and ended in three days. I could have despatched it last Tuesday with regard to the termination of it; but, though I heard it was begun, even on the Saturday while it was beginning, my curiosity did not carry me to town till Tuesday, when I found it all addled. Still, I knew too little to detail it to you; and, even now, I can tell you little more than the outlines and general report—but have patience; this is one of

¹ In 1746.—WALPOLE.

the events which in this country will produce paper-war enough, and between attacks and defences one comes pretty near to the truth of the whole.

Last Sunday was se'nnight Lord Egremont¹ died suddenly, though everybody knew he would die suddenly: he used no exercise, and could not be kept from eating, without which prodigious bleedings did not suffice. A day or two before he died, he said, "Well, I have but three turtle-dinners to come, and if I survive them I shall be immortal." He was writing, as my lady breakfasted, complained of a violent pain in his head, asked twice if he did not look very particularly, grew speechless, and expired that evening. He has left eighteen thousand pounds a-year, and, they say, an hundred and seventy thousand pounds in money. I hope you have as much philosophy as I have, or you will lose patience at these circumstances, when you are eager to hear the revolution. That week, you may be sure, was passed by the public in asking who was to be Secretary of State? It seemed to lie between your old friend, Lord Sandwich, and Lord Egmont. Lord Shelburne, a young aspirer, who intends the world shall hear more of him, *et qui postule le ministère*, was in the mean time one of the candidates to succeed Lord Egremont. Somebody said, "It ought to be given to him as you marry boys under age, and then send them to travel till they are ripe." While this vacancy was the public's only object, behold Mr. Pitt, in his chair, with two servants before it, goes openly, at nine o'clock on Saturday morning, through the Park to Buckingham House. You rub your eyes; so did the mob, and thought they did not see clear. Mr. Pitt, of all men alive, except Lord Temple and Mr. Wilkes, the most proscribed there, Mr. Pitt to Buckingham House! *Oui, véritablement!* What! to ask to be Secretary of State? By no means: sent for; desired to accept the Administration. Well, but do you know who stared more than the mob or you; the Ministers did; for it seems this was the act and deed of Lord Bute, who, though he had given the present Administration letters of attorney to act for him, has thought better of it, and retained the sole power himself; the consequence of which was, as it was before, that he grew horridly frightened, and advised this step, which has done him more hurt than all he had done before.

Mr. Pitt stayed with the King three hours; is said not to have

¹ Sir Charles Wyndham, first Earl of Egremont.—WALPOLE.

demand more than might well be expected that he would demand; and had all granted. The next day, Sunday, the Opposition were much pleased, looking on their desires as obtained; the Ministers, as much displeased, thinking themselves betrayed by Lord Bute. On Monday, Mr. Pitt, who the day before had seen the Duke of Newcastle and the Lord Mayor Beckford,—the one or the other of whom is supposed to have advised what follows,—went again to the King, with a large increase of demands. What those were are variously stated, nor do I pretend to tell you how far the particulars are exact. The general purport is, though I dare say not to the extent given out, that he insisted on a general dismissal of all who had voted for the Peace; and that he notified his intention of attacking the Peace itself: that he particularly proscribed Lord Holland, Lord Halifax, Lord Sandwich, Lord Barrington, and Lord Shelburne; named himself and Charles Townshend for Secretaries of State, Lord Temple for the Treasury, Pratt for Chancellor; proposed some place, not of business, for the Duke of Newcastle, forgot Mr. Legge, and desired the Duke of Cumberland for the head of the Army. They tell you, that the King asked him, “Mr. Pitt, if it is right for you to stand by your friends, why is it not as right for me to stand by mine?” and that the treaty broke off, on his Majesty’s refusing to give up his friends. Broken off the negociation certainly is. Why broken, I shall, as I told you before, wait a little before I settle my belief. The Ministers were sent for again; Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple, according to the modern well-bred usage, were at the levée yesterday, had each their Drawing Room question; and there ended this interlude.

It is said Lord Sandwich kisses hands to-morrow for Secretary of State. If a President of the Council is named too, I shall think they mean to stand it: if not, I shall conclude a door is still left open for treating.

There was a little episode, previous to this more dignified drama, which was on the point of employing the attention of the public, if it had not been overlaid by the revolution in question. The famous Mr. Wilkes was challenged at Paris, by one Forbes, an outlawed Scot in the French service, who could not digest *the North Britons*. Wilkes would have joked it off, but it would not do. He then insisted on seconds; Forbes said, duels were too dangerous in France for such extensive proceedings. Wilkes adhered to his demand. Forbes pulled him by the nose, or, as Lord Mark Kerr,¹

¹ Brother of the Marquis of Lothian, a very brave but remarkably formal man.—
WALPOLE.

in his well-bred formality, said to a gentleman, "Sir, you are to suppose I have thrown this glass of wine in your face." Wilkes cried out murder! The lieutenant de police was sent for, and obliged Forbes to promise that he would proceed no farther. Notwithstanding the present discussion, you may imagine the Scotch will not let this anecdote be still-born. It is cruel on Lord Talbot, whom Wilkes ventured to fight.

Other comical passages have happened to us at Paris. Their King, you know, is wondrous shy to strangers, awkward at a question, or too familiar. For instance, when the duke of Richmond was presented to him, he said, "Monsieur le Duc de Cumberland boude le Roi, n'est-ce pas?" The duke was confounded. The King persisted, "Il le fait, n'est-il pas vrai?" The duke answered very properly, "Ses ministres quelquefois, Sire, jamais sa Majesté." This did not stop him: "Et vous, milord, quand aurez-vous le cordon bleu?" George Selwyn, who stood behind the duke, said softly, "Answer that if you can, my lord." To Lord Holland, the King said, "Vous avez fait bien du bruit dans votre pays, n'est-ce pas?" His answer was pretty too: "Sire, je fais tout mon possible pour le faire cesser." Lord Holland was better diverted with the Duchess d'Aiguillon; she got him and Lady Holland tickets for one of the best boxes to see the fireworks on the Peace, and carried them in her coach. When they arrived, he had forgot the tickets; she flew into a rage, and, *sans marchander*, abused him so grossly that Lady Holland coloured, and would not speak to her. Not content with this, when her footman opened the door of the coach, the duchess, before all the mob, said aloud, "C'est une des meilleures têtes de l'Angleterre, et voici la bêtise qu'il a fait!" and repeated it. He laughed, and the next day she recollected herself, and made an excuse.

Mrs. Poyntz¹ is *au comble de la gloire* at Versailles; she has cured Madame Victoire of the stone, by Mrs. Stephens's medicine. When Mrs. Poyntz took leave of them for Spa, they shut the door, and the whole Royal Family kissed her; for the King is so fond of his children that, they say, it was visible every day in his countenance whether his daughter was better or worse.

We sent you Sir William Stanhope,² and my lady, a fond couple;

¹ Anna Maria Mordaunt, wife of Stephen Poyntz, governor of William, Duke of Cumberland. She had been a great beauty: the poem of 'The Fair Circassian' was written on her. She was Maid of Honour to Queen Caroline. [Vol. ii. p. 233].—WALPOLE.

² A man of wit, and brother of the famous Lord Chesterfield. His third wife was sister of Sir Francis Delaval.—WALPOLE.

you have returned them to us very different. When they came to Blackheath, he got out of the chaise to go to his brother Lord Chesterfield's, made her a low bow, and said, "Madame, I hope I shall never see your face again." She replied, "Sir, I will take all the care I can that you never shall." He lays no gallantry to her charge.

We are sending you another couple, the famous Garrick, and his once famous wife. He will make you laugh as a mimic, and as he knows we are great friends, will affect great partiality to me; but be a little upon your guard, remember he is an *actor*.

My poor niece [Lady Waldegrave] has declared herself not breeding: you will be charmed with the delicacy of her manner in breaking it to General Waldegrave. She gave him her Lord's seal with the coronet. You will be more charmed with her. On Sunday the Bishop of Exeter [her brother-in-law] and I were talking of this new convulsion in politics—she burst out in a flood of tears, reflecting on the great rank which her Lord, if living, would naturally attain on this occasion.

I think I have nothing more to tell you, but a bon-mot of my Lady Townshend [Harrison]. She has taken a strange little villa at Paddington, near Tyburn. People were wondering at her choosing such a situation, and asked her, in joke, what sort of neighbourhood she had: "Oh," said she, "one that can never tire me, for they are hanged every week." Good night. This would be a furious long letter, if it was not short by containing a whole revolution.

872. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 3, 1763.

I HAVE but a minute's time for answering your letter; my house is full of people, and has been so from the instant I breakfasted, and more are coming; in short, I keep an inn; the sign, "The Gothic Castle." Since my Gallery was finished I have not been in it a quarter of an hour together; my whole time is passed in giving tickets for seeing it, and hiding myself while it is seen. Take my advice, never build a charming house for yourself between London and Hampton-court: everybody will live in it but you. I fear you must give up all thoughts of the Vine for this year, at least for some time. The poor master is on the rack; I left him the day before yesterday in bed, where he had been ever since Monday with

the gout in both knees and one foot, and suffering martyrdom every night. I go to see him again on Monday. He has not had so bad a fit these four years, and he has probably the other foot still to come. You must come to me at least in the mean time, before he is well enough to receive you. After next Tuesday I am unengaged, except on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday following; that is, the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth, when the family from Park-place are to be with me. Settle your motions, and let me know them as soon as you can, and give me as much time as you can spare. I flatter myself the General¹ and Lady Grandison will keep the kind promise they made me, and that I shall see your brother John and Mr. Miller too.

My niece is not breeding. You shall have the auction books as soon as I can get them, though I question if there is anything in your way; however, I shall see you long before the sale, and we will talk on it.

There has been a revolution and a re-revolution, but I must defer the history till I see you, for it is much too big for a letter written in such a hurry as this. Adieu!

873. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 7, 1763.

As I am sure the house of Conway will not stay with me beyond Monday next, I shall rejoice to see the house of Montagu this day se'nnight (Wednesday), and shall think myself highly honoured by a visit from Lady Beaulieu;² I know nobody that has a better taste, and it would flatter me exceedingly if she should happen to like Strawberry. I knew you would be pleased with Mr. Thomas Pitt; he is very amiable and very sensible, and one of the very few that I reckon quite worthy of being at home at Strawberry.

I have again been in town to see Mr. Chute; he thinks the worst over, yet he gets no sleep, and is still confined to his bed: but his spirits keep up surprisingly. As to your gout, so far from pitying you, 'tis the best thing that can happen to you. All that claret and

¹ General Montagu, who, in the preceding February, had married the Countess dowager of Grandison.—WRIGHT.

² Isabella, eldest daughter and co-heir of John, Duke of Montagu, died 1749, and relict of William, Duke of Manchester, died 1739; married, secondly (1746), Edward Hussey, Esq., afterwards Lord Beaulieu. She is the heroine of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams's poem, 'Isabella, or the Morning.' See vol. ii. p. 33, and *post*, p. 117.—CUNNINGHAM.

port are very kind to you, when they prefer the shape of lameness to that of apoplexies, or dropsies, or fevers, or pleurisies.

Let me have a line certain what day I may expect your party, that I may pray to the sun to illuminate the cabinet. Adieu !

874. TO THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE GRENVILLE.¹

DEAR SIR :

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 7, 1763.

THOUGH I am sensible I have no pretensions for asking you a favour, and, indeed, should be very unwilling to trespass on your good nature, yet I flatter myself I shall not be thought quite impertinent in interceding for a person, who I can answer has neither been to blame, nor any way deserved punishment, and therefore, I think you, Sir, will be ready to save him from prejudice. The person is my deputy, Mr. Grosvenor Bedford, who, above five-and-twenty years ago, was appointed Collector of the Customs in Philadelphia by my father.

I hear he is threatened to be turned out. If the least fault can be laid to his charge, I do not desire to have him protected. If there cannot, I am too well persuaded, Sir, of your justice not to be sure you will be pleased to protect him.

When I have appealed to your good nature and justice, it would be impertinent to say more than that I am, &c. &c.

HORACE WALPOLE.

875. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 13, 1763.

THE Administration is resettled : the Opposition does not come in ; and the old Ministers have resumed their functions. The Duke of Bedford, who had formerly advised to invite Mr. Pitt to court, finding himself omitted in Mr. Pitt's list, is cordially united, nay, incorporated with the Administration ; he has kissed hands for President of the Council. Lord Sandwich is the new Secretary of State, Lord Egmont the new head of the Admiralty, and Lord Hillsborough the new First Lord of Trade, for Lord Shelburne, whom I mentioned to you in my last, has resigned in the midst of these bustles. Many reasons are given, but the only one that people

¹ Now first collected. — CUNNINGHAM.

choose to take is, that, thinking Mr. Pitt must be Minister, and finding himself tolerably obnoxious to him, he is seeking to make his peace at any rate.

This concussion has produced one remarkable event, the total removal of Lord Bute, which Mr. Grenville and Lord Halifax made the absolute *sine quâ non* of their re-acceptance. The favourite Earl has given it under his hand that he will go abroad. Thus ends his foolish drama—not its consequences, for the flames he has lighted up will not be extinguished soon.

I could tell you a great deal of what is reported of the dialogue in the closet, but not a circumstance which is not denied on one side or the other, for though there were but two interlocutors, there is a total disagreement in the relation. Parties will not meet in better humour next session for this abortive negotiation: the paper-war is rekindled with violence, but produces no wit; nay, scarce produces the bulk of a pamphlet, for the fashionable warfare at present is carried on by anonymous¹ letters in the daily newspapers, which die as suddenly as other lies of the day. This skirmishing is sharp and lively, but not very entertaining.

I have not a syllable of other news to send you. You must take this rather as a codicil to my last letter, than as pretending to be a letter itself. The Parliament, I suppose, will not meet till after Christmas, and till then little material is likely to happen; unless some notable death should intervene, which, considering the tottering condition of some principal performers, is not unlikely. An old statesman who has November to pass through in his way to preferment, may chance never to arrive at it. Adieu!

876. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 3, 1763.

I WAS just getting into my chaise to go to Park-place, when I received your commission for Mrs. Crosby's pictures; but I did not neglect it, though I might as well, for the old gentlewoman was a little whimsical, and though I sent my own gardener and farmer with my cart to fetch them on Friday, she would not deliver them, she said, till Monday; so this morning they were forced to go again.

¹ It is certain that from this time, when anonymous writers could get their letters printed in the daily newspapers, pamphlets grew exceedingly rare.—WALPOLE. Walpole himself became a frequent contributor.—CUNNINGHAM.

They are now all safely lodged in my cloister; when I say safely, you understand, that two of them have large holes in them, as witness this bill of lading signed by your aunt. There are eleven in all, besides Lord Halifax, seven half-lengths and four heads; the former are all desirable, and one of the latter; the three others woful. Mr. Wicks is now in the act of packing them, for we have changed our minds about sending them to London by water, as your waggoner told Louis last time I was at Greatworth, that if they were left at 'the Old Hat,' near Acton, he would take them up and convey them to Greatworth; so my cart carries them thither, and they will set out towards you next Saturday.

I felt shocked, as you did, to think how suddenly the prospect of joy at Osterly was dashed after our seeing it. However, the young lover¹ died handsomely. Fifty thousand pounds will dry tears, that at most could be but two months old. His brother, I heard, has behaved still more handsomely, and confirmed the legacy, and added from himself the diamonds that had been prepared for her. Here is a charming wife ready for anybody that likes a sentimental situation, a pretty woman, and a large fortune.²

I have been often at Bulstrode from Chalfont, but I don't like it. It is Dutch and triste. The pictures you mention in the gallery would be curious if they knew one from another; but the names are lost, and they are only sure that they have so many pounds of ancestors in the lump. One or two of them indeed I know, as the Earl of Southampton,³ that was Lord Essex's friend.

The works of Park-place go on bravely; the cottage will be very pretty, and the bridge sublime, composed of loose rocks, that will appear to have been tumbled together there the very wreck of the deluge. One stone is of fourteen hundred weight. It will be worth a hundred of Palladio's bridges, that are only fit to be used in an opera. I had a ridiculous adventure on my way hither. A Sir Thomas Reeves wrote to me last year, that he had a great quantity of heads of painters, drawn by himself from Dr. Mead's collection, of which

¹ Francis Child, Esq., the banker at Temple-bar, and member for Bishop's Castle, who died on the 23rd of September. He was to have been married in a few days to the only daughter of the Hon. Robert Trevor Hampden, one of the postmasters-general.—WRIGHT.

² Miss Hampden was married in the May following to Henry, twelfth Earl of Suffolk.—WRIGHT.

³ A half-length, with his cat, his companion in the Tower. This picture is now (1857) at Welbeck. Among the additional MSS. in the British Museum is a list of the Bulstrode pictures communicated to Sir William Musgrave in 1762, by the Duchess of Portland.—CUNNINGHAM.

many were English, and offered me the use of them. This was one of the numerous unknown correspondents which my books have drawn upon me. I put it off then, but being to pass near his door [at Holyport], for he lives but two miles from Maidenhead, I sent him word I would call on my way to Park-place. After being carried to three wrong houses, I was directed to a very ancient mansion [Filberts], composed of timber, and looking as unlike modern habitations, as the picture of Penderel's house in Clarendon. The garden was overrun with weeds, and with difficulty we found a bell. Louis came riding back in great haste, and said, "Sir, the gentleman is dead suddenly." You may imagine I was surprised; however, as an acquaintance I had never seen was a very endurable misfortune, I was preparing to depart; but happening to ask some women, that were passing by the chaise, if they knew any circumstance of Sir Thomas's death, I discovered that this was not Sir Thomas's house, but belonged to a Mr. Mecke,¹ a fellow of a college at Oxford, who was actually just dead, and that the antiquity itself had formerly been the residence of Nell Gwyn. Pray inquire after it the next time you are at Frogmore. I went on, and after a mistake or two more found Sir Thomas, a man about thirty in age, and twelve in understanding; his drawings very indifferent, even for the latter calculation. I did not know what to do or say, but commended them, and his child, and his house; said I had all the heads, hoped I should see him at Twickenham, was afraid of being too late for dinner, and hurried out of his house before I had been there twenty minutes. It grieves one to receive civilities when one feels obliged, and yet finds it impossible to bear the people that bestow them.

I have given my assembly, to show my Gallery, and it was glorious; but happening to pitch upon the feast of tabernacles, none of my Jews could come, though Mrs. Clive proposed to them to change their religion; so I am forced to exhibit once more. For the morning spectators, the crowd augments instead of diminishing. It is really true that Lady Hertford called here t'other morning, and I was reduced to bring her by the back gate into the kitchen; the house was so full of company that came to see the Gallery, that I had nowhere else to carry her. Adieu!

P. S. I hope the least hint has never dropped from the Beaulieus

¹ The Rev. Mr. Mecke, of Pembroke College. He died on the 26th of September. WARIANT.

of that terrible picture of Sir Charles Williams, that put me into such confusion the morning they breakfasted here.' If they did observe the inscription, I am sure they must have seen too how it distressed me. Your collection of pictures is packed up, and makes two large cases and one smaller.

My next assembly will be entertaining; there will be five countesses, two bishops, fourteen Jews, five papists, a doctor of physic, and an actress [Mrs. Clive]; not to mention Scotch, Irish, East and West Indians.

I find that, to pack up your pictures, Louis has taken some paper out of a hamper of waste, into which I had cast some of the Conway Papers, perhaps only as useless; however, if you find any such in the packing, be so good as to lay them by for me.

877. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

DEAR SIR :

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 8, 1763.

You are always obliging to me and always thinking of me kindly; yet for once you have forgotten the way of obliging me most. You do not mention any thought of coming hither, which you had given me cause to hope would be about this time. I flatter myself nothing has intervened to deprive me of that visit. Lord Hertford goes to France the end of next week; I shall be in town to take leave of him; but after the 15th, that is, this day se'nnight, I shall be quite unengaged, and the sooner I see you after the 15th, the better, for I should be sorry to drag you across the country in the badness of November roads.

I shall treasure up your notices against my second edition; for the volume of Engravers is printed off, and has been some time; I only wait for some of the plates. The book you mention I have not seen, nor do you encourage me to buy it. Some time or other however I will get you to let me turn it over.

As I will trust that you will let me know soon when I shall have the pleasure of seeing you here, I will make this a very short letter indeed. I know nothing new or old worth telling you.

¹ The portrait of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, holding a paper inscribed 'Isabella or the Morning.' See p. 112.—CUNNINGHAM.

878. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 17, 1763.

I DON'T know how long it is since I wrote to you,—I fear a great while ; but I think my fidelity to you as a correspondent is so proved, that you may be sure not an incident worthy of a paragraph has happened when you do not hear from me. The very newspapers have subsisted only on the price of stocks, horse-races, the arrival of the good ship Charming Nancy, and such anecdotes, with the assistance of the heroic controversy between Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Forbes, of which one is heartily sick. But the campaign draws near, and will be hot enough. Methinks I wish we had some fresh generals ; I am rather tired of the old ones, all of whom I have seen so often both on the offensive and defensive, that I am incredibly incurious about their manœuvres.

The press for soldiers is so warm that Augustus Hervey could not be spared to attend the Duke of York, who has sailed some time. I shall be very impatient to hear of the Duke's arrival at Florence ; tell me the whole history. You will be very anxious, but you will acquit yourself perfectly well. Lord Hertford set out on his embassy last Thursday, and by this time I suppose Monsieur de Guerchy is in London. Most of our Parisian English are come back. The newspapers have given the rage of going to Paris a good name ; they call it the *French disease*. I shall be a little ashamed of having it so late ; but I shall next spring. Having Lord Hertford there will be so agreeable a way of seeing Paris, that one cannot resist, especially as I took such pains to see so little of it when I was there before. I don't expect to like it much better now, though having a particular friend Minister goes a great way in reconciling one to a country not one's own ; I don't believe I should have been quite so fond of Florence if I had lived with nothing but Florentines. This time I am determined to ascertain what I have always doubted of, whether there is any such thing as a lively Frenchman ; the few I knew, and all those I have seen here, have had no more vivacity than a German. You see I do not go prejudiced.

Have you got Mr. Garrick yet ? If you have, you may keep him ; there is come forth within these ten days a young actor, who has turned the heads of the whole town. The first night of his appearance the audience, not content with clapping, stood up and shouted.

His name is Powell;¹ he was clerk to Sir Robert Ladbroke, and so clever in business that his master would have taken him in as a partner, but he had an impulse for the stage, was a *Heaven-born hero*, as Mr. Pitt called my Lord Clive. His figure is fine and voice most sonorous, as they say, for I wait for the rebound of his fame, and till I can get in, for at present all the boxes are taken for a month. As the reputation of this prodigy could not have reached France, where they have the *English disease*, they were content with showering honours on Mr. Garrick; appointed a box for him, revived their best plays, and recalled their veteran actors. Their Helvetius, whose book has drawn such persecution on him, and the persecution such fame, is coming to settle here, and brings two Miss Helvetiuses, with fifty thousand pounds a-piece, to bestow on two immaculate members of our most august and incorruptible senate, if he can find two in this virtuous age who will condescend to accept his money. Well, we may be dupes to French follies, but they are ten times greater fools to be the dupes of our virtue. Good night.

Arlington Street, Oct. 18.

I BROUGHT this to town to-day for the Secretary's office, and found yours of October 1st. Marshal Botta's advice of ceding your palace to the Duke of York may be very proper, but his Royal Highness, who is all good-breeding and good-humour, will certainly not suffer it. Yet, I am not averse to your making the offer, if it is still to make. Do you know, my national pride is wonderfully gratified by the Pope's humility and respect for whom we please to have Duke of York. An hundred and fifty years ago an English Protestant dared not own himself for such at Rome; now they invite the very son of a family that has turned out their Stuarts, under the nose of those very Stuarts, nay, when the Stuart Duke of York is even a cardinal. I trust it is not only the Papal chair that has sunk, but the crown of England that has risen. Think of the mighty Elizabeth excommunicated by Sixtus V. and the brother of George III. invited to Rome by Clement XIII. ! If the honours I have told you Mr. Garrick has received in France do not obtain him a chair in a Florentine *conversazione*, I think you must threaten them with the thunder of the Vatican, which you see we have at command; but to be serious, I would not have you get into a squabble about him; he is not worth that.

¹ William Powell, an actor of great promise, born at Hereford in 1735, died at Bristol July 3, 1768, at the age of thirty-four. His first appearance was in *Philaster*. —CUNNINGHAM.

We hear the King of Poland is dead ; is that to be the source of a new war ? You will see by the Gazette, that without such an event we had a nest egg for another war. There have been half-a-dozen battles in miniature with the Indians in America. It looked so odd to see a list of killed and wounded just treading on the heels of the Peace.

879. TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.¹

MY DEAR LORD :

Arlington Street, Oct. 18, 1763.

I AM very impatient for a letter from Paris, to hear of your outset, and what my Lady Hertford thinks of the new world she is got into, and whether it is better or worse than she expected. Pray tell me all : I mean of that sort, for I have no curiosity about the family compact, nor the harbour of Dunkirk. It is your private history—your audiences, reception, comforts or distresses, your way of life, your company—that interests me ; in short, I care about my cousins and friends, not, like Jack Harris, about my Lord Ambassador.² Consider you are in my power. You, by this time, are longing to hear from England, and depend upon me for the news of London. I shall not send you a tittle, if you are not very good, and do not (one of you, at least) write to me punctually.

This letter, I confess, will not give you much encouragement, for I can absolutely tell you nothing. I dined at Mr. Grenville's to-day, where, if there had been anything to hear, I should have heard it ; but all consisted in what you will see in the papers—some diminutive³ battles in America, and the death of the King of Poland,⁴ which you probably knew before we did. The town is a desert ; it is like a vast plain, which, though abandoned at present, is in three weeks to have a great battle fought upon it. One of the colonels, I hear, is to be in town to-morrow, the Duke of Devonshire. I came myself but this morning, but as I shall not return to Strawberry till the day

¹ Walpole's cousin ; and the first of the published series of letters which Walpole addressed to him during his embassy in Paris. See Mr. Croker's Preface to the Correspondence in vol. i. of this edition.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Lord Hertford was Lord Ambassador from England to France, and Walpole's cousin and friend. Jack Harris was Lord Hertford's brother-in-law.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ The actions at Detroit and Edge Hill, on the 31st of July and 5th and 6th of August, between the British and the Indians. In the former the British were defeated, and their leader, captain Dalyell, killed ; in the latter engagements, under Colonel Bouquet, they defeated the Indians.—CROKER.

⁴ Stanislaus Augustus, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland. He died at Dresden, on the 5th of October.—CROKER.

after to-morrow, I shall not seal my letter till then. In the mean time, it is but fair to give you some more particular particulars of what I expect to know. For instance, of Monsieur de Nivernois's cordiality; of Madame Dusson's affection for England; of my Lord Holland's joy at seeing you in France, especially without your secretary;¹ of all my Lady Hertford's² cousins at St. Germain; and I should not dislike a little anecdote or two of the late embassy,³ of which I do not doubt you will hear plenty. I must trouble you with many compliments to Madame de Boufflers, and with still more to the Duchesse de Mirepoix,⁴ who is always so good as to remember me. Her brother, Prince de Beauvau,⁵ I doubt has forgotten me. In the disagreeableness of taking leave, I omitted mentioning these messages. Good night for to-night—Oh! I forgot—pray send me some *café au lait*: the Duc de Picquigny⁶ (who by the way is somebody's son, as I thought) takes it for snuff, and says it is the new fashion at Paris; I suppose they drink *rappee* after dinner.

Wednesday night.

I might as well have finished last night; for I know nothing more than I did then, but that Lady Mary Coke arrived this evening. She has behaved very honourably, and not stolen the Hereditary Prince.⁷

¹ What is meant by his *joy* at seeing Lord Hertford in France is not clear; but the allusion to the *secretary* probably refers to the absence of Sir Charles, then Mr. Bunbury, who was nominated secretary to the embassy, but who had not accompanied Lord Hertford to Paris: as Mr. Bunbury had married Lady Holland's niece, there may have been some family reason for this allusion.—CROKER.

² Lady Hertford was a grand-daughter of Charles II., and therefore cousin to the Pretender, who, however, was at this period in Italy; and the *cousins* alluded to were probably the family of Fitz-James.—CROKER.

³ John, fourth Duke of Bedford, was Lord Hertford's predecessor. Mr. Walpole had been on terms of personal and political intimacy at Bedford-house; but political and private differences had occurred to sharpen his resentment against the Duke, and even occasionally against the Duchess of Bedford.—CROKER.

⁴ The *Maréchale de Mirepoix* was a clever woman, who was at the head of one class of French society. She, however, quarrelled with her family, and lost the respect of the public by the meanness of countenancing Madame du Barri.—CROKER.

⁵ Son of the Prince de Craon: he was born in 1720; served with great distinction from the earliest age, and was created, in 1782, marshal of France. His conduct in discountenancing the favouritism of the last years of Louis XV. was very honourable, as was his devotion to Louis XVI. in the first years of the revolution. The marshal survived his unfortunate sovereign but three months.—CROKER.

⁶ Son of the Duke de Chaulnes.—WRIGHT.

⁷ The Hereditary Prince of Brunswick was at this time betrothed to the King's eldest sister; and Mr. Walpole, a constant friend and admirer of Lady Mary, affects to think that her beauty and vivacity might have seduced his Serene Highness from his royal bride.—CROKER. There is a further meaning. Lady Mary Coke (a vivacious widow) was trying to steal the hand of the Duke of York, brother of George III.—CUNNINGHAM.

Mr. Bowman¹ called on me yesterday before I came, and left word that he would come again to-day, but did not. I wished to hear of you from him, and a little of my old acquaintance at Rheims. Did you find Lord Beauchamp² much grown? Are all your sons to be like those of the Amalekites? who were I forget how many cubits high.

Pray remind Mr. Hume³ of collecting the whole history of the expulsion of the Jesuits. It is a subject worthy of his inquiry and pen. Adieu! my dear lord.

880. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 12, 1763.

I SEND you the catalogue as you desired; and as I told you, you will, I think, find nothing to your purpose: the present lord [Waldegrave] bought all the furniture pictures at Navestock [in Essex]: the few now to be sold are the very fine ones of the best masters, and likely to go at vast prices, for there are several people determined to have some one thing that belonged to Lord Waldegrave. I did not get the catalogue till the night before last, too late to send by the post, for I had dined with Sir Richard Lyttelton at Richmond, and was forced to return by Kew-bridge, for the Thames was swelled so violently that the ferry could not work. I am here quite alone in the midst of a deluge, without Mrs. Noah, but with half as many animals. The waters are as much out as they were last year, when her vice-majesty of Ireland [Countess of Northumberland], that now is sailed to Newmarket with both legs out at the fore glass, was here. *Apropos*, the Irish court goes on ill; they lost a question by forty the very first day on the address. The Irish not being so absurd or so complimentary as Mr. Allen, they would not suffer the word *adequate* to pass.⁴ The Prime Minister is so unpopular that they think he must be sent back. His patent and Rigby's are called in question. You see the age is not favourable to Prime Ministers:

¹ This gentleman was travelling tutor to Lord Hertford's eldest son, and had been lately residing with him at Rheims.—CROKER.

² Francis, afterwards second Marquis of Hertford, who died in the year 1822.—WRIGHT.

³ David Hume, the historian. He was at first private secretary to Lord Hertford, and afterwards secretary of embassy.—WRIGHT.

⁴ To prevent the presentation of a more objectionable address from the corporation of Bath, in favour of the peace, Mr. Allen had secured the introduction of the word *adequate* into the one agreed to; which gave such offence to Mr. Pitt that he refused to present it.—WRIGHT.

well ! I am going amidst it all, very unwillingly ; I had rather stay here, for I am sick of the storms, that once loved them so cordially : over and above, I am not well ; this is the third winter my nightly fever has returned ; it comes like the bellman before Christmas, to put me in mind of my mortality.

Sir Michael Foster¹ is dead, a Whig of the old rock : he is a greater loss to his country than the prim Attorney-General [Charles Yorke], who has resigned, or than the Attorney's father [Lord Hardwicke], who is dying, will be.

My Gallery is still in such request, that, though the middle of November, I gave out a ticket to-day for seeing it. I see little of it myself, for I cannot sit alone in such state ; I should think myself like the mad Duchess of Albemarle,² who fancied herself Empress of China. Adieu !

881. TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

Arlington Street, Nov. 17, 1763.

IF the winter keeps up to the vivacity of its début, you will have no reason to complain of the sterility of my letters. I do not say this from the spirit of the House of Commons on the first day,³ which was the most fatiguing and dull debate I ever heard, dull as I have heard many ; and yet for the first quarter of an hour it looked as if we were met to choose a King of Poland, and that all our names ended in *isky*. Wilkes, the night before, had presented himself at the Cockpit : as he was listening to the Speech,⁴ George Selwyn said

¹ Sir Michael Foster, one of the judges in the court of King's Bench, died Nov. 7, 1763. He is made immortal by the Rosciad:—

As Mansfield wise, and as old Foster just.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Elizabeth Cavendish, widow of Christopher Duke of Albemarle, and wife of Ralph Duke of Montagu. See the story to which Walpole refers told in a note to Granger, ed. 1775, vol. iv. 158. Granger adds that he owes the note to Mr. Horace Walpole.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Parliament met on the 15th of November. The public mind was at this moment in a considerable ferment, and the King's speech invited Parliament "to discourage that licentious spirit which is repugnant to the true principles of liberty and of this happy constitution." It was expected that these words would, from their being understood as a direct attack on Mr. Wilkes, have opened a debate on his question, which was then uppermost in every mind ; but the opposition were unwilling to put themselves under the disadvantage of opposing the address and of excepting against words, which, in their general meaning, were unexceptionable ; they, therefore, had recourse to the proceedings so well described in this letter.—CROKER.

⁴ The King's speech, which is now read at the house of the minister, to a selection of the friends of government, was formerly read at the Cockpit [at Whitehall, where the Secretary of State's office was], and all who chose attended.—CROKER.

to him, in the words of the Dunciad, "May Heaven preserve the ears you lend!"¹ We lost four hours debating whether or not it was necessary to open the session with reading a bill. The opposite sides, at the same time, pushing to get the start, between the King's message, which Mr. Grenville stood at the bar to present, and which was to acquaint us with the arrest of Wilkes and all that affair, and the complaint which Wilkes himself stood up to make. At six we divided on the question of reading a bill. Young Thomas Townshend² divided the House injudiciously, as the question was so idle; yet the whole argument of the day had been so complicated with this question, that in effect it became the material question for trying forces. This will be an interesting part to you, when you hear that your brother [Mr. Conway] and I were in the minority. You know *him*, and therefore know he did what he thought right; and for *me*, my dear lord, you must know that I would die in the House for its privileges, and the liberty of the press. But come, don't be alarmed: this will have no consequences. I don't think your brother is going into opposition; and for me, if I may name myself to your affection after *him*, nothing but a question of such magnitude can carry me to the House at all. I am sick of parties and factions, and leave them to buy and sell one another. Bless me! I had forgot the numbers: they were 300, we 111. We then went upon the King's message; heard the 'North Briton' read; and Lord North,³ who took the prosecution upon him and did it very well, moved to vote it a scandalous libel, &c. *tending to foment treasonable insurrections*. Mr. Pitt gave up the paper, but fought against the last words of the censure. I say *Mr. Pitt*, for indeed, like Almanzor, he fought almost singly, and spoke forty times: the first time in the day with much wit, afterwards with little energy. He had a tough enemy too; I don't mean in parts or argument, but one that makes an excellent bull-dog, the Solicitor-General Norton. Legge was, as usual, concise; and Charles Townshend, what is not usual, silent. We sat till within

¹ Yet oh, my sons! a father's words attend;
So may the Fates preserve the ears you lend.—Pope, *The Dunciad*.

—WRIGHT.

² Afterwards [1783] Lord Sydney [of Chislehurst and St. Leonards, died June 13, 1800]. The Townshends were supposed to be very unsteady, if not fickle, in their political conduct; a circumstance which gives point to Goldsmith's mention of this Mr. Townshend in his character of Burke:—

————— yet straining his throat
To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote.—CROKER.

³ Lord North was at this time one of the junior lords of the Treasury.—WRIGHT.

few minutes of two, after dividing again; we, our exact former number, 111; they, 273; and then we adjourned to go on the point of privilege the next day; but now

Listen, lordings, and hold you still;
Of doughty deeds tell you I will.

Martin,¹ in the debate, mentioned the 'North Briton,' in which he himself had been so heavily abused; and he said, "whoever stabs a reputation in the dark, without setting his name, is a cowardly, malignant, and scandalous scoundrel." This, looking at Wilkes, he repeated twice, with such rage and violence, that he owned his passion obliged him to sit down. Wilkes bore this with the same indifference as he did all that passed in the day. The House too, who from Martin's choosing to take a public opportunity of resentment, when he had so long declined any private notice, and after Wilkes's courage was become so problematic, seemed to think there was no danger of such champions going further; but the next day, when we came into the House, the first thing we heard was that Martin had shot Wilkes: so he had; but Wilkes has six lives still good. It seems Wilkes had writ, to avow the paper, to Martin, on which the latter challenged him. They went into Hyde-park about noon; Humphrey Cotes, the wine-merchant, waiting in a post-chaise to convey Wilkes away if triumphant. They fired at the distance of fourteen yards: both missed. Then Martin fired and lodged a ball in the side of Wilkes; who was going to return it, but dropped his pistol. He desired Martin to take care of securing himself, and assured him he would never say a word against him, and he allows that Martin behaved well. The wound yesterday was thought little more than a flesh-wound, and he was in his old spirits. To-day the account is worse, and he has been delirious: so you will think when you hear what is to come. I think, from the agitation his mind must be in, from his spirits, and from drinking, as I suppose he will, that he probably will end here. He puts me in mind of two lines of Hudibras,² which, by the arrangement of the words combined with Wilkes's story, are stronger than Butler intended them:—

But he that fights and runs away
May live to fight another day.

¹ Wilkes' and Walpole's Samuel Martin, ante, p. 69.—CUNNINGHAM.

² These lines, and two others, usually appended to them—

"He that is in battle slain
Can never rise to fight again,"

His adventures with Lord Talbot,¹ Forbes,² and Martin, make these lines history.

Now for Part the Second. On the first day, in *your* House, where the address was moved by Lord Hillsborough and Lord Suffolk, after some wrangling between Lord Temple, Lord Halifax, the Duke of Bedford, and Lord Gower; Lord Sandwich³ laid before the House the most blasphemous and indecent poem that ever was composed, called "An Essay on Woman, with notes, by Dr. Warburton."⁴ I will tell you none of the particulars: they were so exceedingly bad, that Lord Lyttelton begged the reading might be stopped. The House was amazed; nobody ventured even to ask a question: so it was easily voted everything you please, and a breach of privilege into the bargain. Lord Sandwich then informed your Lordships that Mr. Wilkes was the author.⁵ Fourteen copies alone were printed, one of which the ministry had

are *not* in Hudibras. Butler has the same thought in two lines—

"For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain."

Part iii. Cant. 3, 243.—CROKER.

¹ At the coronation, Lord Talbot, as lord steward, appeared on horseback in Westminster-hall. His horse had been, at numerous rehearsals, so assiduously trained to perform what was thought the most difficult part of his duty, namely, the retiring backwards from the royal table, that, at the ceremony itself, no art of his rider could prevent the too docile animal from making his approaches to the royal presence tail foremost. This ridiculous incident was the occasion of some sarcastic remarks in the 'North Briton,' of the 21st August, which led to a correspondence between Lord Talbot and Mr. Wilkes, and ultimately to a duel in the garden of the Red Lion Inn, at Bagshot.—CROKER.

² A young Scotch officer, of the name of Forbes, fastened a quarrel on Mr. Wilkes, in Paris, for having written against Scotland, and insisted on his fighting him. Wilkes declined until he should have settled an engagement of the same nature which he had with Lord Egremont. Just at this time Lord Egremont died, and Wilkes immediately offered to meet Captain Forbes at Menin, in Flanders. By some mistake Forbes did not appear, and the affair blew over. A long controversy was kept up on the subject by partisans in the newspapers; but on the whole it is impossible to deny that Forbes's conduct was hasty and foolish, and that Wilkes behaved himself like a man of temper and honour.—CROKER.

³ At this time secretary of state. "It is a great mercy," says Lord Chesterfield, in a letter to his son, of the 3rd of December, "that Mr. Wilkes, the intrepid defender of our rights and liberties, is out of danger; and it is no less a mercy, that God has raised up the Earl of Sandwich, to vindicate and promote true religion and morality. These two blessings will justly make an epoch in the annals of this country."—WRIGHT.

⁴ The Bishop of Gloucester, whose laborious commentaries on Pope's *Essay on Man* gave Wilkes the idea of fathering on him the notes on the *Essay on Woman*.—CROKER.

⁵ The author of this "indecent patchwork" as Walpole himself afterwards discovered was not Wilkes, but Thomas Potter, son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury. See *Walpole's George III.*, vol. i. p. 310—312, and Churchill's Dedication of his *Sermons* to Warburton. See also *Notes and Queries* for July, 1857. For Potter, who died in 1759, see vol. ii. p. 99.—CUNNINGHAM.

bribed the printer to give up. Lord Temple then objected to the manner of obtaining it; and Bishop Warburton, as much shocked at infidelity as Lord Sandwich had been at obscenity, said, "the blackest fiends in hell would not keep company with Wilkes when he should arrive there." Lord Sandwich moved to vote Wilkes the author; but this Lord Mansfield stopped, advertising the House that it was necessary first to hear what Wilkes could say in his defence. To-day, therefore, was appointed for that purpose; but it has been put off by Martin's *lodging a caveat*.¹ This bomb was certainly well conducted, and the secret, though known to many, well kept. The management is worthy of Lord Sandwich, and like him. It may sound odd for me, with my principles, to admire Lord Sandwich; but besides that he has in several instances been very obliging to me, there is a good humour and an industry about him that are very uncommon. I do not admire politicians; but when they are excellent in their way, one cannot help allowing them their due. Nobody but he could have struck a stroke like this.

Yesterday we sat till eight on the address, which yet passed without a negative: we had two very long speeches from Mr. Pitt and Mr. Grenville; many fine parts in each. Mr. Pitt has given the latter some strong words, yet not so many as were expected.² To-morrow we go on the great question of privilege; but I must send this away, as we have no chance of leaving the House before midnight, if before next morning.

This long letter contains the history of but two days; yet if two days furnish a history, it is not my fault. The Ministry, I think,

¹ Dr. Birch, in a letter to Lord Royston, gives the following account of what passed in the House of Lords on this occasion:—"The session commenced with a complaint made by Lord Sandwich against Mr. Wilkes for a breach of privilege in being the author of a poem full of obscenity and blasphemy, intitled 'An Essay on Woman,' with notes, under the name of the Bishop of Gloucester. His letters, which discovered the piece was his, had been seized at Kearsley's the bookseller, when the latter was taken up for publishing No. 45 of the 'North Briton.' Lord Temple and Lord Sandys objected to the reading letters, till the secretary of state's warrant, by which Kearsley had been arrested, had been produced and shown to be a legal act; but this objection being overruled, the Lords voted the Essay a most scandalous, obscene, and impious libel, and adjourned the farther consideration of the subject, as far as concerned the author, till the Thursday following."—WRIGHT.

² Lord Barrington, in a letter to Sir Andrew Mitchell, gives the following account of Mr. Pitt's speech:—"He spoke with great ability, and the utmost degree of temper: he spoke civilly, and not unfairly, of the ministers; but of the King he said everything which duty and affection could inspire. The effect of this was a vote for an address, *nem. con.* I think, if *fifty thousand pounds* had been given for that speech, it would have been well expended. It secures us a quiet session." See *Chatham Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 262.—WRIGHT.

may do whatever they please. Three hundred, that will give up their own privileges, may be depended upon for giving up anything else. I have not time or room to ask a question, or say a word more.

Nov. 18, Friday.

I have luckily got a holiday, and can continue my despatch, as you know dinner-time is my chief hour of business. The Speaker [Cust], unlike Mr. Onslow, who was immortal in the chair, is taken very ill, and our House is adjourned to Monday. Wilkes is thought in great danger: instead of keeping him quiet, his friends have shown their zeal by visiting him, and himself has been all spirits and riot, and sat up in his bed the next morning to correct the press for to-morrow's 'North Briton.' His bon-mots are all over the town, but too gross, I think, to repeat; the chief are at the expense of poor Lord George.¹ Notwithstanding Lord Sandwich's masked battery, the tide runs violently for Wilkes, and I do not find people in general so inclined to excuse his lordship as I was. One hears nothing but stories of the latter's impiety, and of the concert he was in with Wilkes on that subject. Should this hero die, the Bishop of Gloucester may doom him whither he pleases, but Wilkes will pass for a saint and a martyr.

Besides what I have mentioned, there were two or three passages in the House of Lords that were diverting. Lord Temple dwelled much on the Spanish Ministry being devoted to France. Lord Halifax replied, "Can we help that? We can no more oblige the King of Spain to change his ministers, than his lordship can force his Majesty to change the present administration." Lord Gower,² too, attacking Lord Temple on want of respect to the King, the Earl replied, "he never had wanted respect for the King: he and his family had been attached to the House of Hanover *full as long* as his lordship's family had."

You may imagine that little is talked of but Wilkes, and what relates to him. Indeed, I believe there is no other news, but that

¹ Probably Lord George Sackville, so disagreeably celebrated for his conduct at Minden; afterwards a peer, by the title of Lord Sackville, and secretary of state. In the 'North Briton' which was in preparation when Wilkes was taken up, he advised that Lord George should carry the *sword* before the King at an intended thanksgiving.
—CROKER.

² Granville Leveson Gower, first Marquis of Stafford (died 1803), son of the Jacobite Lord Gower (died 1754). See vol. i. p. 176, and Ryder's reply to the Jacobite Lord Gower, in vol. ii. p. 141.—CUNNINGHAM.

Sir George Warren marries Miss Bishop,¹ the Maid of Honour. The Duchess of Grafton is at Euston, and *hopes* to stay there till after Christmas. Operas do not begin till to-morrow se'nnight; but the Mingotti is to sing, and that contents me. I forgot to tell you, and you may wonder at hearing nothing of the Reverend Mr. Charles Pylades [Churchill], while Mr. John Orestes [Wilkes] is making such a figure: but Dr. Pylades, the poet, has forsaken his consort and the Muses, and is gone off with a stone-cutter's daughter. If he should come and offer himself to you for chaplain to the embassy!

The Countess of Harrington [Caroline Fitzroy] was extremely alarmed last Sunday, on seeing the Duc de Perquigny enter her assembly: she forbade Lady Caroline² speaking to such a debauched young man, and communicated her fright to everybody. The Duchess of Bedford observed to me that as Lady Berkeley³ and some other matrons of the same stamp were there, she thought there was no danger of any violence being committed. For my part, the sisters are so different, that I conclude my Lady Hertford has not found any young man in France wild enough for *her*. Your counterpart, M. de Guerchy, takes extremely. I have not yet seen his wife.

I this minute received your charming long letter of the 11th, and give you a thousand thanks for it. I wish next Tuesday was past, for Lady Hertford's sake. You may depend on my letting you know, if I hear the least rumour in your disfavour. I should do so without your orders, for I could not bear to have you traduced and not advertise you to defend yourself. I have hitherto not heard a syllable; but the newspapers talk of your magnificence, and I approve extremely your intending to support their evidence; for though I do not think it necessary to scatter pearls and diamonds about the streets like their vice-majesties⁴ of Ireland, one owes it to one's self and to the King's choice to prove it was well made.

The colour given at Paris to Bunbury's⁵ stay in England has

¹ They were married Feb. 4, 1764.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Lady Caroline Stanhope, her eldest daughter, afterwards Viscountess Fortrose. She died in 1767, at the age of twenty.—WRIGHT.

³ Elizabeth Drax, wife of Augustus, fourth Earl Berkeley: she had been lady of the bedchamber to the Princess-dowager.—WRIGHT.

⁴ Hugh, Earl and afterwards Duke of Northumberland, and his lady, Elizabeth Seymour, only surviving child of Algernon Duke of Somerset, and heiress, by her grandmother, of the Percies.—WRIGHT.

⁵ Sir Charles Bunbury, Bart. The reason evidently was, that he remained to vote in the House of Commons.—CROKER.

been given out here too. You need not, I think, trouble yourself about that; a majority of three hundred will soon show, that if he was detained, the reason at least no longer subsists.

Hamilton [Single-Speech] is certainly returning from Ireland. Lord Shannon's¹ son is going to marry the Speaker's daughter, and the Primate has begged to have the honour of joining their hands.

This letter is woefully blotted and ill-written, yet I must say it is print compared to your lordship's. At first I thought you had forgot that you was not writing to the Secretary of State, and had put it into cipher. Adieu! I am neither dead of my fever nor apoplexy, nay, nor of the House of Commons. I rather think the violent heat of the latter did me good. Lady Aylesbury was at court yesterday, and benignly received;² a circumstance you will not dislike.

P.S. If I have not told you all you want to know, interrogate me, and I will answer the next post.

882. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 17, 1763.

THE campaign is opened, hostilities begun, and blood shed. Now you think, my dear Sir, that all this is metaphor, and mere eloquence. You are mistaken: our diets, like that approaching in Poland, use other weapons than the tongue; ay, in good truth, and they who use the tongue too, and who perhaps you are under the common error of thinking would not fight, have signalised their prowess. But stay, I will tell you my story more methodically; perhaps you shall not know for these two pages what member of the British Senate, of that august divan whose wisdom influences the councils of all Europe, as its incorrupt virtue recalls to mind the

¹ Richard Lord Boyle, eldest son of the first Earl of Shannon, married, in the following month, Catharine, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. John Ponsonby, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, by Lady Ellen Cavendish, second daughter of the third Duke of Devonshire. Lord Shannon, Mr. Ponsonby, and the Primate, Dr. George Stone, Archbishop of Armagh, were the ruling triumvirate of Ireland. They were four times declared lords justices of that kingdom. Some differences had, however, occurred between these great leaders, which Mr. Walpole insinuates that this marriage was likely to heal.—CROKER.

² The benignity of her reception at court is noticed, because General Conway's late votes against the minister might naturally have displeased the King, to whom he was groom of the bedchamber.—CROKER.

purest ages of Rome, was shot in a duel yesterday in Hyde Park. The Parliament met on Tuesday. We—for you know I have the honour of being a senator—sat till two in the morning; and had it not been that there is always more oratory, more good sense, more knowledge, and more sound reasoning in the House of Commons, than in the rest of the universe put together, the House of Lords only excepted, I should have thought it as tedious, dull, and unentertaining a debate as ever I heard in my days. The business was a complaint made by one King George of a certain paper called ‘the North Briton,’ No. 45, which the said King asserted was written by a much more famous man called Mr. Wilkes.—Well! and so you imagine that Mr. Wilkes and King George went from the House of Commons and fought out their quarrel in Hyde-Park? And which do you guess was killed? Again you are mistaken. Mr. Wilkes, with all the impartiality in the world, and with the phlegm of an Areopagite, sat and heard the whole matter discussed, and now and then put in a word, as if the affair did not concern *him*. The House of Commons, who would be wisdom itself, if they could but all agree on which side of a question wisdom lies, and who are sometimes forced to divide in order to find this out, did divide twice on this affair. The first time, one hundred and eleven, of which I had the misfortune to be one, had more curiosity to hear Mr. Wilkes’s story than King George’s; but three hundred being of the contrary opinion, it was plain they were in the right, especially as they had no *private* motives to guide them. Again, the individual one hundred-and-eleven could not see that ‘the North Briton’ tended to foment treasonable insurrections, though we had it argumentatively demonstrated to us for seven hours together: but the moment we heard two hundred and seventy-five gentlemen counted, it grew as plain to us as a pike-staff, for a syllogism carries less conviction than a superior number, though that number does not use the least force upon earth, but only walk peaceably out of the house and into it again. The next day we were to be in the same *numerical* way convinced that we ought to be but one hundred and ten, for that we ought to expel Mr. Wilkes out of the house: and the majority were to prove to us (for we are slow of comprehension, and imbibe instruction very deliberately) that in order to have all London acquainted with the person and features of Mr. Wilkes, it would be necessary to set him on a high place called the pillory, where everybody might see him at leisure. Some were even almost ready to think that, being a very ugly man, he would

look better without his ears; and poor Sir William Stanhope, who endeavoured all day by the help of a trumpet to listen to these wise debates and found it to no purpose, said, "If they want a pair of ears they may take mine, for I am sure they are of no use to me."¹ The regularity, however, of these systematic proceedings has been a little interrupted. One Mr. Martin, who has much the same quarrel with Mr. Wilkes as King George, and who chose to suspend his resentment like his Majesty, till with proper dignity he could notify his wrath to Parliament, did express his indignation with rather less temper than the King had done, calling Mr. Wilkes to his face *cowardly scoundrel*, which you, who represent monarchs, know, is not royal language. Mr. Wilkes, who, it seems, whatever may have been thought, had rather die compendiously than piecemeal, inquired of Mr. Martin by letter next morning, if he, Mr. Wilkes, was meant by him, Mr. Martin, under the periphrasis *cowardly scoundrel*. Mr. Martin replied in the affirmative, and accompanied his answer with a challenge. They immediately went into Hyde-Park; and, at the second fire, Mr. Wilkes received a bullet in his body. Don't be frightened, the wound was not mortal—at least it was not yesterday. Being corporally delirious today, as he has been mentally some time, I cannot tell what to say to it. However the breed will not be lost, if he should die. You have still countrymen enough left: we need not despair of amusement.

Now, would not you think that this man had made noise enough, and that he had no occasion to burn a temple to perpetuate his name? Alas, alas! there is nothing like having two strings to one's bow. The very day in which the scene I have mentioned passed in the House of Commons, Lord Sandwich produced to the Lords a poem, called an *Essay on Woman*, written by the same Mr. Wilkes, though others say, only enlarged by him from a sketch drawn by a late son² of a late archbishop. It is a parody on Pope's "Essay on Man;" and, like that, pretending to notes by Dr. Warburton, the present holy and orthodox Bishop of Gloucester. The piece, indeed, was only printed, and only fourteen copies, but never

¹ The great Lord Chesterfield, Sir William's brother, was, it will be remembered, equally deaf. "Here is a phenomenon come in to dinner, the Earl of Chesterfield, looking as well as I have seen him these many years. He says he shall not be perfectly so till Hazard comes in. He is as deaf as the die-box." *Rigby to the Duke of Bedford, n. d.*—CUNNINGHAM.

² Thomas Potter [died 1759], son of Dr. Potter, Archbishop of Canterbury.—WALPOLE. See vol. ii. p. 99.—CUNNINGHAM.

published.¹ Mr. Wilkes complains that he never read it but to two persons, who both approved it highly, Lord Sandwich and Lord Despencer.² The style, to be sure, is at least not unlike that of the last. The wicked even affirm, that very lately, at a club³ with Mr. Wilkes, held at the top of the playhouse in Drury Lane, Lord Sandwich talked so profanely that he drove two harlequins out of company. You will allow, however, that the production of this poem so critically was masterly: the secret too was well kept: nor till a vote was passed against it, did even Lord Temple suspect who was the author. If Mr. Martin has not killed him, nor should we, you see here are faggots enough in store for him still. The Bishop of Gloucester, who shudders at abuse and infidelity, has been measuring out ground in Smithfield for his execution; and in his speech begged the devil's pardon for comparing him to Wilkes.

Well, now! after all, do you with your plain Florentine understanding comprehend one word of what I have been saying? Do you think me or your countrymen quite distracted? Go, turn to your Livy, to your history of Athens, to your life of Sacheverel. Find upon record what mankind has been, and then you will believe what it is. We are poor pigmy, short-lived animals, but we are comical,—I don't think the curtain fallen and the drama closed. Three hundred is an omnipotent number, and may do whatever it will; and yet I think there are some single men, whom three hundred cannot convince. Well, but then they may cut their ears off; I don't see what could hinder it. Adieu!

883. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Nov. 20, 1763.

You are in the wrong; believe me you are in the wrong to stay in the country; London never was so entertaining since it had a steeple or a mad-house. Cowards fight duels; Secretaries of State turn Methodists on the Tuesday, and are expelled the playhouse for blasphemy on Friday. I am not turned Methodist, but patriot, and

¹ A copy is not now known to exist. It commenced, "Awake my Fanny," meaning Fanny Murray (vol ii. p. 36 and p. 133), the mistress of Jack Spencer, and after his death in 1746, mistress of Beau Nash. She married a Mr. Ross, and died in 1770. See *Notes and Queries* for July, 1857.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Sir Francis Dashwood, Lord Despencer.—WALPOLE.

³ The Beef-steak Club, now (1857) located over the Lyceum, and called 'The Steaks.' For the best account of this club see Mr. Tom Taylor's article, 'The Clubs of London,' in 'The National Review' for April 1857.—CUNNINGHAM.

what is more extraordinary, am not going to have a place. What is more wonderful still, Lord Hardwicke has made two of his sons resign their employments. I know my letter sounds as enigmatic as Merlin's almanack; but *my* events have really happened. I had almost persuaded myself like you to quit the world; thank my stars I did not. Why, I have done nothing but laugh since last Sunday; though on Tuesday I was one of a hundred and eleven, who were outvoted by three hundred; no laughing matter generally to a *true* patriot, whether he thinks his country undone or himself. Nay, I am still more absurd; even for my dear country's sake I cannot bring myself to connect with Lord Hardwicke, or the Duke of Newcastle, though they are in the minority—an unprecedented case, not to love everybody one despises, when they are of the same side. On the contrary, I fear I resemble a fond woman, and dote on the *dear betrayer*. In short, and to write something that you can understand, you know I have long had a partiality for your cousin Sandwich, who has out-Sandwiched himself. He has impeached Wilkes for a blasphemous poem, and has been expelled for blasphemy himself by the Beef-steak Club at Covent-garden. Wilkes has been shot by Martin, and instead of being burnt at an *auto da fe*, as the Bishop of Gloucester [Warburton] intended, is revered as a saint by the mob, and if he dies, I suppose, the people will squint themselves into convulsions at his tomb, in honour of his memory. Now, is not this better than feeding one's birds and one's bantams, poring one's eyes out over old histories, not half so extraordinary as the present, or ambling to Squire Bencow's on one's padnag, and playing at cribbage with one's brother John and one's parson? Prithce come to town, and let us put off taking the veil for another year: besides, by this time twelvemonth we are sure the world will be a year older in wickedness, and we shall have more matter for meditation. One would not leave it methinks till it comes to the worst, and that time cannot be many months off. In the mean time, I have bespoken a dagger, in case the circumstances should grow so classic as to make it becoming to kill oneself; however, though disposed to quit the world, as I have no mind to leave it entirely, I shall put off my death to the last minute, and do nothing rashly, till I see Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple place themselves in their curule chairs in St. James's market, and resign their throats to the victors. I am determined to see them dead first, lest they should play me a trick, and be hobbling to Buckingham-house, while I am shivering and waiting for them on the banks of Lethe. Adieu! Yours,

HORATIUS.

884. TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

Arlington Street, Nov. 25, 1763.

You tell me, my dear lord, in a letter I have this moment received from you, that you have had a comfortable one from me; I fear it was not the last: you will not have been fond of your brother's [Mr. Conway's] voting against the Court. Since that, he has been told by different channels that they think of taking away regiments from opposers. He heard it, as he would the wind whistle: while in the shape of a threat he treats it with contempt; if put into execution, his scorn would subside into indifference. You know he has but one object—doing what is right; the rest may betide as it will. One or two of the ministers,¹ who are honest men, would, *I have reason to believe*, be heartily concerned to have such measures adopted; but they are not directors. The little favour *they* possess, and the desperateness of their situation, oblige them to swallow many things they disapprove, and which ruin their character with the nation; while others, who have no character to lose, and whose situation is no less desperate, care not what inconveniences they bring on their master, nor what confusion on their country, in which they can never prosper, except when it is convulsed. The nation, indeed, seem thoroughly sensible of this truth. They are unpopular beyond conception: even of those that vote with them there are numbers that express their aversion without reserve. Indeed, on Wednesday, the 23rd, this went farther: we were to debate the great point of privilege: Wilbraham² objected, that Wilkes was involved in it, and ought to be present. On this, though, as you see, a question of slight moment, fifty-seven left them at once: they were but 243 to 166.³ As we had sat, however, till eight at night, the debate was postponed to next day. Mr. Pitt, who had a fever and the gout, came on crutches, and wrapped in flannels: so he did yesterday, but was obliged to retire at ten at

¹ There is reason to think that at this moment Mr. Grenville and Lord Halifax were those to whom Mr. Walpole gave credit for honest intentions and a disposition to moderate and conciliate. This opinion, though probably correct, Walpole soon changed, as to Mr. Grenville.—CROKER.

² Randle Wilbraham, LL. D. a barrister, deputy steward of the University of Oxford, and member for Newton, in Lancashire.—WRIGHT.

³ The question was, "That privilege of Parliament does not extend to the case of writing and publishing seditious libels, nor ought to be allowed to obstruct the ordinary course of the laws in the speedy and effectual prosecution of so heinous and dangerous an offence."—CROKER.

night, after making a speech of an hour and fifty minutes; the worst, I think, I ever heard him make in my life. For our parts, we sat till within ten minutes of two in the morning; yet we had but few speeches, all were so long. Hussey,¹ solicitor to the Princess of Wales, was against the Court, and spoke with great spirit, and true Whig spirit. Charles Yorke² shone exceedingly. He had spoke and voted with us the night before; but now maintained his opinion against Pratt's.³ It was a most able and learned performance, and the latter part, which was oratoric, uncommonly beautiful and eloquent. You find I don't let partiality to the Whig cause blind my judgment. That speech was certainly the masterpiece of the day. Norton would not have made a figure, even if Charles Yorke had not appeared; but giving way to his natural brutality, he got into an ugly scrape. Having so little delicacy or decency as to mention a cause in which he had prosecuted Sir John Rushout⁴ (who sat just under him) for perjury, the tough old knight (who had been honourably acquitted of the charge) gave the House an account of the affair; and then added, "I was assured the prosecution was set on foot by that *honest gentleman*; I hope I don't call him out of his name—and that it was in revenge for my having opposed him in an election." Norton denied the charge, upon his honour, which did not seem to persuade everybody. Immediately after this we had another episode. Rigby,⁵ totally unprovoked either by anything said or by the complexion of the day, which was

¹ Richard Hussey, member for St. Mawes. He was counsel to the navy, as well as solicitor to the Queen, not, as Mr. Walpole says, to the Princess. He was afterwards her Majesty's attorney-general.—CROKER.

² Charles Yorke, second son of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke. He had been attorney-general, but resigned on the 31st of October. He agreed with the ministry on the question of privilege, but differed from them on general warrants. This last difference may have accelerated his resignation; but the event itself had been determined on, ever since the failure of a negotiation, which took place towards the end of the preceding August, through Mr. Pitt and Lord Hardwicke, to form a new administration on a Whig basis.—CROKER.

³ Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, afterwards Lord Camden. He had discharged Wilkes out of confinement on the ground of privilege.—WRIGHT.

⁴ Sir John Rushout, of Northwick, the fourth baronet, died 1775. He had sat in ten Parliaments; in the three first for Malmsbury, and in the rest for Evesham. See vol. i. p. 127 and 128.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁵ The Right Hon. Richard Rigby, master of the rolls in Ireland, afterwards paymaster of the forces: a statesman of the second class, and a *bon vivant* of the first. Mr. Rigby was at one time a chief friend and favourite of Mr. Walpole's, but became involved in Mr. Walpole's dislike to the Duke of Bedford, to whom Mr. Rigby was sincerely and constantly attached, and over whom he was supposed to have great influence.—CROKER. See vol. i. p. 368. His letters are very lively, and deserve collection.—CUNNINGHAM.

grave and argumentative, fell upon Lord Temple, and described his behaviour on the commitment of Wilkes. James Grenville, who sat behind him, rose in all the acrimony of resentment: drew a very favourable picture of his brother, and then one of Rigby, conjuring up the bitterest words, epithets, and circumstances that he could amass together: told him how interested he was, and how ignorant: painted his journey to Ireland to get a law-place, for which he was so unqualified; and concluded with affirming he had fled from thence to avoid the vengeance of the people. The passive Speaker suffered both painters to finish their works, and would have let them carry their colours and brushes into Hyde-park the next morning, if other people had not represented the necessity of demanding their paroles that it should go no farther. They were both unwilling to rise: Rigby did at last, and put an end to it with humour¹ and good-humour. The numbers were 258 to 133. The best speech of all those that were *not* spoken was Charles Townshend's.² He has for some time been informing the world that for the last three months he had constantly employed six clerks to search and transcribe records, journals, precedents, &c. The production of all this mountain of matter was a mouse, and that mouse still-born: he has voted with us, but never uttered a word.

We shall now repose for some time; at least I am sure I shall. It has been hard service: and nothing but a Whig point of this magnitude could easily have carried me to the House at all, of which I have so long been sick. Wilkes will live, but is not likely to be in a situation to come forth for some time. The blasphemous book [Wilkes's 'Essay on Woman'] has fallen ten times heavier on

¹ Lady Suffolk, in a letter to the Earl of Buckingham, of the 29th of November, says, "Jemmy Grenville and Mr. Rigby were so violent against each other, one in his manner of treating Lord Temple, who was in the House, and the brother in his justification of his brother, that the House was obliged to interfere to prevent mischief. Lord Temple comes to me; but politics is the bane of friendship, and when personal resentments join, the man becomes another creature."—WRIGHT.

² As Mr. Walpole seems to impute Mr. Charles Townshend's silence on the question of privilege to fickleness, or some worse cause, it is but just to state that he never quite approved that question. This will be seen from the following extract from one of his confidential letters to Dr. Brocklesby, written two months before the Parliament met:—"You know I never approved of 'No. 45,' or engaged in any of the consequential measures. As to the question of privilege, it is an intricate matter. The authorities are contradictory, and the distinctions to be reasonably made on the precedents are plausible and endless." Mr. Townshend gave a good deal of further consideration to the subject, and his silence in the debate only proves that his first impressions were confirmed. Mr. Burke's beautiful, but, perhaps, too favourable character of Charles Townshend will immortalise the writer and the subject.—CROKER.

Sandwich's own head than on Wilkes's: it has brought forth such a catalogue of anecdotes as is incredible! Lord Hardwicke fluctuates between life and death. Lord Effingham is dead suddenly, and Lord Cantelupe¹ has got his troop.

These are all our news; I am glad yours go on so smoothly. I take care to do you justice at M. de Guerchy's for all the justice you do to France, and particularly to the house of Nivernois. D'Eon² is here still: I know nothing more of him but that the honour of having a hand in the peace overset his poor brain. This was evident on the fatal night³ at Lord Halifax's: when they told him his behaviour was a breach of the peace, he was quite distracted, thinking it was the peace between his country and this.

Our operas begin to-morrow. The Duchess of Grafton is come for a fortnight only. My compliments to the embassadress, and all your court.

¹ John West, afterwards second Earl of Delawarr, vice-chamberlain to the Queen, died 1777.—CUNNINGHAM.

² This singular person had been secretary to the Duke de Nivernois's embassy, and in the interval between that ambassador's departure and the arrival of M. de Guerchy, the French mission to our court devolved upon him. This honour, as Mr. Walpole intimates, seems to have turned his head, and he was so absurdly exasperated at being superseded by M. de Guerchy, that he refused to deliver his letters of recall, set his court at defiance, and published a volume of libels on M. de Guerchy and the French ministers. As he persisted in withholding the letters of recall, the two courts were obliged to notify in the London Gazette that his mission was at an end; and the French government desired that he might be given up to them. This, of course, could not be done; but he was proceeded against by criminal information, and finally convicted of the libels against M. de Guerchy. D'Eon asserted that the French ministry had a design to carry him off privately: and it has been said that he was apprised of this scheme by Louis XV., who, it seems, had entertained some kind of secret and extra-official communication with this adventurer. He afterwards continued in obscurity till 1777, when the public was astonished by the trial of an action before Lord Mansfield, for money lost on a wager respecting his sex. On that trial it seemed proved beyond all doubt, that the person was a female. Proceedings in the Parliament of Paris had a similar result, and the soldier and the minister was condemned to wear woman's attire, which D'Eon did for many years. He emigrated at the revolution, and died in London in May 1810. On examination, after death, the body proved to be that of a male. This circumstance, attested by the most respectable authorities, is so strongly at variance with all the former evidence, that the French biographers have been induced to doubt whether the original Chevalier D'Eon and the person who died in 1810 were the same, and they even endeavour to show that the real person, the *Chevalière*, as they term it, died in 1790; but we cannot admit this solution of the difficulty, for one, at least, of the surgeons who examined the body in 1810, had known D'Eon in his female habiliments, and he had for ten years lived unquestioned under the name of D'Eon.—CROKER.

³ On the 26th of October, D'Eon, meeting M. de Guerchy and a M. de Vergy at Lord Halifax's, in Great George-street, burst out into such violence on some observation made by De Vergy, that it became necessary to call in the guard. His whole behaviour in this affair looks like insanity.—CROKER.

885. TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD

Arlington Street, Dec. 2, 1763.

I HAVE been expecting a letter all day, as Friday is the day I have generally received a letter from you, but it is not yet arrived, and I begin mine without it. M. de Guerchy has given us a prosperous account of my Lady Hertford's audience: still I am impatient to hear it from yourselves. I want to know, too, what you say to your brother's being in the minority. I have already told you that unless they use him ill, I do not think him likely to take any warm part. With regard to dismissal of officers, I hear no more of it: such a violent step would but spread the flames, which are already fierce enough. I will give you an instance: last Saturday, Lord Cornwallis¹ and Lord Allen² came drunk to the Opera: the former went up to Rigby in the pit, and told him in direct words that Lord Sandwich was a pickpocket. Then Lord Allen, with looks and gestures no less expressive, advanced close to him, and repeating this again in the passage, would have provoked a quarrel, if George West³ had not carried him away by force. Lord Cornwallis, the next morning in Hyde-park, made an apology to Rigby for his behaviour, but the rest of the world is not so complaisant. His pride, insolence, and over-bearingness, have made him so many enemies, that they are glad to tear him to pieces for his attack on Lord Temple, so unprovoked, and so poorly performed. It was well that with his spirit and warmth he had the sense not to resent the behaviour of those two drunken young fellows.

On Tuesday your Lordship's House sat till ten at night, on the resolutions we had communicated to you; and you agreed to them by 114 to 35: a puny minority indeed, considering of what great names it was composed! Even the Duke of Cumberland voted in it; but Mr. Yorke's speech in our House, and Lord Mansfield's in yours, for two hours, carried away many of the opposition, particularly Lord Lyttelton, and the greater part of the Duke of Newcastle's Bishops.⁴ The Duke of Grafton is much commended. The

¹ Charles, first Marquis of Cornwallis: born in 1738, succeeded his father, the first Earl, in 1762, and died in India in 1805.—WRIGHT.

² Joshua, fifth Viscount Allen, of Ireland, born in 1738.—WRIGHT.

³ George, second son of the first Earl of Delawarr.—WRIGHT.

⁴ Bishops made during the Duke of Newcastle's administration, and who were

Duke of Portland commenced, but was too much frightened. There was no warmth nor event; but Lord Shelburne, who they say spoke well, and against the Court, and as his friends had voted in our House, has produced one, the great Mr. Calcraft¹ being turned out yesterday, from some muster-mastership; I don't know what.

Lord Sandwich is canvassing to succeed Lord Hardwicke, as High Steward of Cambridge; another egg of animosity. We shall, however, I believe, be tolerably quiet till after Christmas, as Mr. Wilkes will not be able to act before the holidays. I rejoice at it: I am heartily sick of all this folly, and shall be glad to get to Strawberry again, and hear nothing of it. The ministry have bought off Lord Clive with a bribe that would frighten the King of France himself: they have given him back his 25,000*l.* a-year. Walsh has behaved nobly: he said he could not in conscience vote with the administration, and would not vote against Lord Clive, who chose him: he has therefore offered to resign his seat. Lady Augusta's fortune was to be voted to-day, and Lord Strange talked of opposing it; but I had not the curiosity to go down. This is all our politics, and indeed all our news; we have none of any other kind. So far you will not regret England. For my part, I wish myself with you. Being perfectly indifferent who is minister and who is not, and weary of laughing² at both, I shall take hold of the first spring to make you my visit.

Our Operas do not succeed. Giardini, now become *minister*, and having no exchequer to buy an audience, is grown unpopular. The Mingotti, whom he has forced upon the town, is as much disliked as if he had insisted on her being first lord of the treasury. The first man, though with sweet notes, has so weak a voice that he might as well hold his tongue like Charles Townshend. The figurantes are very pretty, but can dance no more than Tommy Pelham.³ The first man dancer is handsome, well made, and strong enough to make his fortune *any where*: but you know, fortunes made in private are

therefore supposed likely to be of his opinion. The Duke of Newcastle, after being nearly half a century in office, was now in opposition.—CROKER.

¹ John Calcraft, Esq. was deputy-commissary-general of musters: he was particularly attached to Mr. Fox; which is, perhaps, one reason why Mr. Walpole, who had now quarrelled with Mr. Fox, speaks so slightly of Mr. Calcraft.—CROKER.

² Mr. Walpole affected indifference to politics, but the tone of his correspondence does not quite justify the expression of laughing at either party; he was warmly interested in the one, and bitterly hostile to the other, and for a considerable period took a deep and active interest in political party.—CROKER.

³ Thomas Pelham, member for Sussex, afterwards comptroller of the household, and first Earl of Chichester.—WRIGHT.

seldom agreeable to the public.¹ In short, it will not do; there was not a soul in the pit the second night.

Lady Mary Coke has received her gown by the Prince de Masseran, and is exceedingly obliged to you, though much disappointed; this being a slight gown made up, and not the one she expected, which is a fine one bought for her by Lady Holland,² and which you must send somehow or other: if you cannot, you must despatch an ambassador on purpose. I dined with the Prince de Masseran, at Guerchy's the day after his arrival; and if faces speak truth, he will not be our ruin. Oh! but there is a ten times more delightful man—the Austrian minister:³ he is so stiff and upright, that you would think all his mistress's diadems were upon his head, and that he was afraid of their dropping off.

I know so little of Irish politics, that I am afraid of misinforming you; but I hear that Hamilton [Single-Speech] who has come off with honour in a squabble with Lord Newton,⁴ about the latter's wife, speaks and votes with the opposition against the Castle.⁵ I don't know the meaning of it, nor, except it had been to tell you, should I have remembered it.

Well! your letter will not come, and I must send away mine. Remember, the holidays are coming, and that I shall be a good deal out of town. I have been charming hitherto, but I cannot make brick without straw. Encore, you are almost the only person I ever write a line to. I grow so old and so indolent that I hate the sight of a pen and ink.

886. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

DEAR SIR:

Arlington Street, Dec. 6, 1763.

ACCORDING to custom I am excessively obliged to you: you are continually giving me proofs of your kindness. I have now three

¹ The reader will observe, in this description of the Opera, an amusing allusion to public affairs; the last sentence refers, no doubt, to Lord Bute.—CROKER.

² Lady Georgina Caroline Lenox, eldest daughter of Charles, second Duke of Richmond. She had been, in 1762, created Baroness Holland in her own right.—CROKER.

³ Probably the Count de Seleirn, minister from the Empress-Queen, Maria Theresa.—CROKER.

⁴ Brinsley Lord Newton, afterwards second Earl of Lanesborough, married Lady Jane Rochfort, eldest daughter of the first Earl of Belvidere. In the affair here alluded to, Lord Newton exhibited at first an extreme jealousy and subsequently what was thought an extreme facility in admitting Mr. Hamilton's exculpatory assurances.—CROKER.

⁵ This is not quite true; but Mr Hamilton was on very bad terms with the Lord Lieutenant, and certainly did not take that prominent part in the House of Commons of Ireland which his station as chief secretary seemed to require.—CROKER.

packets to thank you for, full of information, and have only lamented the trouble you have given yourself.

I am glad for the tomb's sake and my own, that Sir Giles Allington's monument is restored.¹ The draught you have sent is very perfect. The account of your ancestor Tuer¹ shall not be forgotten in my next edition. The pedigree of Allington I had from Collins before his death, but I think not so perfect as yours. You have made one little slip in it: my mother² was grand-daughter, not daughter of Sir John Shorter, and was not heiress, having three brothers, who all died after her, and we only quarter the arms of Shorter, which I fancy occasioned the mistake, by their leaving no children. The verses by Sir Edward Walpole [grandfather of Sir Robert Walpole], and the translation by Bland, are published in my Description of Houghton.

I am come late from the House of Lords, and am just going to the Opera; so you will excuse me saying more than that I have a print of Archbishop Hutton for you (it is Dr. Ducarel's), and a little plate of Strawberry; but I do not send them by the post, as it would crease them: if you will tell me how to convey them otherwise, I will. I repeat many thanks to you.

887. TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

Friday, Dec. 9, 1763.

YOUR brother has sent you such a full account of his transaction with Mr. Grenville,³ that it is not necessary for me to add a syllable, except, what your brother will not have said himself, that he has acted as usual with the strictest honour and firmness, and has turned this negotiation entirely to his own credit. He has learned the ill

¹ Herbert Tuer, the painter. After the death of Charles I. he withdrew into Holland, and it is believed that he died at Utrecht.—WRIGHT.

² Walpole's mother "was the daughter of a Danish timber merchant, and an honest, sensible Whig." *Walpole to Mason, April 13, 1782.*—CUNNINGHAM.

³ This transaction was an endeavour on the part of Mr. Grenville to obtain from General Conway a declaration that "his disposition was not averse from a general support of the persons and measures of those now employed," and permission "to say so much when he might have occasion to speak of him." This declaration General Conway declined to give, although Mr. Grenville seemed to ask it only to enable him to save Conway from dismissal on account of his late vote. There is reason to believe that at this conference (at which the Duke of Richmond was present, as Conway's friend) some overtures of a more intimate connexion with the administration were made; but Conway declared his determination to adhere to the politics of his friends, the Dukes of Devonshire and Grafton. "At least," he said, "if he should hereafter happen to differ from them, he should so steer his conduct as not to be, in any way of office or emolument, the better for it."—CROKER.

wishes of his enemies, and what is more, knows who they are: he has laughed at them, and found at last that their malice was much bigger than their power. Mr. Grenville, as you would wish, has proved how much he disliked the violence of his associates, as I trust he will, whenever he has an opportunity, and has at last contented himself with so little or nothing, that I am sure you will feel yourself obliged to him. For the measure itself, of turning out the officers in general who oppose, it has been much pressed, and what is still sillier, openly threatened by one set; but they dare not do it, and having notified it without effect, are ridiculed by the whole town, as well as by the persons threatened, particularly by Lord Albemarle, who has treated their menaces with the utmost contempt and spirit. This mighty storm, like another I shall tell you of, has vented itself on Lord Shelburne and Colonel Barré,¹ who were yesterday turned out; the first from aid-de-camp to the King, the latter from adjutant-general and governor of Stirling. Campbell,² to whom it was promised before, has got the last; Ned Harvey,³ the former. My present expectation is an oration from Barré,⁴ in honour of Mr.

¹ Isaac Barré was a native of Ireland, and born in 1726: he entered the army early in life, and rose gradually to the rank of colonel. He was in 1763 made adjutant-general and the governor of Stirling Castle, but was turned out on this occasion, and even resigned his half-pay. He continued to make a considerable figure in the House of Commons: in 1782 he became a privy-councillor and treasurer of the navy, which latter office he soon exchanged for paymaster of the forces: but on the change of government he retired on a pension of 3200*l.*, which his political friends had previously secured for him. From this time his sight failed him, and he was blind for many years previous to his death in 1802.—CROKER.

² Captain James, afterwards Sir James Campbell, of Ardkinglass: a captain in the army, and member for the county of Stirling.—WRIGHT.

³ Major-General Edward Harvey, lieutenant-general in 1772.—WRIGHT.

⁴ "Would you know a little of the humour of Parliament, and particularly with regard to Mr. Pitt? I must then tell you that Colonel Barré, a soldier of fortune, a young man born in Dublin, of parents of a mean condition, his father and mother from France, and established in a little grocer's shop by the patronage of the Bishop of Clogher; a child of whom the mother nursed; this young man (a man of address and parts), found out, pushed, and brought into Parliament by Lord Shelburne, had not sat two days in the House of Commons before he attacked Mr. Pitt. I shall give you a specimen of his philippics. Talking of the manner of Mr. Pitt's speaking, he said, 'There he would stand, turning up his eyes to heaven, that witnessed his perjuries, and laying his hand in a solemn manner upon the table, that sacrilegious hand, that had been employed in tearing out the bowels of his mother-country!' Would you think that Mr. Pitt would bear this and be silent; or would you think that the House would suffer a respectable member to be so treated? Yet so it was." *Mr. Symmers to Sir Andrew Mitchell*, 29 January, 1762.—WRIGHT. You have no doubt heard of the rude and foul-mouthed attack made on Mr. Pitt in the House of Commons, by one Colonel Barré, whom all the world blames most extremely, so that I suppose the gentleman will be muzzled for the future. *Lord Bath to Colman*, 18 Dec. 1761. See also *Mr. Milbanke to the Marquis of Rockingham*, 28 Dec., 1761, for a clever report of Barré's speech and bearing on this occasion.—CUNNINGHAM.

Pitt; for those are scenes that make the world so entertaining. After that, I shall demand a satire on Mr. Pitt, from Wilkes; and I do not believe I shall be balked, for Wilkes has already expressed his resentment on being given up by Pitt, who, says Wilkes, ought to be expelled for an impostor.¹ I do not know whether the Duke of Newcastle does not expect a palinodia from me.² T'other morning at the Duke's levée he embraced me, and hoped I would come and eat a bit of Sussex mutton with him. I had such difficulty to avoid laughing in his face that I got from him as fast as I could. Do you think me very likely to forget that I have been laughing at him these twenty years?

Well! but we have had a prodigious riot: are not you impatient to know the particulars? It was so prodigious a tumult, that I verily thought half the administration would have run away to Harrowgate. 'The North Briton' was ordered to be burned by the hangman at Cheapside, on Saturday last. The mob rose; the greatest mob, says Mr. Sheriff Blunt, that he has known in forty years. They were armed with that most bloody instrument, the mud out of the kennels: they hissed in the most murderous manner; broke Mr. Sheriff Harley's coach-glass in the most frangent manner; scratched his forehead, so that he is forced to wear a little patch in the most becoming manner; and obliged the hangman to burn the paper with a link, though fagots were prepared to execute it in a more solemn manner. Numbers of gentlemen, from windows and balconies, encouraged the mob, who, in about an hour and half, were so undutiful to the ministry, as to retire without doing any mischief, or giving Mr. Carteret Webb³ the opportunity of a single information, except against an ignorant lad, who had been in town but ten days.

¹ In the House of Commons, a few days before, Mr. Pitt had condemned the whole series of 'North Britons,' and called them illiberal, unmanly, and detestable: "he abhorred," he said, "all national reflections; the King's subjects were one people; whoever divided them was guilty of sedition: his Majesty's complaint was well-founded; it was just; it was necessary: the author did not deserve to be ranked among the human species; he was the blasphemer of his God and the libeller of the King."—WRIGHT.

² This improbable event a few weeks brought about. We shall see that Mr. Walpole did sing his palinodia, and went down to Claremont to eat a bit of mutton with the man in the world whom (as all his writings, but especially his lately published *Memoires*, show) he had most heartily hated and despised.—CROKER.

³ Philip Carteret Webb, Esq., Solicitor to the Treasury and M.P. for Haslemere. See p. 183.)—

"Whilst Martin flatters only to betray,
And Webb gives up his dirty soul for pay."

Churchill Ep. to Hogarth.—CUNNINGHAM.

This terrible uproar has employed us four days. The Sheriffs were called before your House on Monday, and made their narrative. My brother Cholmondeley,¹ in the most pathetic manner, and suitably to the occasion, recommended it to your lordships, to search for precedents of what he believed never happened since the world began. Lord Egmont,² who knows of a plot, which he keeps to himself, though it has been carrying on these twenty years, thought more vigorous measures ought to be taken on such a crisis, and moved to summon the mistress of the Union Coffee-house. The Duke of Bedford thought all this but piddling, and at once attacked Lord Mayor, Common Council, and charter of the City, whom, if he had been supported, I believe he would have ordered to be all burned by the hangman next Saturday. Unfortunately for such national justice, Lord Mansfield, who delights in every opportunity of exposing and mortifying the Duke of Bedford, and Sandwich, interposed for the magistracy of London, and, after much squabbling, saved them from immediate execution. The Duke of Grafton, with infinite shrewdness and coolness, drew from the witnesses that the whole mob was of one mind; and the day ended in a vote of general censure on the rioters. This was communicated to us at a conference, and yesterday we acted the same farce; when Rigby trying to revive the imputation on the Lord Mayor, &c. (who, by the by, *did* sit most tranquilly at Guildhall during the whole tumult), the ministry disavowed and abandoned him to a man, vindicating the magistracy, and plainly discovering their own fear and awe of the City, who feel the insult, and will from hence feel their own strength. In short, to finish this foolish story, I never saw a transaction in which appeared so little parts, abilities, or conduct; nor do I think there can be anything weaker than the administration, except it is the opposition: but an opposition, bed-rid and tongue-tied, is a most ridiculous body. Mr. Pitt is laid up with the gout; Lord Hardwicke, though much relieved by a quack medicine, is still very ill; and Mr. Charles Townshend is as silent as my Lord Abercorn³—that they two should ever be alike!

¹ George, third Earl Cholmondeley; born in 1703; married Mr. Walpole's only legitimate sister, who died at Aix in 1731; and as all Sir Robert Walpole's sons died without [legitimate] issue, Lord Cholmondeley's family succeeded to Houghton, and the rest of the Walpole property, as heirs-at-law of Sir Robert.—CROKER.

² John, second Earl of Egmont, at this time first lord of the Admiralty. Lord Egmont had been in the House of Commons what Coxe calls "a fluent and plausible debater;" but he had some peculiarities of mind, to which Walpole here and elsewhere alludes.—CROKER.

³ James, eighth Earl of Abercorn, "a nobleman," says his panegyrist, "whose
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This is not all our political news; Wilkes is an inexhaustible fund: on Monday was heard, in the Common Pleas, his suit against Mr. Wood,¹ when, after a trial of fourteen hours, the jury gave him damages of one thousand pounds; but this was not the heaviest part of the blow. The Solicitor-general² tried to prove Wilkes author of 'The North Briton,' and failed in the proof. You may judge how much that miscarriage adds to the defeat. Wilkes is not yet out of danger: they think there is still a piece of coat or lining to come out of the wound. The campaign is over for the present, and the troops going into country quarters. In the mean time, the house of Harrington has supplied us with new matter of talk. My Lord was robbed about three o'clock in the night between Saturday and Sunday last, of money, bills, watches, and snuff-boxes, to the amount of three thousand pounds. Nothing is yet discovered, but that the guard in the Stable-Yard³ saw a man in a great-coat and white stockings come from thereabouts, at the time I have named. The servants have all been examined over and over to no purpose. Fielding⁴ is all day in the house, and a guard of his at night. The bureau in my lord's dressing-room (the little red room where the pictures are) was forced open. I fear you can guess *who* was at first suspected.⁵

I have received yours, my dear lord, of Nov. 30th, and am pleased that my Lady Hertford is so well reconciled to her ministry. You forgot to give me an account of her audience, but I have heard of the Queen's good-natured attention to her.

The anecdotes about Lord Sandwich are numerous; but I do not repeat them to you, because I know nothing how true they are, and because he has, in several instances, been very obliging to me; and I have no reason to abuse him. Lord Hardwicke's illness, I think, is a rupture and consequences.

character was but little known, or rather but little understood; but who possessed singular vigour of mind, integrity of conduct, and patriotic views." Mr. Walpole elsewhere laughs at his lordship's dignified aversion to throwing away his words.—CROKER.

¹ An action brought by Wilkes against Robert Wood, Esq., late under-secretary of state, for seizing Wilkes's papers, &c. It was tried before Chief Justice Pratt, and under his direction the jury found for the plaintiff.—CROKER.

² Sir Fletcher Norton was not made attorney-general till after this trial.—WRIGHT.

³ In St. James's Palace, where the Earl of Harrington lived.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ Sir John Fielding, chief police magistrate, and half-brother of the novelist.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁵ The robbery was committed by one Bradley, a discharged footman, and one John Wisket. The former was admitted a witness for the crown, and the latter was hanged on his evidence, in Dec. 1764.—CROKER.

I hope to hear that your little boy is recovered, Adieu! I have filled my gazette, and exhausted my memory. I am glad such gazettes please you: I can have no other excuse for sending such tittle-tattle.

888. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Dec. 12, 1763.

My last journal was dated the 18th of last month. Since that period we have been solely employed upon Mr. Wilkes, or events flowing from him; for he is an inexhaustible source. I shall move regularly, and tell you his history in order.

In the first place, he is not dead of his wound, though not yet out of danger, for they think another piece of his coat is to come away, as two have already.

On the 23rd we, the Commons, had a debate that lasted late, whether we should proceed to the question on privilege, as Wilkes could not attend. There was a great defection among the royal troops, and the minority amounted to 166: but the next day, on the question itself, it sunk to 133, when we resigned our privilege into the hands of any messengers that should be sent for it. Mr. Pitt was brought thither in flannels, and spoke for two hours, but was forced to retire four hours before we came to the question.

These debates were followed by a curious account of the famous blasphemous and indecent poem, the 'Essay on Woman,' published by one Kidgell, a Methodist parson, who had been employed to hunt it out. The man has most deservedly drawn on himself a torrent of indignation and odium, which I suppose he will forget in a deanery.¹

The next proceeding was in the Lords, who sat till ten at night on the question of agreeing to our resolutions. The Duke of Cumberland, who voted at the head of the minority, was as unsuccessful as he has been in other engagements, and was beaten by 114 to 35.

So much for within doors. But without, where the minority is the majority, the event was very different. 'The North Briton' was ordered to be burned by the hangman at Cheapside on the third of this month. A prodigious riot ensued; the Sheriffs were mobbed, the constables beaten, and the paper with much difficulty set on fire by a link, and then rescued. The Ministry, some in a panic and

¹ Kidgell was forced to leave England for debt, and died abroad.—WALPOLE. He was Chaplain "to the Scotch Earl of March" afterwards Duke of Queensbury. See *Walpole's George III.*, vol. i. p. 311.—CUNNINGHAM.

some in a rage, fetched the Sheriffs before both Houses; but, after examinations and conferences for four days, the whole result was, that all the world had appeared to be on the same side, that is, not well disposed to the administration. This dissatisfaction has been increased by a violent attack made by the Duke of Bedford on the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council, for not discountenancing and suppressing the riot; and though he was abandoned by the rest of the Ministry, who paid court to the City at his grace's expense, they were so exasperated, that a motion being made to thank the Sheriffs for their behaviour, and to prosecute one of the rioters, who is in prison, it was rejected on a division by the casting vote of the Lord Mayor.

The Ministry have received a still greater mortification: the Under-Secretary, Mr. Wood, has been cast in the Common Pleas in damages of a thousand pounds to Mr. Wilkes; the printers too have recovered four hundred; and, what is still more material, the Solicitor-General could not make out his proof of Wilkes being author of the 'North Briton.'

The last scene has been an attempt to assassinate Wilkes. A sea-lieutenant, called Alexander Dunn, got into his house on Thursday night last for that purpose; but he is not only mad, but so mad that he had declared his intention in a coffee-house some nights before; and said that twelve more Scotchmen, for he is one, were engaged in the same design.

I have told you all this briefly, but you may imagine what noise so many events have made in the hands of some hundred thousand commentators.

The famous Lord Shelburne, and the no less famous Colonel Barré—I don't know whether their fame has reached you—are turned out for joining the Opposition.

The approaching holidays will suspend farther hostilities for some time, or prepare more. We have scarce any other kind of news than politics. The interlude of Princess Augusta's wedding will be of very short duration.

You have seen some mention in the papers of Monsieur D'Eon, who, from secretary to Monsieur de Nivernois, became Plenipotentiary; an honour that turned his brain. His madness first broke out upon one Vergy, an adventurer, whose soul he threatened to put into a certain vessel and make him drink it. His rage was carried so far one night at Lord Halifax's, that he was put under arrest. Being told that his behaviour was a breach of the peace,

he thought it meant the *peace* he had signed, and grew ten times more mad. This idea he has thrust into a wild book that he has published, the title-page of which would divert you; he states all his own names, titles, and offices: Noble Claude, Genevieve, Louis, Auguste, Cæsar, Alexandre, Hercule, and I don't know what, Docteur en Droit: the *chute* from Cæsar to Master Doctor is admirable. The conclusion of the story is, that the poor creature has all the papers of the negotiation in his hands, and threescore thousand livres belonging to the Comte de Guerchy, and will deliver neither one nor the other. He is recalled from home, and forbidden the Court here, but enjoys the papers, and lives on the money, and they don't know how to recover either. Monsieur de Guerchy has behaved with the utmost tenderness and humanity to him. This Minister is an agreeable man, and pleases much.

I have received your long letter of November 12th, with your expectations of the Duke of York, the Woronzows, and the Garricks, most of whom are I suppose arrived by this time. The Chelsea china, as you guessed, was a present from the Duchess of Grafton: I told her how pleased you were with it, and that you flattered yourself it was her present. She thought you knew it, for she says she had written to you two letters.

Adieu! You must live upon this letter for some time. Our *villeggiatura* begins when yours ends. The town will be quite empty in a week, till the 18th or 20th of January, unless folks come to stare at the Prince of Brunswick; but I don't know when he is to be here. Nay, you will not want English news, while you have English Princes, Russian Chancellors, and English players.

889. TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

Arlington Street, Dec. 16, 1763.

ON the very day I wrote to you last, my dear lord, an extraordinary event happened, which I did not then know. A motion was made in the Common Council, to thank the Sheriffs for their behaviour at the riot, and to prosecute the man who was apprehended for it. This was opposed, and the previous question being put, the numbers were equal; but the casting vote of the Lord Mayor¹ was given against putting the first question—a pretty strong

¹ William Bridgen, Esq.—WRIGHT.

proceeding; for though, in consequence and in resentment of the Duke of Bedford's speech, it seemed to justify his grace, who had accused the Mayor and magistracy of not trying to suppress the tumult; if they will not prosecute the rioters, it is not very unfair to surmise that they did not dislike the riot. Indeed, the City is so inflamed, and the Ministry so obnoxious, that I am very apprehensive of some violent commotion. The court have lost the Essex election,¹ merely from Lord Sandwich interfering in it, and from the Duke of Bedford's speech; a great number of votes going from the City on that account to vote for Luther. Sir John Griffin,² who was disobliged by Sandwich's espousing Conyers, went to Chelmsford at the head of five hundred voters.

One of the latest acts of the Ministry will not please my Lady Hertford: they have turned out her brother, Colonel Fitzroy:³ Fitzherbert,⁴ too, is removed, and, they say, Sir Joseph Yorke recalled.⁵ I must do Lord Halifax and Mr. Grenville the justice to say that these violences are not imputed to them. It is certain that the former was the warmest opposer of the measure for breaking the officers; and Mr. Grenville's friends take every opportunity of throwing the blame on the Duke of Bedford and Lord Sandwich. The Duchess of Bedford, who is too fond a wife not to partake in all her husband's fortunes, has contributed her portion of indiscretion. At a great dinner, lately, at Lord Halifax's, all the servants present, mention being made of the Archbishop of Canterbury⁶ [Seeker], M. de Guerchy asked the Duchess, "*Est-il de famille?*" She replied, "*Oh! mon Dieu, non, il a été sage-femme.*" The mistake of *sage-femme* for *accoucheur*, and the strangeness of the proposition, confounded Guerchy so much, that it was necessary to explain it: but think of a minister's wife telling a foreigner, and a

¹ John Luther, Esq., was returned for Essex, on the popular interest, after a severe and most expensive contest.—CROKER.

² Sir John Griffin Griffin, K. B., major-general, and colonel of the 33rd regiment; member for Andover. He established, in 1784, a claim to the barony of Howard de Walden, and was created, in 1788, Baron Braybrooke, with remainder to A. A. Neville, Esq. He died in 1797.—CROKER.

³ Colonel Charles Fitzroy, member for Bury, afterwards Lord Southampton. It seems strange that Mr. Walpole should be mistaken in such a point; but Colonel Fitzroy was not Lady Hertford's brother, but her brother's son.—CROKER.

⁴ William Fitzherbert, Esq., member for Derby: a lord of trade.—CROKER.

⁵ The rumour mentioned in the text was unfounded. Sir Joseph continued at the Hague till 1788.—CROKER.

⁶ The grounds for this strange story (which Walpole was fond of repeating) was, that the Archbishop had, in early youth, been intended for the medical profession, and had attended some hospitals.—CROKER. See vol. i. p. 174.—CUNNINGHAM.

Catholic, that the primate of her own church had been bred a man-midwife!

The day after my last, another verdict was given in the Common Pleas, of four hundred pounds to the printers; and another episode happened, relating to Wilkes: one Dunn, a mad Scotchman, was seized in Wilkes's house, whither he had gone intending to assassinate him. This was complained of in the House of Commons, but the man's phrensy was verified; it was even proved that he had notified his design in a coffee-house, some days before. The mob, however, who are determined that Lord Sandwich shall answer for everybody's faults, as well as his own, believe that he employed Dunn. I wish the recess, which begins next Monday, may cool matters a little, for indeed it grows very serious.

Nothing is discovered of Lord Harrington's robbery, nor do I know any other news, but that George West¹ is to marry Lady Mary Grey. The Hereditary Prince's wound is broken out again, and will defer his arrival. We have had a new comedy,² written by Mrs. Sheridan, and admirably acted; but there was no wit in it, and it was so vulgar that it ran but three nights.

Poor Lady Hervey desires you will tell Mr. Hume how incapable she is of answering his letter. She has been terribly afflicted for these six weeks with a complication of gout, rheumatism, and a nervous complaint. She cannot lie down in her bed, nor rest two minutes in her chair. I never saw such continued suffering.

You say in your last, of the 7th, that you have omitted to invite no Englishman of rank or name. This gives me an opportunity, my dear lord, of mentioning one Englishman, not of great rank, but who is very unhappy that you have taken no notice of him. You know how utterly averse I am to meddle, or give impertinent advice; but the letter I saw was expressed with so much respect and esteem for you, that you would love the person. It is Mr. Selwyn, the banker. He says, he expected no favour; but the great regard he has for the amiableness of your character, makes him miserable at being totally undistinguished by you. He has so good a character himself, and is so much beloved by many persons here that you know, that I think you will not dislike my putting you in

¹ Mr. West married, in February, 1764, Lady Mary Grey, daughter of the Earl of Stamford: he died without issue, in 1776.—WRIGHT.

² "The Dupe," by Mrs. Sheridan, mother of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. The *Biographia Dramatica* says it was condemned, "on account of a few passages, which the audience thought too indelicate."—WRIGHT.

mind of him. The letter was not to me, nor to any friend of mine ; therefore, I am sure, unaffected. I saw the whole letter, and he did not even hint at its being communicated to me.

I have not mentioned Lady Holderness's presentation, though I by no means approve it, nor a Dutch woman's lowering the peerage of England. Nothing of that sort could make me more angry, except a commoner's wife taking such a step ; for you know I have all the pride of

— A citizen of Rome, while Rome survives :

In that respect my name is thoroughly

HORATIUS.

890. TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

Arlington Street, Dec. 29, 1763.

You are sensible, my dear lord, that any amusement from my letters must depend upon times and seasons. We are a very absurd nation (though the French are so good at present as to think us a very wise one, only because they, themselves, are now a very weak one) ; but then that absurdity depends upon the almanac. Posterity, who will know nothing of our intervals, will conclude that this age was a succession of events. I could tell them that we know as well when an event, as when Easter, will happen. Do but recollect these last ten years. The beginning of October, one is certain that everybody will be at Newmarket, and the Duke of Cumberland will lose, and Shafto¹ win, two or three thousand pounds. After that, while people are preparing to come to town for the winter, the Ministry is suddenly changed, and all the world comes to learn how it happened, a fortnight sooner than they intended ; and fully persuaded that the new arrangement cannot last a month. The Parliament opens ; everybody is bribed ; and the new establishment is perceived to be composed of adamant. November passes, with two or three self-murders, and a new play. Christmas arrives ; everybody goes out of town ; and a riot happens in one of the theatres. The Parliament meets again ; taxes are warmly opposed ; and some citizen makes his fortune by a subscription.² The opposi-

¹ Robert Shafto, Esq., of Whitworth, member for Durham, well known on the turf.
... CHOCHE.

² To a loan. — CHOCHE.

tion languishes; balls and assemblies begin; some master and miss begin to get together, are talked of, and give occasion to forty more matches being invented; an unexpected debate starts up at the end of the session, that makes more noise than anything that was designed to make a noise, and subsides again in a new peerage or two. Ranelagh opens and Vauxhall; one produces scandal, and t'other a drunken quarrel. People separate, some to Tunbridge, and some to all the horse-races in England; and so the year comes again to October. I dare to prophesy, that if you keep this letter, you will find that my future correspondence will be but an illustration of this text; at least, it is an excuse for my having very little to tell you at present, and was the reason of my not writing to you last week.

Before the Parliament adjourned, there was nothing but a trifling debate in an empty House, occasioned by a motion from the Ministry, to order another physician and surgeon to attend Wilkes: it was carried by about seventy to thirty, and was only memorable by producing Mr. Charles Townshend, who, having sat silent through the question of privilege, found himself interested in the defence of Dr. Brocklesby!¹ Charles ridiculed Lord North extremely, and had warm words with George Grenville. I do not look upon this as productive of consequential speaking for the opposition; on the contrary, I should expect him sooner in place, if the Ministry could be fools enough to restore weight to him, and could be ignorant that he can never hurt them so much as by being with them. Wilkes refused to see Heberden and Hawkins, whom the House commissioned to visit him; and to laugh at us more, sent for two Scotchmen, Duncan and Middleton. Well! but since that, he is gone off himself: however, as I did in D'Eon's case, I can now only ask news of him from you, not tell you any; for you have got him. I do not believe you will invite him, and make so much of him, as

¹ Dr. Richard Brocklesby, an eminent physician. He had been examined before the House of Commons, as to Mr. Wilkes's incapacity to attend in his place. His Whig politics, which probably induced Mr. Wilkes to send for him, induced the majority of the House to distrust his report, and to order two other medical men to visit the patient. This proceeding implied a doubt of Dr. Brocklesby's veracity, which certainly called for the interference of Mr. Charles Townshend, who was a private as well as a political friend of the doctor's. Dr. Brocklesby, besides being one of the first physicians of his time, was a man of literature and taste, and did not confine his society nor his beneficence to those who agreed with him in politics. He was the friend and physician of Dr. Johnson; and when, towards the close of that great man's life, it was supposed that his circumstances were not quite easy, Dr. Brocklesby generously pressed him to accept an annuity of one hundred pounds, and he attended him to his death with unremitted affection and care.—CROKER.

the Duke of Bedford did. Both sides pretend joy at his being gone; and for once I can believe both. You will be diverted, as I was, at the cordial esteem the ministers have for one another; Lord Waldegrave¹ told my niece [Lady Waldegrave], this morning, that he had offered a shilling, to receive an hundred pounds when Sandwich shall lose his head! what a good opinion they have of one another! apropos to losing heads, is Lally beheaded?

The East India Company have come to an unanimous resolution of not paying Lord Clive the three hundred thousand pounds, which the Ministry had promised him in lieu of his Nabobical annuity. Just after the bargain was made, his old rustic of a father was at the King's levée; the King asked where his son was; he replied, "Sire, he is coming to town, and then your Majesty will have another vote." If you like these franknesses, I can tell you another. The Chancellor [Northington] is chosen a governor of St. Bartholomew's Hospital: a smart gentleman, who was sent with the staff, carried it in the evening, when the Chancellor happened to be drunk. "Well, Mr. Bartlemy," said his lordship, snuffing, "what have you to say?" The man, who had prepared a formal harangue, was transported to have so fair opportunity given him of uttering it, and with much dapper gesticulation congratulated his lordship on his health, and the nation on enjoying such great abilities. The Chancellor stopped him short, crying, "By God, it is a lie! I have neither health nor abilities; my bad health has destroyed my abilities." The late Chancellor [Hardwicke] is much better.

The last time the King was at Drury-lane, the play given out for next night was 'All in the Wrong:' the galleries clapped, and then cried out, "Let us be all in the right! Wilkes and Liberty!" When the King comes to a theatre, or goes out, or goes to the House, there is not a single applause; to the Queen there is a little: in short, *Louis le bienaimé* is not French at present for King George.

The town, you may be sure, is very empty; the greatest party is at Woburn, whither the Comte de Guerchy and the Duc de Pecquigny are going. I have been three days at Strawberry, and had George Selwyn, Williams, and Lord Ashburnham;² but the weather was intolerably bad. We have scarce had a moment's

¹ John, third Earl of Waldegrave, and brother-in-law of Walpole's niece (died 1784). —CUNNINGHAM.

² John, second Earl of Ashburnham; one of the lords of the bedchamber, and keeper of the parks, succeeded his father in 1737, and died in 1812. He was a collector of pictures, and bought with taste and liberality. —CUNNINGHAM.

drought since you went, no more than for so many months before. The town and the roads are beyond measure dirty, and everything else under water. I was not well neither, nor am yet, with pains in my stomach : however, if I ever used one, I could afford to pay a physician. T'other day, coming from my Lady Townshend's [Harrison's] it came into my head to stop at one of the lottery offices, to inquire after a single ticket I had, expecting to find it a blank, but it was five hundred pounds—Thank you ! I know you wish me joy. It will buy twenty pretty things when I come to Paris.

I read, last night, your new French play, 'Le Comte de Warwic,'¹ which we hear has succeeded much. I must say, it does but confirm the cheap idea I have of you French : not to mention the preposterous perversion of history in so known a story, the Queen's ridiculous preference of old Warwick to a young King ; the omission of the only thing she ever said or did in her whole life worth recording, which was thinking herself too low for his wife, and too high for his mistress ;² the romantic honour bestowed on two such savages as Edward and Warwick : besides these, and forty such glaring absurdities, there is but one scene that has any merit, that between Edward and Warwick in the third act. Indeed, indeed, I don't honour the modern French : it is making your son but a slender compliment, with his knowledge, for them to say it is extraordinary. The best proof I think they give of their taste, is liking you all three. I rejoice that your little boy is recovered. Your brother has been at Park-place this week, and stays a week longer : his hill is too high to be drowned.

Thank you for your kindness to Mr. Selwyn : if he had too much impatience, I am sure it proceeded only from his great esteem for you.

I will endeavour to learn what you desire ; and will answer, in another letter, that and some other passages in your last. Dr. Hunter is very good, and calls on me sometimes. You may guess whether we talk you over or not. Adieu !

PS. There has not been a death, but Sir William Maynard's,

¹ By La Harpe. This play, written when the author was only twenty-three years old, raised him into great celebrity ; and is, in the opinion of the French critics, his first work in merit as well as date.—CROKER.

² This phrase has been also attributed to Mademoiselle de Montmorency, afterwards Princess de Condé, in reply to the solicitations of Henry IV. ; and is told also of Mademoiselle de Rohan, afterwards Duchess of Deux Ponts.—CROKER.

who is come to life again ; or a marriage, but Admiral Knollys's, who has married his divorced wife again.

891. TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.¹

SIR :

Arlington Street, Dec. 29, 1763.

YOUR bookseller has brought me the volume of your Works,² for which I give you a thousand thanks : I have read them again in this form with great satisfaction. I wish in return that I had any thing literary to tell you or send you, that would please you half as much. I should be glad to know how to convey to you another volume of my Anecdotes and a volume of Engravers, which will be published in a fortnight or three weeks—but they will be far from amusing you. If the other volumes were trifling, these are ten times more so ; nothing but my justice to the public, to whom I owed them, could have prevailed over my dissatisfaction with them, and have made me produce them. The painters in the third volume are more obscure, most of them, than those in the former ; and the facts relating to them have not even the patina of ambiguity to hide and consecrate their insignificance. The tome of Engravers is a mere list of very bad prints. You will find this account strictly true and no affectation. To make you some amends, it will not be long before I have the pleasure of sending you by far the most curious and entertaining book that my press has produced ; if it diverts you as much as it does Mr. Gray and me, you will think it the most delightful book you ever read ; and yet, out of 150 pages, you had better skip the fifty first. Are not you impatient to know what this curiosity is and to see it ? It is the life of the famous Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and written by himself—of the contents I will not anticipate one word. I address this letter to Aston, upon the authority of your book.³ I should be sorry if it miscarried only as it is a mark of my gratitude.

I am, Sir, your much obliged humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

¹ This is the first of Walpole's letters to Mason the poet. As the intimate friend of Gray, Walpole was prepared to think well of Mason. In a few years from this they became pretty constant correspondents, wrote poetical and political squibs together, and then quarrelled. Mason outlived Walpole only a few months, dying April 7, 1797. When their correspondence commenced Mason was rector of Aston, near Rotherham in Yorkshire, and chaplain in ordinary to the King.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Poems by William Mason, M.A., London, 8vo., 1764.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ The Dedicatory Sonnet to Lord Holderness, dated "May 12, 1763" refers to

P.S. Have you read Mrs. Macauley? I am glad again to have Mr. Gray's opinion to corroborate mine, that it is the most sensible, unaffected, and best history of England that we have had yet.¹

892. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Jan. 8, 1764.

My dear Sir, it does not rain histories as it did the first week of the Session. I am very faithful to you, and never omit a material event. The Parliament has been adjourned these three weeks, and party been to keep its Christmas in the country. To-morrow se'nnight we meet again, and some of our passions will revive, though a good quantity probably will subside, as Mr. Wilkes, the hero of the

"Aston's secret shade"—the living in Yorkshire, to which Mason had been presented in 1754 by Robert, Earl of Holderness.—CUNNINGHAM.

¹ Mason's reply deserves insertion:—

TO THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE.

SIR:

Aston, Jan. 6, 1764.

THE bad weather which has confined me a fortnight longer in this place than I intended, has given me an opportunity of receiving your most obliging letter in due time. I cannot help, however, animadverting on your reason for directing it to Aston, which you say was on the authority of my Book, that is to say, "because I had written a sonnet here the 12th of last May, you concluded I should be here also in the very depth of one of the worst winters in the memory of Man." A conclusion this which would only become a Bishop to make, and he too ought to be one's diocesan. I know nobody else that should expect a poor rector to keep such strict parochial residence. The fact, however, is on your side; but I must own I am here much against my will, and shall therefore move southward, whenever I can muster up courage sufficient—to wade seven mile to a turnpike.

I am very highly obliged to you for your intention of sending me the concluding volumes of your *Anecdotes of Painting*, but hope to be in town soon enough to receive them there. Should they prove to be merely what you say they are I shall read them with great pleasure, for though I am no antiquarian I have as gross an appetite as any of them in matters where painting is concerned. Lord Herbert's Life will be a feast indeed.

I should as soon have thought of purchasing Aulay Macaulay's Short Hand, as Mrs. Macauley's History, on seeing them both advertised. I shall now however lead the lady into my library very speedily, where she will find no competition, for I never met with a History of England yet that I thought worth buying, nor indeed could I ever read one fairly through, except David Hume's. I wish you had told me whether she was a maid, wife, or widow; not that I have any intentions of making my addresses to her, but that I might have known whether she be born of English parents, a fact which I am national enough to be very anxious about. I shall learn this I hope when I see Mr. Gray at Cambridge, where I mean to stay a week or two before I come to town.

Believe me, &c.,
W. MASON.

—CUNNINGHAM.

times, has preferred France to martyrdom. This excuses me from what, by the way, I would have excused myself some how or other, the entering with you into a discussion of the controversy on his subject. I have no objection to the opinion you have formed, while you are at such a distance; I am no maker of converts, and you and I shall never love one another the less for thinking differently. I will have the famous 'No. 45' written out for you, for it is not to be had now but in the collection printed together. The 'Essay on Woman' I do not wonder you concluded had been reprinted, but it has not; nor have I ever seen it, though it lies in the House of Lords.¹ The public attention was instantly diverted from the piece itself to indignation at the manner in which it was obtained. Then there was a dirty parson, one Kidgell, who, not content with being the procurer, published such an indecent account of it, as at once satisfied the curiosity of the town, and provoked them to abhorrence of the wretched tool himself. He has been pelted in every newspaper, while the work itself was forgotten. Whether the ministers will be so weak as to revive this clamour now Wilkes is gone, I don't know,—judgment is not their bright side!

Don't think I disapprove your magnificence for your Russian guests; and yet, my dear Sir, the generosity of your temper is fond of catching at a command to be expensive. I can excuse it too, as I conclude the Muscovite Chancellor hates his mistress, the murderess; one can't help being civil to anybody who wishes her dead. We are on the eve of a Royal wedding, but not a very sumptuous one. - The Hereditary Prince is expected every hour, and if arrived, is, they say, to be married on the 12th. You see I talk of it with little certainty. I shall satisfy my curiosity by seeing him at the Opera; a glimpse of a hero will content me. He is to take away his bride almost as soon as possible after the nuptials.

There is a wedding in embryo that touches you much nearer than the Princess Augusta's. Your nephew Horace is to marry a sister of the Earl of Gainsborough. I believe it is quite fixed, though not to be perfected till he is of age. She has little beauty, I hear, and less fortune, but the boy likes her, and the alliance is very creditable. He is a most amiable, gentle, good-natured lad; I grieve that this business will prevent your seeing him, but I recollect that you were not fond of having him at Florence.

¹ See p. 133. My friend Mr. Burt, of the 'Public Record Office,' made a long but fruitless search among the papers of the Solicitor to the Treasury for a copy of this essay.—CUNNINGHAM.

Thursday night, late, but not the wedding-night.

We have heard, but since six this evening, that the Hereditary Prince has landed; the wedding, I fancy, will scarcely be sooner than Monday. Next week will be the reign of gold and silver stuffs, for besides the marriage, there is the Queen's birth-day; but Mr. Wilkes will spoil half the solemnity, if he does not return to be sacrificed. Bishop Warburton has whetted ready a classic knife, which he would swear came from Diana's own altar in the Chersonesus, whose religion he believes as much as that he professes, except that the archbishopric of Tauris is at present *in partibus infidelium*; and the Turks have sequestered the revenues. Adieu.

893. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Jan. 11, 1764.

It is an age, I own, since I wrote to you: but except politics, what was there to send you? and for politics, the present are too contemptible to be recorded by anybody but journalists, gazetteers, and such historians! The ordinary of Newgate, or Mr. * * * *,¹ who write for their monthly half-crown, and who are indifferent whether Lord Bute, Lord Melcombe, or Maclean [the highwayman], is their hero, may swear they find diamonds on dunghills; but you will excuse *me*, if I let our correspondence lie dormant rather than deal in such trash. I am forced to send Lord Hertford and Sir Horace Mann such garbage, because they are out of England, and the sea softens and makes palatable any potion, as it does claret; but unless I can divert *you*, I had rather wait till we can laugh together; the best employment for friends, who do not mean to pick one another's pocket, nor make a property of either's frankness. Instead of politics, therefore, I shall amuse you to-day with a fairy tale.

I was desired to be at my Lady Suffolk's on New-year's morn, where I found Lady Temple and others. On the toilet Miss Hotham² spied a small round box. She seized it with all the eagerness and curiosity of eleven years. In it was wrapped up a heart-diamond ring, and a paper in which, in a hand as small as Buckinger's,³ who

¹ In the original letter the name is obliterated beyond recovery.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Miss Hotham, great niece of Henrietta Hobart, Countess Dowager of Suffolk.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Matthew Buckinger, born 1674, without hands or feet, died 1722. There is a print of him drawn and written by himself, with the book of Psalms engraved on the curls of his large flowing periwig. See Mrs. Piozzi's *Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson*, p. 61.—CUNNINGHAM.

used to write the Lord's Prayer in the compass of a silver penny, were the following lines :—

Sent by a sylph, unheard, unseen,
A new-year's gift from Mab our queen :
But tell it not, for if you do,
You will be pinch'd all black and blue.
Consider well, what a disgrace,
To show abroad your mottled face :
Then seal your lips, put on the ring,
And sometimes think of Ob. the king.

You will easily guess that Lady Temple was the poetess, and that we were delighted with the gentleness of the thought and execution. The child, you may imagine, was less transported with the poetry than the present. Her attention, however, was hurried backwards and forwards from the ring to a new coat, that she had been trying on when sent for down ; impatient to revisit her coat, and to show the ring to her maid, she whisked up stairs ; when she came down again, she found a letter sealed, and lying on the floor—new exclamations ! Lady Suffolk bade her open it : here it is :—

Your tongue, too nimble for your sense,
Is guilty of a high offence ;
Hath introduced unkind debate,
And topsy-turvy turn'd our state.
In gallantry I sent the ring,
The token of a love-sick king :
Under fair Mab's auspicious name
From me the trifling present came.
You blabb'd the news in Suffolk's ear ;
The tattling zephyrs brought it here ;
As Mab was indolently laid
Under a poppy's spreading shade.
The jealous queen started in rage ;
She kick'd her crown, and beat her page :
" Bring me my magic wand," she cries ;
" Under that primrose, there it lies ;
I'll change the silly, saucy chit,
Into a flea, a louse, a nit,
A worm, a grasshopper, a rat,
An owl, a monkey, hedge-hog, bat.
But hold, why not by fairy art
Transform the wretch into—
Ixion once a cloud embraced,
By Jove and jealousy well placed ;
What sport to see proud Oberon stare,
And flirt it with a *pet en l'air* !"
Then thrice she stamp'd the trembling ground,
And thrice she waved her wand around ;
When I, endow'd with greater skill,
And less inclined to do you ill,
Mutter'd some words, withheld her arm,
And kindly stopp'd the unfinish'd charm.

But though not changed to owl or bat,
 Or something more indelicate;
 Yet, as your tongue has run too fast,
 Your boasted beauty must not last.
 No more shall frolic Cupid lie
 In ambuscade in either eye,
 From thence to aim his keenest dart
 To captivate each youthful heart:
 No more shall envious misses pine
 At charms now flown, that once were thine:
 No more, since you so ill behave,
 Shall injured Oberon be your slave.

There is one word which I could wish had not been there, though it is prettily excused afterwards. The next day my Lady Suffolk desired I would write her a patent for appointing Lady Temple¹ poet laureate to the fairies. I was excessively out of order with a pain in my stomach, which I had had for ten days, and was fitter to write verses like a Poet Laureate, than for making one; however, I was going home to dinner alone, and at six I sent her some lines, which you ought to have seen how sick I was, to excuse; but first I must tell you my tale methodically. The next morning by nine o'clock Miss Hotham (she must forgive me twenty years hence for saying she was eleven, for I recollect she is but ten), arrived at Lady Temple's, her face and neck all spotted with saffron, and limping. "Oh, Madam!" said she, "I am undone for ever if you do not assist me!" "Lord, child," cried my Lady Temple, "what is the matter?" thinking she had hurt herself, or lost the ring, and that she was stolen out before her aunt was up. "Oh, Madam," said the girl, "nobody but you can assist me!" My Lady Temple protests the child acted her part so well as to deceive her. "What can I do for you?" "Dear Madam, take this load from my back; nobody but you can." Lady Temple turned her round, and upon her back was tied a child's waggon. In it were three tiny purses of blue velvet; in one of them a silver cup, in another a crown of laurel, and in the third four new silver pennies, with the patent, signed at top, "Oberon Imperator;" and two sheets of warrants strung together with blue silk according to form; and at top an office seal of wax and a chaplet of cut paper on it. The Warrants were these:—

From the Royal Mews:

A waggon with the draught horses, delivered by command without fee.

¹ Lady Temple's letter of thanks to Walpole is printed in the *Grenville Papers*, vol. ii. p. 189. —CUNNINGHAM.
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From the Lord Chamberlain's Office :

A warrant with the royal sign manual, delivered by command without fee, being first entered in the office books.

From the Lord Steward's Office :

A butt of sack, delivered without fee or gratuity, with an order for returning the cask for the use of the office, by command.

From the Great Wardrobe :

Three velvet bags, delivered without fee, by command.

From the Treasurer of the Household's Office :

A year's salary paid free from land-tax, poundage, or any other deduction whatever, by command.

From the Jewel Office :

A silver butt, a silver cup, a wreath of bays, by command without fee.

Then came the Patent :

By these presents be it known,
To all who bend before our throne,
Fays and fairies, elves and sprites,
Beauteous dames and gallant knights,
That we, Oberon the grand,
Emperor of fairy land,
King of moonshine, prince of dreams,
Lord of Aganippe's streams,
Baron of the dimpled isles
That lie in pretty maiden's smiles,
Arch-treasurer of all the graces
Dispersed through fifty lovely faces,
Sovereign of the slipper's order,
With all the rites thereon that border,
Defender of the sylphic faith,
Declare—and thus your monarch saith :
Whereas there is a noble dame,
Whom mortals Countess Temple name,
To whom ourself did erst impart
The choicest secrets of our art,
Taught her to tune the harmonious line
To our own melody divine,
Taught her the graceful negligence,
Which, scorning art and veiling sense,
Achieves that conquest o'er the heart
Sense seldom gains, and never art :
This lady, 'tis our royal will
Our laureate's vacant seat should fill :
A chaplet of immortal bays
Shall crown her brow and guard her lays,
Of nectar sack an acorn cup
Be at her board each year filled up ;
And as each quarter feast comes round
A silver penny shall be found
Within the compass of her shoe—
And so we bid you all adieu !

Given at our palace of Cowslip Castle, the shortest night of the year.

OBERON.

And underneath,

HOTHAMINA.

How shall I tell you the greatest curiosity of the story? The whole plan and execution of the second act was laid and adjusted by my Lady Suffolk herself and Will. Chetwynd, Master of the Mint, Lord Bolingbroke's Oroonoko-Chetwynd;¹ he fourscore, she past seventy-six; and, what is more, much worse than I was, for, added to her deafness, she has been confined these three weeks with the gout in her eyes, and was actually then in misery, and had been without sleep. What spirits, and cleverness, and imagination, at that age, and under those afflicting circumstances! You reconnoitre her old court knowledge, how charmingly she has applied it! Do you wonder I pass so many hours and evenings with her? Alas! I had like to have lost her this morning! They had poulticed her feet to draw the gout downwards, and began to succeed yesterday, but to-day it flew up into her head, and she was almost in convulsions with the agony, and screamed dreadfully; proof enough how ill she was, for her patience and good breeding makes her for ever sink and conceal what she feels. This evening the gout has been driven back to her foot, and I trust she is out of danger. Her loss will be irreparable to me at Twickenham, where she is by far the most rational and agreeable company I have.

I don't tell you that the Hereditary Prince [of Brunswick] is still expected and not arrived. A royal wedding would be a flat episode after a *real* fairy tale, though the bridegroom is a hero. I have not seen your brother General yet, but have called on him. When come you yourself? Never mind the town and its filthy politics; we can go to the Gallery at Strawberry—stay, I don't know whether we can or not, my hill is almost-drowned, I don't know how your mountain is—well, we can take a boat, and always be gay there; I wish we may be so at seventy-six and eighty! I abominate politics more and more; we had glories, and would not keep them: well! content, that there was an end of blood; then perks prerogative its ass's ears up; we are always to be saving our liberties, and then staking them again! 'Tis wearisome! I hate the discussion, and yet one cannot always sit at a gaming-table and never make a bet. I wish for nothing, I care not a straw for the ins or

¹ See vol. i. p. 138.—CUNNINGHAM.

the outs; I determine never to think of them, yet the contagion catches one; can you tell anything that will prevent infection? Well then, here I swear,—no, I won't swear, one always breaks one's oath. Oh, that I had been born to love a court like Sir William Breton! I should have lived and died with the comfort of thinking that courts there will be to all eternity, and the liberty of my country would never once have ruffled my smile, or spoiled my bow. I envy Sir William. Good night!

894. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 18, 1764.

SHALL I tell you of all our crowds, and balls, and embroideries? Don't I grow too old to describe drawing-rooms? Surely I do, when I find myself too old to go into them. I forswore puppet-shows at the last coronation, and have kept my word to myself. However, being bound by a prior vow, to keep up the acquaintance between you and your own country, I will show you, what by the way I have not seen myself, the Prince of Brunswick.¹ He arrived at Somerset House last Friday evening; at Chelmsford a quaker walked into the room, *did* pull off his hat, and said, "Friend, my religion forbids me to fight, but I honour those that fight well." The Prince, though he does not speak English, understands it enough to be pleased with the compliment. He received another, very flattering. As he went next morning to St. James's, he spied in the crowd one of Elliot's light-horse and kissed his hand to the man. "What!" said the populace, "does he know you?" "Yes," replied the man; "he once led me into a scrape, which nothing but himself could have brought me out of again." You may guess how much this added to the Prince's popularity, which was at high-water-mark before.

When he had visited the King and Queen, he went to the Princess Dowager at Leicester House, and saw his mistress. He is very *galant*, and professes great satisfaction in his fortune, for he had not even seen her picture. He carries his good-breeding so far as to declare he would have returned unmarried, if she had not pleased him. He has had levées and dinners at Somerset House; to the latter, company was named for him. On Monday evening they were married by the Archbishop in the great drawing-

¹ Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick, born 1735, died at Ottensen, near Altona, November 10, 1806, of a wound received at the battle of Jena.—CUNNINGHAM.

room, with little ceremony; supped, and lay at Leicester House. Yesterday morning was a drawing-room at St. James's, and a ball at night; both repeated to-day, for the Queen's birthday. On Thursday they go to the play; on Friday the Queen gives them a ball and dinner at her house; on Saturday they dine with the Princess at Kew, and return for the Opera; and on Wednesday—why, they make their bow and curtsy, and sail.

The Prince has pleased every body; his manner is thought sensible and engaging; his person slim, genteel, and handsome enough; that is, not at all handsome, but martial, and agreeably weather-worn. I should be able to swear to all this on Saturday, when I intend to see him; but, alas! the post departs on Friday, and, however material my testimony may be, he must want it.

By the subsequent post I shall have forgotten him. A new hero, or rather a revived hero, was to have taken his place. To-morrow is the day appointed by the House of Commons for the appearance of Mr. Wilkes. He had ordered a dinner for to-day, and company to be invited; nay, he sent word he should certainly be here—and who do you think was the messenger? only Mr. Martin, who was at Paris for murdering him. Wilkes made Martin a visit there, sat with him an hour, joked as usual, told him he had really come thither only to see his daughter;¹ that, concluding he should be shut up in prison for six or twelve months, he could not bear the thoughts of not seeing her before that; that this passion was as strong as the *maladie du pays* of the Swiss—very well: we had no doubt but we should see him. Cards were sent to the mob to invite them to meet him—alas! last night came a letter of excuse to the Speaker, pleading the impediment of his wound, and accompanied by certificates of French surgeons. Paris seems very fatal to Wilkes's courage! If he had sent an insulting message to the House of Commons, or even professed having fled from persecution, it might pass,—all that, or either, would have coupled very well with his patriotism. I cannot possibly honour this paltry medium. However, I am very glad he is not come. But he must fight the Parliament of Paris to retrieve his character, or at least be sent to the Bastille, to excuse his not being in Newgate. For our parts, we have no occasion to practise at a target;² we may do what we

¹ “Mary, the accomplished and only child of John Wilkes, Esq., died, March 12, 1802, *Æt* 53.” *Tablet in South Audley Street Chapel*. She was very beautiful: See *Alphonso Haley's Life*, p. 150.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Mr. Martin practised shooting at a target for some months before he fought Wilkes. See Churchill's ‘*Duellist*.’—WALPOLE.

will with him, now we can do nothing; expel him, send his writings to gaol, and execute his excuses—nay, we may burn his memory; nobody will say a word for it; I expect very brave invectives against him to-morrow.

Friday evening, 20th.

Yesterday was different from what I expected; but I never guess right! Who could have expected that a hundred and two men would have defended Wilkes, who would not defend himself, till four in the morning? Yet this was the case of at least fifty, the rest, of which I was one, retired at eleven at night. He was expelled at last, after six divisions. But we have not yet done with him; his 'Essay on Woman' is to be tried next Tuesday in the House of Lords.

The crowds of this week have proved the goodness of our constitutions; that on the Queen's birthday was immoderate; but last night, to see the Prince of Brunswick at the play, exceeded all belief. Your brother James told me this morning, that he went to Covent Garden at two in the afternoon, to wait till the doors of the playhouse should be opened. He soon found himself buried in such a mob, that he could not even lift his hand to his head, and so remained for five hours, without getting in at last; and though he had stood in the open Piazza, he perspired so violently that at his return he was forced to change every thread he had on. The shouts, claps, and huzzas, to the Prince were immoderate; he sat behind his Princess and her brothers; the galleries called him to come forward. In the middle of the play, he went to be elected a member of the Royal Society, and returned to the theatre, when the applause was renewed. This was the stronger, as there were *other folks*¹ present, who had *no* share in the triumph. When he had gone out, he returned, presented himself in the front of the box, and made a most respectful bow to the audience, who returned it with the loudest acclamations. Do you think he will not go on Wednesday? Adieu!

895. TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

Arlington Street, Jan. 22, 1764.

MONSIEUR MONIN, who will deliver this to you, my dear lord, is the particular friend I mentioned in my last,² and is, indeed, no

¹ The King and Queen.—WALPOLE.

² This letter does not appear.—CROKER.

particular friend of mine at all, but I had a mind to mislead my Lord Sandwich, and send you one letter which he should not open. This I write in peculiar confidence to you, and insist upon your keeping it entirely to yourself from every living creature. It will be an answer to several passages in your letters, to which I did not care to reply by the post.

Your brother was not pleased with your laying the stopping your bills to his charge.¹ To tell you the truth, he thinks you as too much inclined to courts and ministers, as you think him too little so. So far from upbraiding him on that head, give me leave to say you have no reason to be concerned at it. You must be sensible, my dear lord, that you are far from standing well with the Opposition, and should any change happen, your brother's being well with them, would prevent any appearance that might be disagreeable to you. In truth, I cannot think you have abundant reason to be fond of the Administration. Lord Bute² never gave you the least *real* mark of friendship. The Bedfords certainly do not wish you well: Lord Holland has amply proved himself your enemy: for a man of your morals, it would be a disgrace to you to be connected with Lord Sandwich: and for George Grenville, he has shown himself the falsest and most contemptible of mankind. He is now the intimate tool of the Bedfords, and reconciled to Lord Bute, whom he has served and disserved just as occasion or interest directed. In this situation of things, can you wonder that particular marks of favour are withheld from you, or that the expenses of your journey are not granted to you as they were to the Duke of Bedford?

You ask me how your letters please: it is impossible for me to

¹ Lord Hertford had claimed certain expenses of his journey to Paris which had been allowed to his predecessors, but which were refused to him; he therefore may have expressed his suspicion that his brother's opposition in Parliament rendered the ministers at home less favourable to him; but there never was any difference or coldness between the brothers in their private relations. This appears from their private letters at this period.—CROKER.

² In April, 1763, Lord Bute surprised both his friends and his opponents by a sudden resignation. The motive of this resolution is still a mystery. Some have said, that having concluded the peace, his patriotic views and ambition were satisfied; others that he resigned in disgust at the falsehood and ingratitude of public men; others that he was driven from his station by libels and unpopularity. None of these reasons seem consistent with a desire which Lord Bute appears to have entertained, to return to office with a new administration. A clamour was long kept up against Lord Bute's secret and irresponsible influence; but it is now generally admitted that no such influence existed, and that Lord Bute soon ceased to have any weight in public affairs.—CROKER. Fear, and with reason, for his personal safety had a great deal to do with Lord Bute's sudden resignation.—CUNNINGHAM.

learn, now I am so disconnected with everything ministerial. I wish you not to make them please too much. The negotiations with France must be the great point on which the nation will fix its eyes: with France we must break sooner or later. Your letters will be strictly canvassed: I hope and firmly believe that nothing will appear in them but attention to the honour and interest of the nation; points, I doubt, little at the heart of the present Administration, who have gone too far not to be in the power of France, and who must bear anything rather than quarrel. I would not take the liberty of saying so much to you, if, by being on the spot, I was not a judge how very serious affairs grow, and how necessary it is for you to be upon your guard.

Another question you ask is, whether it is true that the Opposition is disunited. I will give you one very necessary direction, which is, not to credit any court stories. Sandwich is the father of lies,¹ and every report is tinctured by him. The Administration give it out, and trust to this disunion. I will tell you very nearly what truth there is or is not in this. The party in general is as firmly and cordially united as ever party was. Consider, that without any heads or leaders at all, 102² men stuck to Wilkes, the worst cause they could have had, and with all the weight of the Yorkes against them. With regard to the leaders there is a difference. The old Chancellor [Hardwicke] is violent against the Court: but, I believe, displeased that his son was sacrificed³ to Pratt, in the case of privilege. Charles Yorke resigned,⁴ against his own and Lord Royston's⁵ inclination, is particularly angry with Newcastle for complying with Pitt in the affair of privilege, and not less displeased that Pitt prefers Pratt to him for the seals; but then Norton is Attorney-General, and it would not be graceful to return to Court, which he has quitted, while the present ministers remain there. In short, as

¹ Lord Sandwich was an able minister, and so important a member of the administration to which Mr. Walpole was now opposed, that we must read all that he says of this lord with some "grains of allowance."—CROKER.

² On the 19th of January, when the ministers were about to proceed to vote Wilkes in contempt, and expel him, a motion was made by Wilkes's friends to postpone the consideration of the affair till next day; this was lost by 239 to 102.—CROKER.

³ He means that the opposition had adopted Pratt's view instead of Mr. Yorke's.—CROKER.

⁴ This is not true; the real cause of his resignation is stated *ante*, p. 298; he certainly disagreed from the Duke of Newcastle and others of his friends, who made the matter of privilege a party question instead of treating it as a legal one, as Mr. Yorke did.—CROKER.

⁵ Philip, Lord Royston, afterwards second Earl of Hardwicke, elder brother of Mr. Charles Yorke.—WRIGHT.

soon as the affair of Wilkes and privilege is at an end, it is much expected that the Yorkes will take part with the Opposition. It is for that declaration that Charles Townshend says he waits. He again broke out strongly on Friday last against the Ministry, attacking George Grenville, who seems his object. However, the childish fluctuation of his temper, and the vehemence of his brother George¹ for the Court, that is for himself, will for ever make Charles little to be depended on. For Mr. Pitt, you know, he never will act like any other man in Opposition, and to that George Grenville trusts; however, here are such materials, that if they could once be put in operation for a fortnight together, the present Administration would be blown up. To this you may throw in dissensions among themselves: Lord Halifax and Lord Talbot are greatly dissatisfied. Lord Bute is reconciled to the rest; sees the King continually; and will soon want more power, or will have more jealousy than is consistent with their union. Many single men are ill-disposed to them, particularly Lord George Sackville: indeed, nobody is with them, but as it is, farther off from, or nearer to, quarter-day: the nation is unanimous against them: a disposition, which their own foolish conduct during the episode of the Prince of Brunswick,² to which I am now coming, has sufficiently manifested.

The fourth question put to him on his arrival was, "When do you go?" The servants of the King and Queen were forbid to put on their new clothes for the wedding, or drawing-room next day, and ordered to keep them for the Queen's birth-day. Such pains were taken to keep the Prince from any intercourse with any of the Opposition, that—he has done nothing but take notice of them. He not only wrote to the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pitt, but has been

¹ George, first Marquis of Townshend, at this time a major-general in the army. In the divisions on branches of the Wilkes question, we sometimes find General Townshend a teller on one side, and Mr. Townshend on the other.—CROKER.

² The Hereditary Prince, who came to England to marry the Princess Augusta, eldest sister of George III., [whose birth at St. James's instead of Hampton Court was the final and fatal cause of her father's quarrel with her grandfather and grandmother]. He landed at Harwich on the 12th of January, and arrived the same evening at Somerset-house where he was lodged. Lady Chatham, in a letter to Mr. Pitt, relates the following anecdote:—"Mrs. Boscawen tells me, that while the Prince was at Harwich, the people almost pulled down the house in which he was, in order to see him. A substantial Quaker insisted so strongly upon seeing him, that he was allowed to come into the room: he pulled off his hat to him, and said, 'Noble friend, give me thy hand!' which was given, and he kissed it; 'although I do not fight myself, I love a brave man that will fight: thou art a valiant Prince, and art to be married to a lovely Princess; love her, make her a good husband, and the Lord bless you both!'" See *Chatham Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 272.—WRIGHT.

at Hayes to see the latter, and has dined *twice* with the Duke of Cumberland; the first time on Friday last, when he was appointed to be at St. James's at half an hour after seven, to a concert. As the time drew near, Féronce¹ pulled out his watch; the Duke took the hint, and said, "I am sorry to part with you, but I fear your time is come." He replied, "N'importe;" sat on, drank coffee, and it was half an hour after eight before he sat out from Upper Grosvenor-street for St. James's. He and Princess Augusta have felt and shown their disgusts so strongly, and his suite have complained so much of the neglect and disregard of him, and of the very quick dismissal of him, that the people have caught it, and on Thursday, at the play, received the King and Queen without the least symptom of applause, but repeated such outrageous acclamations to the Prince, as operated very visibly on the King's countenance. Not a gun was fired for the marriage, and Princess Augusta asking Lord Gower² about some ceremony, to which he replied, it could not be, as no such thing had been done for the Prince of Orange;³ she said, it was extraordinary to quote that precedent to her in one case, which had been followed in no other. I could tell you ten more of these stories, but one shall suffice. The Royal Family went to the Opera on Saturday: the crowd not to be described: the Duchess of Leeds, Lady Denbigh, Lady Scarborough, and others, sat on chairs between the scenes: the doors of the front boxes were thrown open, and the passages were all filled to the back of the stoves; nay, women of fashion stood on the very stairs till eight at night. In the middle of the second act, the Hereditary Prince, who sat with his wife and her brothers in their box, got up, *turned his back* to King and Queen, pretending to offer his place to Lady Tankerville⁴ and then to Lady Susan. You know enough of Germans and their stiffness to etiquette, to be sure that this could not be done inadvertently; especially as he repeated this, only without standing up, with one of his own gentlemen, in the third act.

¹ The Prince's chief secretary.—WRIGHT.

² Granville, second Earl Gower, afterwards first Marquis; groom of the stole [died 1808].—WRIGHT.

³ William Charles Henry, Prince of Orange, who, in 1734, married Anne, eldest daughter of George II.—WRIGHT.

⁴ Alicia Ashley, wife of Charles, third Earl of Tankerville, lady of the bedchamber to Princess Augusta. Nothing but Mr. Walpole's facetious ingenuity could have tortured the Prince's little attention to Lady Tankerville into a desire to insult the King.—CROKER.

I saw him, without any difficulty, from the Duchess of Grafton's box. He is extremely slender, and looks many years older than he is: in short, I suppose it is *his manner* with which every mortal is captivated, for though he is well enough for a man, he is far from having anything striking in his person. To-day (this is Tuesday) there was a drawing-room at Leicester-house, and to-night there is a subscription ball for him at Carlisle-house, Soho, made *chiefly* by the Dukes of Devonshire and Grafton. I was invited to be of it, but not having been to wait on him, did not think it civil to meet him there. The court, by accident or design, had forgot to have a bill passed for naturalising him. The Duke of Grafton undertook it, on which they adopted it, and the Duke of Bedford moved it; but the Prince sent word to the Duke of Grafton, that he should not have liked the compliment half so well if he had not owed it to his grace. You may judge how he will report of us at his return!

With regard to your behaviour to Wilkes,¹ I think you observed the just medium: I have not heard it mentioned: if they should choose to blame it, it will not be to me, known as your friend and no friend of theirs. They very likely may say that you did too much, though the Duke of Bedford did ten times more. Churchill has published a new satire, called 'The Duellist,' the finest and bitterest of his works. The poetry is glorious; some lines on Lord Holland, hemlock: charming abuse on that scurrilous mortal, Bishop Warburton: an ill-drawn, though deserved, character of Sandwich; and one, as much deserved, and better, of Norton.

Wednesday, after dinner.

The Lord knows when this letter will be finished; I have been writing it this week, and believe I shall continue it till old Monin sets out. Encore, the Prince of Brunswick. At the ball, at Buckingham-house, on Monday; it had began two hours before he arrived. Except the King and Queen's servants, nobody was there but the Duchesses of Marlborough and Ancaster, and Lord Bute's two daughters. No supper. On Sunday evening the Prince had been to Newcastle-house, to visit the Duchess. His speech to the Duke of Bedford, at first, was by no means so strong as they gave it out: he only said, "Milord, nous avons fait deux métiers bien differens;

¹ Mr. Wilkes had thought it prudent to retire to Paris, under circumstances which certainly rendered it unlikely that the King's ambassador should pay him any kind of civil attention.—CROKER.

le vôtre a été le plus agréable : j'ai fait couler du sang, vous l'avez fait cesser." His whole behaviour, so much à *la minorité*, makes this much more improbable. His Princess thoroughly agrees with him. When Mr. Grenville objected to the greatness of her fortune, the King said, "Oh! it will not be opposed, for Augusta is in the opposition."

The ball, last night, at Carlisle-house, Soho, was most magnificent : one hundred and fifty men subscribed, at five guineas each, and had each three tickets. All the beauties in town were there, that is, of rank, for there was no bad company. The Duke of Cumberland was there too ; and the Hereditary Prince so pleased, and in such spirits, that he stayed till five in the morning. He is gone to-day, heartily sorry to leave everything but St. James's and Leicester-house. They lie to-night at Lord Abercorn's,¹ at Witham [in Essex], who does not *step from his pedestal* to meet them. Lady Strafford said to him, "Soh! my lord! I hear your house is to be royally filled on Wednesday."—"And serenely,"² he replied, and closed his mouth again till next day.

Our politics have been as follow. Last Friday the Opposition moved for Wilkes's complaint of breach of privilege to be heard as to-day : Grenville objected to it, and at last yielded, after receiving some smart raps from Charles Townshend and Sir George Saville. On Tuesday the latter, and Sir William Meredith, proposed to put it off to the 13th of February, that Wilkes's servant, the most material evidence, might be here. George Grenville again opposed it, was not supported, and yielded. Afterwards Dowdeswell moved for a committee on the Cider-bill ; and, at last, a committee was appointed for Tuesday next, with powers to report the grievances of the bill, and suggest amendments and redress, but with no authority to repeal it. This the administration carried but by 167 to 125. Indeed, many of their people were in the House of Lords, where the Court triumphed still less. They were upon the 'Essay on Woman.' Sandwich proposed two questions ; 1st, that Wilkes was the author of it ;³ 2dly, to order the Black Rod to attach him. It was much

¹ Mr. Walpole, by one of those happy expressions which make the chief charm of his writings, characterises the stately formality of this noble lord. His house at Witham is close to the great road, a little beyond the town of Witham. Queen Charlotte slept there on her way to London, in 1761.—CROKER.

² Mr. Walpole probably understood his lordship to mean that a *Serene* Highness was not sufficiently important to require his attendance at Witham.—CROKER.

³ Wilkes was convicted, in the Court of King's Bench, on the 21st of January, the day before this letter was begun, of having written the 'Essay on Woman.'—CROKER.

objected by the Dukes of Devonshire, Grafton, Newcastle, and even *Richmond*, that the first was not proved, and might affect him in the courts below. Lord Mansfield tried to explain this away, and Lord Marchmont and Lord Temple had warm words. At last Sandwich, artfully, to get something, if not all, agreed to melt both questions into one, which was accepted; and the vote passed, that *it appearing* Wilkes was the author, he should be taken into custody by the usher. *It appearing*, was allowed to mean *as far as appears*. Then a committee was appointed to search for precedents how to proceed on his being withdrawn. That dirty dog Kidgel¹ had been summoned by the Duke of Grafton, but as they only went on the breach of privilege, he was not called. The new Club,² at the house that was the late Lord Waldegrave's, in Albemarle-street, makes the ministry very uneasy; but they have worse grievances to apprehend!

Sir Robert Rich³ is extremely angry with my nephew, the Bishop of Exeter, who, like his own and wife's family, is tolerably warm. They were talking together at St. James's, when A'Court⁴ came in. "There's poor A'Court," said the Bishop. "Poor A'Court!" replied the Marshal, "I wish all those fellows that oppose the King were to be turned out of the army!" "I hope," said the Bishop, "they will first turn all the old women out of it!"

The Duc de Pecquigny was on the point of a duel with Lord Garlies,⁵ at Lord Milton's⁶ ball, the former handing the latter's partner down to supper. I wish you had this Duke again, lest you should have trouble with him from hence: he seems a genius of the wrong sort. His behaviour on the visit to Woburn was very wrong-headed, though their treatment of him was not more right. Lord Sandwich flung him down in one of their horse-plays, and almost put his shoulder out. He said the next day there, at dinner, that for the rest of his life he should fear nothing so much as a *lettre de cachet* from a French secretary of state, or a *coup d'épaule* from an

¹ Mr. Kidgel, a clergyman, had obtained from a printer a copy of the 'Essay on Woman,' which he said he felt it his duty to denounce. His own personal character turned out to be far from respectable.—CROKER.

² The Opposition club was in Albemarle-street, and the Ministerial at the Cocoa-tree; and the papers of the day had several political letters addressed to and from these clubs.—CROKER.

³ The oldest field-marshal in the army.—CROKER.

⁴ Major-general A'Court had a little before resigned, or rather been dismissed, for his parliamentary opposition, from the command of the second regiment of foot-guards.—CROKER.

⁵ John, afterwards seventh Earl of Galloway.—CROKER.

⁶ Joseph Damer, first Lord Milton.—CROKER.

English one. After this he had a pique with the Duchess, with whom he had been playing at whisk. A shilling and sixpence were left on the table, which nobody claimed. He was asked if it was his, and said no. Then they said, let us put it to the cards: there was already a guinea. The Duchess, in an air of grandeur said, as there was gold for the Groom of the Chambers, the sweeper of the room might have the silver, and brushed it off the table. The Pecquigny took this to himself, though I don't believe meant; and complained to the whole town of it, with large comments, at his return. It is silly to tell you such silly stories, but in your situation it may grow necessary for you to know the truth, if you should hear them repeated. I am content to have you call me gossip, if I prove but of the least use to you.

Here have I tapped the ninth page! Well! I am this moment going to M. de Guerchy's, to know when Monin sets out, that I may finish this eternal letter. If I tire you, tell me so: I am sure I do myself. If I speak with too much freedom to you, tell me so; I have done it in consequence of your questions, and mean it most kindly. In short, I am ready to amend anything you disapprove; so don't take anything ill, my dear lord, unless I continue after you have reprimanded me. The safe manner in which this goes, has made me, too, more explicit than you know I have been on any other occasion. Adieu!

Wednesday-night, late.

Well, my letter will be finished at last. M. Monin sets out on Friday; so does my Lord Holland: but I affect not to know it, for he is not just the person that you or I should choose to be the bearer of this. You will be diverted with a story they told me to-night at the French Ambassador's. When they went to supper, at Soho,¹ last night, the Duke of Cumberland placed himself at the head of the table. One of the waiters tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Sir, your Royal Highness can't sit there; that place is designed for the Hereditary Prince." You ought to have seen how everybody's head has been turned with this Prince, to make this story credible to you. My Lady Rockingham, at Leicester-house, yesterday, cried great sobs for his departure. Yours ever,

PAGE THE NINTH.

¹ At Carlisle House.—CUNNINGHAM.

896. TO THE COUNTESS TEMPLE.¹

[January], 1764.

MR. WALPOLE cannot express how much he is obliged and honoured by the trust Lady Temple² is so good as to put in him, nor will her Ladyship's modesty let her be a proper judge how great that is. He will say no more but that, more than slight corrections in measure would destroy the chief merit of the poems, which consists in the beautiful ease and negligence of the composition—a merit which correction may take away, but can never bestow. I do real justice to these poems: they should be compared with the first thoughts and sketches of other great poets. Mr. Addison, with infinite labour, accomplished a few fine poems; but what does your Ladyship think were his rough draughts?

897. TO THE COUNTESS TEMPLE.³

January 28, 1764.

I HAVE now, Madam, very carefully studied your Ladyship's poems, in which, as I told you, I can find no faults but in the longer metre. This I have tried to supply here and there by a syllable, or by little inversions which mend the cadence; and these I submit to your Ladyship's judgment as mere mechanic corrections, and not at all as improving the ease and natural grace of the original, much less the poetry, which perhaps suffers by my dull criticisms.

Your Ladyship will probably improve on my hints, for your own genteel pen is much more likely to strike out proper alterations than I, who work by dull rules, can do. One thing I am sure of, that larger changes than I have ventured to make, would entirely prejudice the agreeable air of your verses, which is so much and so peculiarly your own.

When I have the honour of seeing you, I will hope for further orders as to the impression, which I trust will not be so rigidly confined as you first proposed. I am, Madam, your most obedient and most sensibly obliged humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

¹ Now first collected.—CUNNINGHAM.² Anne Chamber, daughter of Thomas Chamber, of Hanworth, by Lady Mary, daughter of the Earl of Berkeley, married 1737, at the Countess of Suffolk's, at Marble Hill, to Richard Grenville, Earl Temple. This was the Countess Temple whose Poems were printed in 1764 at Strawberry Hill.—CUNNINGHAM.³ Now first collected.—CUNNINGHAM.

898. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

DEAR SIR :

Arlington Street, Jan. 31, 1764.

SEVERAL weeks ago I begged you to tell me how to convey to you a print of Strawberry Hill, and another of Archbishop Hutton. I must now repeat the same request for two more volumes of my *Anecdotes of Painting*, which are on the point of being published. I hope no illness prevented my hearing from you.

899. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

DEAR SIR :

I AM impatient for your manuscript, but have not yet received it. You may depend on my keeping it to myself, and returning it safely.

I do not know that history of my father, which you mention by the name of *Musgrave*. If it is the critical history of his administration, I have it; if not, I shall be obliged to you for it.

Your kindness to your tenants is like yourself and most humane. I am glad your prize rewards you, and wish your fortune had been as good as mine, who with a single ticket in this last lottery got five hundred pounds.

I have nothing new, that is, nothing old to tell you. You care not about the present world, and are the only real philosopher I know.

I this winter met with a very large lot of English heads, chiefly of the reign of James I., which very nearly perfects my collection. There were several which I had in vain hunted for these ten years. I have bought too, some very scarce, but more modern ones out of Sir Charles Cottrell's collection. Except a few of *Faithorne's*, there are scarce any now that I much wish for.

With my *Anecdotes* I packed up for you the head of Archbishop Hutton, and a new little print of Strawberry. If the volumes, as I understand by your letter, stay in town to be bound, I hope your bookseller will take care not to lose those trifles.

900. TO SIR DAVID DALRYMPLE.

Arlington Street, Jan. 31, 1764.

I AM very sorry, Sir, that your obliging corrections of my 'Anecdotes of Painting' have come so late, that the first volume is actually reprinted. The second shall be the better for them. I am now publishing the third volume, and another of Engravers. I wish you would be so kind as to tell me how I may convey them speedily to you: you waited too long the last time for things that have little merit but novelty. These volumes are of still less worth than the preceding; our latter painters not compensating by excellence for the charms that antiquity has bestowed on their antecessors.

I wish I had known in time what heads of Nanteuil you want. There has been a very valuable sale of Sir Clement Cottrell's prints, the impressions most beautiful, and of which Nanteuil made the capital part. I do not know who particularly collects his works now, but I have ordered my bookseller Bathoe,¹ who is much versed in those things, to inquire; and if I hear of any purchaser, Sir, I will let you know.

I have not bought the 'Anecdotes of Polite Literature,'² suspecting them for a bookseller's compilation, and confirmed in it by never hearing them mentioned. Our booksellers here at London disgrace literature by the trash they bespeak to be written, and at the same time prevent everything else from being sold. They are little more or less than upholsters, who sell *sets* or *bodies* of arts and sciences for furniture; and the purchasers, for I am sure they are not readers, buy only in that view. I never thought there was much merit in reading: but yet it is too good a thing to be put upon no better footing than damask and mahogany.

Whenever I can be of the least use to your studies or collections, you know, Sir, that you may command me freely.

¹ This very intelligent bookseller, who lived near Exeter 'Change, in the Strand, died in 1768.—WRIGHT.

² This was a very amusing and judicious selection, in five small volumes, very neatly printed.—WRIGHT.

901. TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

Arlington Street, Feb. 6, 1764.

You have, I hope, long before this, my dear lord, received the immense letter that I sent you by old Monin. It explained much, and announced most part of which has already happened : for you will observe that when I tell you anything very positively, it is on good intelligence. I have another much bigger secret for you, but that will be delivered to you by word of mouth. I am not a little impatient for the long letter you promised me. In the mean time thank you for the account you give me of the King's extreme civility to you. It is like yourself to dwell on that, and to say little of M. de Chaulnes's dirty behaviour ; but Monsieur and Madame de Guerchy have told your brother and me all the particulars.

I was but too good a prophet when I warned you to expect new extravagances from the Duc de Chaulnes's son. Some weeks ago he lost five hundred pounds to one Virette, an equivocal being, that you remember here. Paolucci, the Modenese minister, who is not in the odour of honesty, was of the party. The Duc de Pecquigny said to the latter, "Monsieur, ne jouez plus avec lui, si vous n'êtes pas de moitié." So far was very well. On Saturday, at the Maccaroni Club¹ (which is composed of all the travelled young men who wear long curls and spying-glasses), they played again : the Duc lost, but not much. In the passage at the Opera, the Duc saw Mr. Stuart talking to Virette, and told the former that Virette was a coquin, a fripon, &c. &c. Virette retired, saying only, "Voilà un fou." The Duc then desired Lord Tavistock to come and see him fight Virette, but the Marquis desired to be excused. After the Opera, Virette went to the Duc's lodgings, but found him gone to make his complaint to Monsieur de Guerchy, whither he followed him ; and farther this deponent knoweth not. I pity the Count [De Guerchy], who is one of the best-natured amiable men in the world, for having this absurd boy upon his hands !

Well ! now for a little politics. The Cider-bill² has not answered

¹ The "maccaroni" of 1764 was nearly synonymous with the term "dandy" at present in vogue, and even become classical by the use of it by Lord Byron.—WRIGHT.

² A bill, passed in the last session, for an additional duty on cider and perry, which was violently opposed by the cider counties, and taken up as a general opposition question. This measure was considered as a great error on the part of Lord Bute, and the unpopularity consequent upon it is said to have contributed to his resignation.—CROKER.

to the minority, though they ran the ministry hard ;¹ but last Friday was extraordinary. George Grenville was pushed upon some Navy-bills. I don't understand a syllable, you know, of money and accounts ; but whatever was the matter,² he was driven from entrenchment to entrenchment by Baker³ and Charles Townshend. After that affair was over, and many gone away, Sir W. Meredith moved for the depositions on which the warrant against Wilkes had been granted. The Ministers complained of the motion being made so late in the day ; called it a surprise ; and Rigby moved to adjourn, which was carried but by 73 to 60. Had a surprise been intended, you may imagine the minority would have been better provided with numbers ; but it certainly had not been concerted : however, a majority, shrunk to thirteen, frightened them out of the small senses they possess. Heaven, Earth, and the Treasury, were moved to recover their ground to-day, when the question was renewed. For about two hours the debate hobbled on very lamely, when on a sudden your brother rose, and made such a speech⁴—but I wish anybody was to give you the account except me, whom you will think partial : but you will hear enough of it, to confirm anything I can say. Imagine fire, rapidity, argument, knowledge, wit, ridicule, grace, spirit ; all pouring like a torrent, but without clashing. Imagine the House in a tumult of continued applause : imagine the Ministers thunderstruck ; lawyers abashed and almost blushing, for it was on their quibbles and evasions he fell most heavily, at the same time answering a whole session of arguments on the side of the court. No, it was *unique* ; you can neither conceive it, nor the exclamations it occasioned. Ellis, the Forlorn Hope, Ellis presented himself in the gap, till the ministers could recover themselves, when

¹ On a motion for a committee on the Cider-bill on the 24th of January. Mr. James Grenville in a letter to his sister, Lady Chatham, speaking of this debate, says, "I should make you as old a woman as either Sandys or Rushout, if I were to state all the jargon that arose in this debate. It was plain the Court meant to preclude any repeal of the bill ; the cider people coldly wished to obtain it. Sir Richard Bampfylde, at the head of them, spoke, not his own sentiments, as he declared, but those which the instructions and petitions of his constituents forced him to maintain. We divided 127 with us ; against us, 167." *Chatham Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 282.—WRIGHT.

² It was a proposal for converting certain outstanding navy bills into annuities at four per cent.—CROKER.

³ Sir William Baker, member for Plympton ; an alderman of London. He married the eldest daughter of the second Jacob Tonson, the bookseller.—WRIGHT.

⁴ There is no other account of this remarkable speech to be found ; and indeed we have little notice of General Conway's parliamentary efforts, except Mr. Burke's general and brilliant description of his conduct as leader of the House of Commons in the Rockingham administration.—CROKER.

on a sudden Lord George Sackville *led up the Blues*; ¹ spoke with as much warmth as your brother had, and with great force continued the attack which he had begun. Did not I tell you he would take this part? I was made privy to it; but this is far from all you are to expect. Lord North in vain rumbled about his mustard-bowl, and endeavoured alone to outroar a whole party: him and Forrester, Charles Townshend took up, but less well than usual. His jealousy of your brother's success, which was very evident, did not help him to shine. There were several other speeches, and, upon the whole, it was a capital debate; but Plutus is so much more persuasive an orator than your brother or Lord George, that we divided but 122 against 217. Lord Strange, who had agreed to the question, did not dare to vote for it, and declared off; and George Townshend, who had actually voted for it on Friday, now voted against us. Well! upon the whole, I heartily wish this administration may last: both their characters and abilities are so contemptible, that I am sure we can be in no danger from prerogative when trusted to such hands!

Before I have done with Charles Townshend, I must tell you one of his admirable bon-mots. Miss Draycote,² the great fortune, is grown very fat: he says her *tonnage* is become equal to her *poundage*.

There is the devil to pay in Nabob-land, but I understand Indian histories no better than stocks. The council rebelled against the Governor,³ and sent a deputation, the Lord knows why, to the Nabob, who cut off the said deputies' heads, and then, I think, was dis-Nabob'd himself, and Clive's old friend reinstated. There is another rebellion in Minorca, where Johnston has renounced his allegiance to viceroy Dick Lyttelton, and set up for himself. Sir Richard has laid the affair before the King and Council; Charles

¹ Mr. Walpole tinges his approbation of Lord George's politics by this allusion to Minden, where his lordship had *not* "led up the Blues."—CROKER.

² Miss Anna Maria Draycote, married, in April, 1763, to Earl Pomfret. To taste Mr. Townshend's jest, one must recollect, that in the finance of that day the duties of *tonnage* and *poundage* held a principal place.—CROKER.

³ Governor Vansittart, contrary to the advice of his council, had deposed the Nabob Meer Jaffier, and transferred the sovereignty to his son-in-law, Cossim Ali Cawn. The latter, however, soon forgot his obligations to the English; and, in consequence of some aggressions on his part, a deputation, consisting of Messrs. Amyatt and Hay, members of council, attended by half a dozen other gentlemen, was sent to the new Nabob. While this deputation was on its return, hostilities broke out, and these gentlemen were put to death as they were passing the city of Moreshedabad. About the same time the English council at Patna and their attendants were made prisoners, and afterwards cruelly massacred. These events necessitated the deposition of Cossim, and Jaffier was accordingly, after a short campaign, restored.—CROKER.

Townshend first, and then your brother, (you know why I am sorry they should appear together in *that* cause,) have tried to deprecate Sir Richard's wrath : but it was then too late. The silly fellow has brought himself to a precipice.

I forgot to tell you that Lord George Sackville carried into the minority with him his own brother¹ Lord Middlesex ; Lord Milton's brother ;² young Beauclerc ; Sir Thomas Hales ; and Colonel Irwine.

We have not heard a word yet of the Hereditary Prince and Princess. They were sent away in a tempest, and I believe the best one can hope is, that they are driven to Norway.³

Good night, my dear lord ; it is time to finish, for it is half an hour after one in the morning : I am forced to purloin such hours to write to you, for I get up so late, and then have such a perpetual succession of nothings to do, such auctions, politics, visits, dinners, suppers, books to publish or revise, &c., that I have not a quarter of an hour without call upon it ; but I need not tell you, who know my life, that I am forced to create new time, if I will keep up my correspondence with you. You seem to like I should, and I wish to give you every satisfaction in my power.

Tuesday, February 7, Four o'clock.

I tremble whilst I continue my letter, having just heard such a dreadful story ! A captain of a vessel has made oath before the Lord Mayor, this morning, that he saw one of the yachts sink on the coast of Holland ; and it is believed to be the one in which the Prince was. The City is in an uproar ; nor need one point out all such an accident may produce, if true ; which I most fervently hope it is not. My long letter will help you to comments enough, which will be made on this occasion. I wish you may know, at this moment, that our fears are ill-placed. The Princess was not in the same yacht with her husband. Poor Fanshawe,⁴ as Clerk of the Green Cloth, with his wife and sister, was in one of them.

Here is more of the Duc de Pecquigny's episode. An officer was sent yesterday to put Virette under arrest. His servant disputed

¹ Charles, afterwards second Duke of Dorset.—WRIGHT.

² John Damer, member for Dorchester. Lord Milton had married Lord George's youngest sister, Lady Caroline.—WRIGHT.

³ The Duke and Duchess landed safely at Helvoet on the 2nd of February.—WRIGHT.

⁴ Simon Fanshawe, Esq., member for Grampound. He had married a lady of his own name.—CHORKE.

with the officer on his orders, till his master made his escape. Virette sent a friend, whom he ordered to deliver his letter in person, and see it read, with a challenge, appointing the Duc to meet him at half an hour after seven this morning, at Buckingham-gate, where he waited till ten to no purpose, though the Duc had not been put under arrest. Virette absconds, and has sent M. de Pecquigny word, that he shall abscond till he can find a proper opportunity of fighting him. Your discretion will naturally prevent your talking of this; but I thought you would like to be prepared, if this affair should anyhow happen to become your business, though your late discussion with the Duc de Chaulnes will add to your disinclination from meddling with it.

I must send this to the post before I go to the Opera, and therefore shall not be able to tell you more of the Prince of Brunswick by this post.

902. TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

MY DEAR LORD :

Arlington Street, Wednesday, Feb. 15, 1764.

You ought to be witness to the fatigue I am suffering, before you can estimate the merit I have in being writing to you at this moment. Cast up eleven hours in the House of Commons on Monday, and above seventeen hours yesterday,—ay, seventeen at length,—and then you may guess if I am tired! nay, you must add seventeen hours that I may possibly be there on Friday, and then calculate if I am weary.¹ In short, yesterday was the longest day ever known in the House of Commons—why, on the Westminster election at the end of my father's reign,² I was at home by six. On Alexander Murray's³ affair, I believe, by five—on the militia, twenty people, I think, sat till six, but then they were only among themselves, no heat, no noise, no roaring. It was half an hour after

¹ The important debate on the question of General Warrants, which is the subject of the following able and interesting letter, has never been reported. There are, indeed, in the parliamentary history, a letter from Sir George Yonge, and two statements by Sir William Meredith and Charles Townshend, on the subject, but they relate chiefly to their own motives and reasonings, and give neither the names nor the arguments of the debaters, and fall very short indeed of the vigour and vivacity of Mr. Walpole's animated sketch.—CROKER.

² On the 22nd December, 1741. This was one of the debates that terminated Sir Robert Walpole's administration: the numbers on the division were 220 against 216.—CROKER.

³ The proceedings on the 6th of February, 1751, against the Honourable A. Murray, for impeding the Westminster election; but Walpole, in his 'Memoires,' states that the House adjourned at *two* in the morning.—CROKER.

seven this morning before I was at home. Think of that, and then brag of your French parliaments !¹

What is ten times greater, Leonidas and the Spartan *minority* did not make such a stand at Thermopylæ, as we did. Do you know, we had like to have been the *majority*? Xerxes,² is frightened out of his senses; Sysigambis³ has sent an express to Luton to forbid Phraates 'coming to town to-morrow: Norton's⁴ impudence has forsaken him; Bishop Warburton is at this moment reinstating Mr. Pitt's name in the dedication to his Sermons, which he had expunged for Sandwich's;⁵ and Sandwich himself is—at Paris, perhaps, by this time, for the first thing I expect to hear to-morrow is, that he is gone off.

Now are you mortally angry with me for trifling with you, and not telling you at once the particulars of this *almost-revolution*. You may be angry, but I shall take my own time, and shall give myself what airs I please both to you, my Lord Ambassador, and to you, my Lord Secretary of State, who will, I suppose, open this letter—if you have courage enough left. In the first place, I assume all the impertinence of a prophet,—aye, of that great curiosity, a prophet, who really prophesied before the event, and whose predictions have been accomplished. Have I, or have I not, announced to you the unexpected blows that would be given to the administration?—come, I will lay aside my dignity, and satisfy your impatience. There's moderation.

We sat all Monday hearing evidence against Mr. Wood,⁷ that dirty wretch Webb,⁸ and the messengers, for their illegal proceedings

¹ The disputes between Louis XV. and his parliaments, which prepared the revolution, were at this period assuming a serious appearance.—CROKER.

² The King.—CROKER.

³ The Princess Dowager.—CROKER.

⁴ Lord Bute. Luton was his seat in Bedfordshire.—CROKER.

⁵ Mr. Walpole was too sanguine: Sir Fletcher had not even lost his *boldness*; for in the further progress of the adjourned debate we shall find that he told the House that he would regard their resolution of no more value (*in point of law*, must be understood) than the vociferations of so many *drunken porters*.—CROKER.

⁶ Lord Sandwich was an agreeable companion and an able minister; but one whose moral character did not point him out as exactly the fittest patron for a volume of sermons; and he was at this moment so unpopular, that Mr. Walpole affects to think he may have been intimidated to fly.—CROKER.

⁷ Robert Wood, Esq., under-secretary of state; against whom, for his official share in the affair of the General Warrants, Mr. Wilkes's complaint was made.—CROKER.

⁸ Philip Carteret Webb, Esq., solicitor to the treasury, complained of on the same ground. Mr. Walpole probably applies these injurious terms to Mr. Webb on account of a supposed error in his evidence on the trial in the Common Pleas, for which he was afterwards indicted for perjury, but he was fully acquitted. The point was of little importance—whether he had or had not had a key in his hand. See p. 144.—CROKER.

against Mr. Wilkes. At midnight, Mr. Grenville offered us to adjourn or proceed. Mr. Pitt humbly begged not to eat or sleep till so great a point should be decided. On a division, in which though many said *aye* to adjourning, nobody would go out for fear of losing their seats, it was carried by 379 to 31, for proceeding—and then—half the House went away. The ministers representing the indecency of this, and Fitzherbert saying that many were within call, Stanley observed, that after voting against adjournment, a third part had adjourned themselves, when, instead of being within *call*, they ought to have been within *hearing*: this was unanswerable, and we adjourned.

Yesterday we fell to again. It was one in the morning before the evidence was closed. Carrington, the messenger, was alone examined for seven hours. This old man, the cleverest of all ministerial terriers, was pleased with recounting his achievements, yet perfectly guarded and betraying nothing. However, the *arcana imperii* have been wofully laid open.

I have heard Garrick, and other players, give themselves airs of fatigue after a long part—think of the Speaker, nay, think of the clerks taking most correct minutes for sixteen hours, and reading them over to every witness; and then let me hear of fatigue! Do you know, not only my Lord Temple,¹—who you may swear never bugged as spectator,—but old Will Chetwynd,² now past eighty, and who had walked to the House, did not stir a single moment out of his place, from three in the afternoon till the division at seven in the morning. Nay, we had *patriotesses*, too, who stayed out the whole: Lady Rockingham and Lady Sondes the first day; both again the second day, with Miss Mary Pelham, Mrs. Fitzroy,³ and the Duchess of Richmond, as patriot as any of us. Lady Mary Coke, Mrs. George Pitt, and Lady Pembroke, came after the Opera, but I think did not stay above seven or eight hours at most.

At one, Sir W. Meredith moved a resolution of the illegality of the Warrant, and opened it well. He was seconded by old Darlington's brother,⁴ a convert to us. Mr. Wood, who had shone the pre-

¹ Lord Temple was, as every one knows, a very keen politician, and took in all this matter a most prominent part; indeed, he was the prime mover of the whole affair, and bore the expense of all Wilkes's law proceedings out of his own pocket.—CROKER.

² See vol. i. p. 168, and vol. iv. p. 163.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Probably Anne, daughter of Admiral Sir Peter Warren; married, in 1758, to Colonel Charles Fitzroy, afterwards first Lord Southampton.—CROKER.

⁴ Gilbert, youngest brother of Henry, first Earl of Darlington, who was so well known in Sir Robert Walpole's and Mr. Pelham's time as "Harry Vane." Mr.

ceding day by great modesty, decency, and ingenuity, forfeited these merits a good deal by starting up, (according to a Ministerial plan,) and very arrogantly, and repeatedly in the night, demanding justice and a previous acquittal, and telling the House he scorned to accept being merely *excused*; to which Mr. Pitt replied, that if he disdained to be *excused*, he would deserve to be *censured*. Mr. Charles Yorke (who, with his family, have come roundly to us for support against the Duke of Bedford on the Marriage-bill¹) proposed to adjourn. Grenville and the ministry would have agreed to adjourn the debate on the great question itself, but declared they would push this acquittal. This they announced haughtily enough—for as yet, they did not doubt of their strength. Lord Frederick Campbell² was the most impetuous of all, so little he foresaw how much *wiser* it would be to follow your brother. Pitt made a short speech, excellently argumentative, and not bombast, nor tedious, nor deviating from the question. He was supported by your brother, and Charles Townshend, and Lord George;³ the two last of whom are strangely firm, now they are got under the cannon of your brother:—Charles, who, as he must be extraordinary, is now so in romantic nicety of honour. His father,⁴ who is dying, or dead, at Bath, and from whom he hopes two thousand a year, has sent for him. He has refused to go—lest his *steadiness* should be questioned. At a quarter after four we divided. *Our* cry was so loud, that both we and the ministers thought we had carried it. It is not to be painted, the dismay of the latter—in good truth not without reason, for *we* were 197, they but 207. Your experience can tell you, that a majority of *but* ten

Gilbert Vane was deputy treasurer of Chelsea Hospital, but on this occasion abandoned the ministerial side of the House, with which he had hitherto voted: he died in 1772.

—CROKER.

¹ The Marriage Act was not an original measure of Lord Hardwicke; but as he, on the failure of one or two previous attempts at a bill on that subject, was requested by the House of Lords to prepare one, he, and of course his sons, must have continued interested in its maintenance; but Mr. Walpole's suspicion of a bargain and sale of sentiments between them and the opposition is quite absurd. Even from Mr. Walpole's own statement, it would seem that, on the subject of general warrants, Mr. Charles Yorke acted with sincerity and moderation,—anxious to have a great legal question properly decided, and unwilling to prostitute its success to the purposes of party.—CROKER.

² Fourth son of John, third Duke of Argyle; afterwards keeper of the privy seal in Scotland, secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and finally lord register of Scotland. As he was the brother-in-law of General Conway, Mr. Walpole seems to have expected him to have followed Conway's politics.—CROKER.

³ Lord George Sackville.—CROKER.

⁴ Charles, third Lord Townshend, died 12th March, 1764. His wife was Audrey Harrison.—CROKER.

is a defeat. Amidst a great defection from them, was even a white staff, Lord Charles Spencer¹—now you know still more of what I told you was preparing for them!

Crest-fallen, the ministers then proposed simply to discharge the complaint; but the plumes which they had dropped, Pitt soon placed in his own beaver. He broke out on liberty, and, indeed, on whatever he pleased, uninterrupted. Rigby sat feeling the vice-treasureship slipping from under him. Nugent was not less pensive—Lord Strange,² though not interested, did not like it. Everybody was too much taken up with his own concerns, or too much daunted, to give the least disturbance to the Pindaric. Grenville, however, dropped a few words, which did but heighten the flame. Pitt, with less modesty than ever he showed, pronounced a panegyric on his own administration, and from thence broke out on the *dismissal of officers*. This increased the roar from us. Grenville replied, and very finely, very pathetically, very animated. He painted Wilkes and faction, and, with very little truth, denied the charge of menaces to officers. At that moment, General A'Court³ walked up the House—think what an impression such an incident must make, when passions, hopes, and fears, were all afloat—think, too, how your brother and I, had we been ungenerous, could have added to these sensations! There was a man not so delicate. Colonel Barré rose—and this attended with a striking circumstance; Sir Edward Deering, one of *our* noisy fools, called out, “*Mr. Barré.*”⁴ The latter seized the thought with admirable quickness, and said to the Speaker, who, in pointing to him, had called him *Colonel*, “I beg your pardon, Sir, you have pointed to me by a title I have no right to,” and then made a very artful and pathetic speech on his own services and dismissal; with nothing bad but an awkward attempt towards an excuse to Mr. Pitt for his former behaviour. Lord North, who will not lose his *bellow*, though he may lose his place, endea-

¹ Second son of the Duke of Marlborough; his white staff was that of Comptroller of the household. He was, it seems, in Mr. Walpole's sense of the word, *wiser* than Lord Frederick Campbell; but we shall see presently, that this wisdom grew ashamed of itself in a day or two, and in 1765, when the party which he had this night assisted came into power, he was turned out.—CROKER.

² James, eldest son of the Earl of Derby, born in 1717; he died in 1771, before his father. I know not why Walpole says he was not interested; he was a very respectable man, but he was also chancellor of the duchy, and might naturally have felt as much interest as the other placemen.—CROKER.

³ Lately dismissed.—WRIGHT.

⁴ Colonel Barré had been lately dismissed from the office of adjutant-general.—WRIGHT.

voured to roar up the courage of his comrades, but it would not do—the House grew tired, and we again divided at seven for adjournment; some of our people were gone, and we remained but 184, they 208; however, you will allow our affairs are mended, when we say, *but* 184. *We* then came away, and left the ministers to satisfy Wood, Webb, and themselves, as well as they could. It was eight this morning before I was in bed; and considering that, this is no very short letter. Mr. Pitt bore the fatigue with his usual spirit¹—and even old Onslow, the late Speaker, was sitting up, anxious for the event.

On Friday we are to have the great question, which would prevent my writing; and to-morrow I dine with Guerchy, at the Duke of Grafton's, besides twenty other engagements. To-day I have shut myself up; for with writing this, and taking notes yesterday all day, and all night, I have not an eye left to see out of—nay, for once in my life, I shall go to bed at ten o'clock.

I am glad to be able to contradict two or three passages in my last letter. The Prince and Princess of Brunswick are safely landed, though they were in extreme danger. The Duc de Pecquigny had not only been put in arrest late on the Sunday night, which I did not know, but has retrieved his honour. Monsieur de Guerchy sent him away, and at Dover, Virette found him, and whispered him to steal from D'Allonville² and fight. The Duc first begged his pardon, owned himself in the wrong, and then fought him, and was wounded, though slightly, in four places in the arm; and both are returned to London with their honours as white as snow.

Sir Jacob Downing³ is dead, and has left every shilling to his wife; *id est*, not sixpence to my Lord Holland;⁴ a mishap which,

¹ The Duke of Newcastle, in a letter to Mr. Pitt of the 15th, says, "Mr. West and honest George Onslow came to my bed-side this morning, to give me an account of the glorious day we had yesterday, and of the great obligations which every true lover of the liberties of his country and our present constitution owe to you, for the superior ability, firmness, and resolution which you showed during the longest attention that ever was known. God forbid that your health should suffer by your zeal for your country!" *Chatham Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 287.—WRIGHT.

² Probably the gentleman in whose charge M. de Guerchy had sent away the giddy Duke.—CROKER.

³ Sir Jacob Gerard Downing, Bart., member for Dunwich: he died the 6th of February, and left his estate [of 6,000*l.* per annum] as Mr. Walpole says, to his wife; but only for her life, and afterwards to build and endow Downing College at Cambridge.—CROKER.

⁴ The grounds of any expectation which Lord Holland may have entertained from Sir Jacob Downing have not reached us; but it is right to say, that Mr. Walpole had quarrelled with Lord Holland, and was glad of any occasion, just or otherwise, to sneer at him.—CROKER.

being followed by a minority of 197, will not make this a pleasant week to him.

Well! now would you believe how I feel and how I wish? I wish *we* may continue the minority. The desires of some of my associates, perhaps, may not be satisfied, but mine are. Here is an opposition formidable enough to keep abler ministers than Messieurs the present gentlemen in awe. They may pick pockets, but they will pick no more locks. While we continue a minority, we shall preserve our characters, and we have some too good to part with. I hate to have a camp to plunder; at least, I am so Whig, I hate all spoils but the *opima spolia*. I think it, too, much more creditable to control ministers, than to *be* ministers—and much more creditable than to become *mere* ministers ourselves. I have several other excellent reasons against our success, though I could combat them with as many drawn from the insufficiency of the present folk, and from the propriety of Mr. Pitt being minister; but I am too tired, and very likely so are you, my dear lord, by this time, and therefore good night!

Friday Noon.

I had sealed my letter, and break it open again on receiving yours of the 13th, by the messenger. Though I am very sorry you had not then got mine from Monin, which would have prepared you for much of what has happened, I do not fear its miscarriage, as I think I can account for the delay. I had, for more security, put it into the parcel with two more volumes of my '*Anecdotes of Painting*;' which, I suppose, remained in Monin's baggage; and he might not have unpacked it when he delivered the single letters. If he has not yet sent you the parcel, you may ask for it, as the same delicacy is not necessary as for a letter.

I thank Lord Beauchamp much for the paper, but should thank him much more for a letter from himself. I am going this minute to the House, where I have already been to prayers,¹ to take a place. It was very near full then, so critical a day it is! I expect we shall be beaten—but we shall not be so many times more. Lord Granby,²

¹ It may be necessary to remark, that any member who attends at the daily prayers of the House has a right, for that evening, to the place he occupies at prayers. On nights of great interest, when the House is expected to be crowded, there is consequently a considerable attendance at prayers.—CROKER.

² Eldest son of the third Duke of Rutland, well known for his gallant conduct at Minden, and still remembered for his popularity with the army and the public. He was at this time commander-in-chief and master-general of the ordnance. He died before his father, in 1770.—CROKER.

I hear, is to move the previous question—they are reduced to their heavy cannon.'

Sunday evening, 19th.

Happening to hear of a gentleman who sets out for Paris in two or three days, I stopped my letter, both out of prudence (pray admire me!) and from thinking that it was as well to send you at once the complete history of our Great Week. By the time you have read the preceding pages, you may, perhaps, expect to find a change in the ministry in what I am going to say. You must have a little patience; our parliamentary war, like the last war in Germany, produces very considerable battles that are not decisive. Marshal Pitt has given another great blow to the subsidiary army, but they remained masters of the field, and both sides sing *Te Deum*. I am not talking figuratively, when I assure you that bells, bonfires, and an illumination from the Monument, were prepared in the City, in case we had had the majority. Lord Temple was so indiscreet and indecent as to have fagots ready for two bonfires, but was persuaded to lay aside the design, even before it was abortive.

It is impossible to give you the detail of so long a debate as Friday's. You will regret it the less when I tell you it was a very dull one. I never knew a day of expectation answer. The impromptus and the unexpected are ever the most shining. We love to hear ourselves talk, and yet we must be formed of adamant to be able to talk day and night on the same question for a week together. If you had seen how ill we looked, you would not have wondered we did not speak well. A company of colliers emerging from damp and darkness could not have appeared more ghastly and dirty than we did on Wednesday morning; and we had not recovered much bloom on Friday. We spent two or three hours on corrections of, and additions to, the question of pronouncing the warrant illegal, till the ministry had contracted it to fit scarce anything but the individual case of Wilkes, Pitt not opposing the amendments because Charles Yorke gave into them; for it is wonderful¹ what deference is paid by both sides to that house. The debate then began by Norton's moving to adjourn the consideration of the question for four months, and holding out a promise of a bill, which neither they mean, nor, for my part, should I like: I would not give prerogative

¹ Lord Granby was master-general of the ordnance.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Wonderful to Mr. Walpole only, who had a private pique against the Yorkes; no one else could wonder that deference should be paid to long services, high stations, great abilities, and unimpeached integrity.—CROKER.

so much as a definition. You are a peer, and therefore, perhaps, will hear it with patience—but think how *our* ears must have tingled, when he told us, that should we pass the resolution, and he were a judge, he would mind it no more than the resolution of a drunken porter!—Had old Onslow been in the chair, I believe he would have knocked him down with the mace. He did hear of it during the debate, though not severely enough; but the town rings with it. Charles Yorke replied, and was much admired. Me he did not please; I require a little more than palliatives and sophistries. He excused the part he has taken by pleading that he had never seen the warrant till after Wilkes was taken up—yet he then pronounced the ‘No. 45’ a libel, and advised the commitment of Wilkes to the Tower. If you advised me to knock a man down, would you excuse yourself by saying you had never seen the stick with which I gave the blow? Other speeches we had without end, but none good, except from Lord George Sackville, a short one from Elliot, and one from Charles Townshend, so fine that it *amazed, even from him*. Your brother had spoken with excellent sense against the corrections, and began well again in the debate, but with so much rapidity that he confounded himself first, and then was seized with such a hoarseness that he could not proceed. Pitt and George Grenville ran a match of silence, striving which should reply to the other. At last, Pitt, who had three times in the debate retired with pain,¹ rose about three in the morning, but so languid, so exhausted, that, in his life, he never made less figure. Grenville answered him; and at five in the morning we divided. The Noes were so loud, as it admits a deeper sound than Aye, that the Speaker, who has got a bit of nose² since the opposition got numbers, gave it for us. They went forth; and when I heard

¹ Mr. Pitt's frequent fits of the gout are well known: he was even suspected of sometimes *acting a fit* of the gout in the House of Commons.—CROKER. A reference to the ‘Chatham Correspondence’ will, it is believed, remove the illiberal suspicion, that Mr. Pitt, on this, or any other occasion, was in the practice of “acting a fit of the gout.” On the morning after the debate, the Duke of Newcastle thus wrote to Mr. Pitt:—“I shall not be easy till I hear you have not increased your pain and disorder, by your long attendance and the great service you did yesterday to the public. I could not omit thanking you and congratulating you upon your great and glorious minority, before I went to Claremont. Such a minority, with such a leader, composed of gentlemen of the greatest and most independent fortunes in the kingdom, against a majority of fourteen only, influenced by power and force, and fetched from all corners of the kingdom, must have its weight, and produce the most happy consequences to the public.” *Chatham Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 288.—WRIGHT.

² Sir John Cust's nose was rather short, as his pictures by Reynolds, as well as by Walpole, testify.—CROKER.

our side counted to the amount of 218, I did conclude we were victorious; but they returned 232. It is true we were beaten by fourteen, but we were increased by twenty-one; and no ministry could stand on so slight an advantage, if we could continue above two hundred.¹

We may, and probably shall, fall off: this was our strongest question—but our troops will stand fast; their hopes and views depend upon it, and their spirits are raised. But for the other side it will not be the same. The lookers-out will be strayers away, and their very subsidies will undo them. They bought two single votes that day with two peerages; ² Sir R. Bampfylde³ and Sir Charles Tynte⁴—and so are going to light up the flame of two more county elections—and that in the west, where surely nothing was wanting but a tinder-box!

You would have almost laughed to see the spectres produced by both sides; one would have thought that they had sent a search-warrant for Members of Parliament into every hospital. Votes were brought down in flannels and blankets, till the floor of the House looked like the pool of Bethesda. 'Tis wonderful that half of us are not dead—I should not say *us*; Herculean *I* have not suffered the least, except that from being a Hercules of ten grains, I don't believe I now weigh above eight. I felt from nothing so much as the noise, which made me as drunk as an owl—you may imagine the clamours of two parties so nearly matched, and so impatient to come to a decision.

The Duchess of Richmond has got a fever with the attendance of Tuesday—but on Friday we were forced to be unpolite. The Amazons came down in such squadrons, that we were forced to be denied. However, eight or nine of the patriotesses dined in one of the Speaker's rooms, and stayed there till twelve—nay, worse,

¹ In reference to this defeat of the ministry, Gray, in a letter to Dr. Wharton, says, "Their crests are much fallen and countenances lengthened by the transactions of last week; for the ministry, on Thursday last (after sitting till near eight in the morning), carried a small point by a majority of only forty, and on another previous division by one of ten only; and on Friday last, at five in the morning, there were 220 to 234; and by this the court only obtained to adjourn the debate for four months, and not to get any declaration in favour of their measures. If they hold their ground many weeks after this, I shall wonder; but the new reign has already produced many wonders." *Works, by Mitford*, vol. iv. p. 30.—WRIGHT.

² Not correct. See afterwards.—CROKER.

³ Sir Richard Warwick Bampfylde, fourth baronet; member for Devonshire.—CROKER.

⁴ Sir Charles Kemeys Tynte, fifth baronet; member for Somersetshire.—CROKER.

while their dear country was at stake, I am afraid they were playing at Loo!

The Townshends, you perceive by this account, are returned; their father not dead.¹ Lord Howe² and the Colonel voted with us; so did Lord Newnham,³ and is likely to be turned out of doors for it. A warrant to take up Lord Charles Spencer was sent to Blenheim from Bedford House,⁴ and signed by his brother, and returned for him; so he went thither—not a very kind office in the Duke of Marlborough to Lord Charles's character. Lord Granby refused to make the motion, but spoke for it.

Lord Hardwicke is relapsed; but we do not now fear any consequences from his death. The Yorkes, who abandoned a triumphant administration, are not so tender as to return and comfort them in their depression.

The chief business now, I suppose, will lie in *souterrains* and intrigues. Lord Bute's panic will, probably, direct him to make application to us. Sandwich will be manufacturing lies, and Rigby negotiations. Some change or other, whether partial or extensive, must arrive. The best that can happen for the Ministers, is to be able to ward off the blow till the recess, and they have time to treat at leisure; but in just the present state it is impossible things should remain. The Opposition is too strong, and their leaders too able to make no impression.

Adieu! pray tell Mr. Hume that I am ashamed to be thus writing the history of England, when he is with you!

P.S. The new baronies are contradicted, but may recover truth at the end of the session.⁵

¹ He died on the 13th of the ensuing month.—CROKER.

² Richard, fourth Viscount, and first Earl Howe, the hero of the first of June; and his brother, Colonel, afterwards General Sir William, who succeeded him as fifth Viscount Howe.—CROKER.

³ George Simon, Viscount Newnham, afterwards second Earl of Harcourt, remarkable for a somewhat exaggerated imitation of French fashions. His father, the first Earl, was at this time chamberlain to the Queen.—CROKER.

⁴ The meaning of this passage is, that the Duke of Bedford (who was president of the council) wrote a letter, which he sent to Blenheim for the Duke of Marlborough to sign, desiring his brother, Lord Charles, to abstain from again voting against the government. The Duke of Marlborough (who was privy seal) signed, as Walpole intimates, the letter; and Lord Charles, instead of attending the House, and voting, as he had done on the former night, against ministers, went down to Blenheim.—CROKER.

⁵ They never took place, and probably never were in contemplation.—CROKER.

903. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Feb. 20, 1764.

THE seeds of opposition were sown a long time before they produced any fruit, but a violent crop has shot up this week. I don't know, my dear Sir, whether you are not too much a foreigner to comprehend what I am going to tell you. Does not it sound strange to your Tuscan ears that a Member of Parliament, after being expelled the House and fled from his country, should have his complaint tried against the whole secretary's office for breach of his privilege? Learn to adore *Liberty*, when it defends the rights of a man after he has forfeited them!—and don't despise the constitutions of your countrymen, who have endured such fatigue for a week as will give your Italian nerves the headache but to hear of.

On Monday we sat till past midnight hearing evidence on the seizure of Wilkes's papers. The next day we proceeded, closed the evidence at one in the morning, and then went—not to bed—but into a debate. The Opposition moved, to vote the seizure of papers by warrants, not specifying names, to be illegal. The Ministers insisted that we should first clear the accused, as having acted according to the forms of office. A quarter after four we divided, when, to the utter confusion of the Court, they proved but 207; we 197. Here your Florentine arithmetic may again be at fault, and not tell you that a majority of *but ten* is a defeat; for you must reckon into the minority, popularity, the hopes of the interested, and their fears, and twenty circumstances that contribute to drown a sinking administration. To give them their due, they dispute the ground inch by inch. We again fell to debating, divided again, 208, and 184; and, in short, sat till a quarter after seven in the morning. On Friday we went on the great question itself, which held us from three o'clock in the afternoon till half an hour after five the next morning. We are again beaten; but how beaten? by 232 against 218; a minority increasing as it is defeated.

Do not you wonder that I am alive? that I am writing to you? Was ever such a week? never. Was there ever so late a day as Tuesday? never. Go and look over the *Fasti* in your Capitol, you will find nothing like this. If we have out-conquered the Romans, we have out-talked them too—I mean in length of time; I cannot say

our eloquence has been equal to our perseverance. There was some spirit towards morning on Tuesday; very little indeed on Friday that was not absolute dulness; yet Mr. Pitt commanded, but so oppressed with gout, and so exhausted, that, though he spoke above an hour, at four in the morning it was as languid as if he had been paid for it. In truth, his enemies were not formidable. We had the five best speakers in the house,—him, Charles Townshend, Mr. Conway, Charles Yorke, and Lord George Sackville, who has *deserted* from the Court.

The world you may conclude waits in anxious suspense for the subsequent operations of the campaign. The Ministers must try if by *weight of metal* they can maintain their ground. For my part, I am satisfied. I did not believe that there were 197 men who had spirit and virtue enough to resist all temptations, when their liberties were at stake. Since there are so many, it is enough to ward off any danger from such bunglers as the present Ministers, the badness of whose characters, assisted by no better parts, is an antidote to their own poison. Their best champion has parts and shrewdness, but is so impudently profligate that even absolute power in the Crown, which he is so ready to promote, could not protect him long. This hero of brass, is the Attorney-General Norton, who is qualified to draw up impious manifestoes for a Czarina!

There is nothing in the shape of news except these politics; but they are full employment for the town; and one that will not speedily be concluded. Should even a change of administration happen, I do not see that tranquillity would be restored. Lord Bute has set such humours afloat as may take half a century to reduce into a quiet channel. Even a delay of change may cost some men very dear. The longer the torrent of a nation is opposed, with the more fury it is apt to carry away the dykes.

The foreigners, of whom there are numbers here, for we have not yet lost our fashionableness in Europe, attend our debates assiduously, though even the language is a secret to them! What, then, must a question of law be? But they think themselves rewarded by *seeing* Mr. Pitt *speak* at five in the morning.

I was diverted with your account of the Princess of Modena's transit through Florence, and of the regales they gave her. I am impatient for the Duke of York's arrival there; but do you know that the speculations of one of your politicians on that journey was not so wide of the mark as you think? *Mi capisce?* I do not mean

the simpleton who thought the flames raised by the 'North Briton' would reach St. James's.

I do not pretend to guess what will happen, for I have laid an embargo on my own prophesying. If any change arrives, this letter will, at least, have prepared you for it. Adieu!

904. TO SIR DAVID DALRYMPLE.

DEAR SIR:

Arlington Street, Feb. 23, 1764.

I AM much in your debt, but have had but too much excuse for being so. Men who go to bed at six and seven in the morning, and who rise but to return to the same fatigue, have little leisure for other most necessary duties. The severe attendance we have had lately in the House of Commons cannot be unknown to you, and will already, I trust, have pleaded my pardon.

Mr. Bathoe has got the two volumes¹ for you, and will send them by the conveyance you prescribe. You will find in them much, I fear, that will want your indulgence; and not only dryness, trifles, and, I conclude, many mistakes, but perhaps opinions different from your own. I can only plead my natural and constant frankness, which always speaks indifferently, as it thinks, on all sides and subjects. I am bigotted to none; Charles or Cromwell, Whigs or Tories, are all alike to me, but in what I think they deserve, applause or censure; and therefore, if I sometimes commend, sometimes blame them, it is not from being inconsistent, but from considering them in the single light in which I then speak of them; at the same time meaning to give only my private opinion, and not at all expecting to have it adopted by any other man. Thus much, perhaps, it was necessary for me to say, and I will trouble you no further about myself.

Single portraits by Vandyck I shall avoid particularising any farther, and also separate pieces by other masters, for a reason I may trust you with. Many persons possess pictures which they believe or call originals, without their being so, and have wished to have them inserted in my lists. This I certainly do not care to do, nor, on the other hand, to assume the impertinence of deciding from my own judgment. I shall, therefore, stop where I have stopped. The portrait which you mention, of the Earl of Warwick, Sir, is very

¹ Catalogues of King Charles I. and King James II.'s pictures, &c.—CUNNINGHAM.

famous and indubitable; but I believe you will assent to my prudence, which does not trouble me too often. I have heard as much fame of the Earl of Denbigh.

You will see in my next edition, that I have been so lucky as to find and purchase both the drawings that were at Buckingham-house, of the Triumphs of Riches and Poverty.¹ They have raised even my idea of Holbein. Could I afford it, and we had engravers equal to the task, the public should be acquainted with their merit; but I am disgusted with paying great sums for wretched performances. I am ashamed of the prints in my books, which were extravagantly paid for, and are wretchedly executed.

Your zeal for reviving the publication of 'Illustrious Heads' accords, Sir, extremely with my own sentiments; but I own I despair of that, and every other public work. Our artists get so much money by hasty, slovenly performances, that they will undertake nothing that requires labour and time. I have never been able to persuade any one of them to engrave the 'Beauties at Windsor,'² which are daily perishing for want of fires in that palace. Most of them entered into a plan I had undertaken, of an edition of Grammont, with portraits. I had three executed; but after the first, which was well done, the others were so wretchedly performed, though even the best was much too dear, that I was forced to drop the design. Walker, who has done much the best heads in my new volumes, told me, when I pressed him to consider his reputation, that "he had got fame enough!"³ What hopes, Sir, can one entertain after so shameful an answer? I have had numerous schemes, but never could bring any to bear, but what depended solely on myself; and how little is it that a private man, with a moderate fortune, and who has many other avocations, can accomplish alone? I flattered myself that this reign would have given new life and views to the artists and the curious. I am disappointed; politics on one hand, and want of taste in those about his Majesty on the other, have prevented my expectations from being answered.

The letters you tell me of, Sir, are indeed curious, both those of Atterbury and the rest; but I cannot flatter myself that I shall be

¹ Two drawings by Zacchero, after the Holbeins in the Steel-yard; sold at the Strawberry Hill sale, in 1842, for 16*l.* 16*s.*; now (1857) in the possession of Sir Charles Eastlake, P.R.A.—CUNNINGHAM.

² That is, the Lely beauties, now (1857) at Hampton Court.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Walker wanted higher prices than Walpole (near in such matters) was willing to pay.—CUNNINGHAM.

able to contribute to publication. My press, from the narrowness of its extent, and having but one man and a boy, goes very slow; nor have I room or fortune to carry it farther. What I have already in hand, or promised, will take me up a long time. The London booksellers play me all manner of tricks. If I do not allow them ridiculous profit, they will do nothing to promote the sale; and when I do, they buy up the impression, and sell it at an advanced price before my face. This is the case of my two first volumes of 'Anecdotes,' for which people have been made to pay half a guinea, and a guinea, more than the advertised price. In truth, the plague I have had in every shape with my own printers, engravers, the booksellers, &c., besides my own trouble, have almost discouraged me from what I took up at first as an amusement, but which has produced very little of it.

I am sorry, upon the whole, Sir, to be forced to confess to you, that I have met with so many discouragements in virtù and literature. If an independent gentleman, though a private one, finds such obstacles, what must an ingenious man do, who is obliged to couple views of profit with zeal for the public? Or, do our artists and booksellers cheat me the more because I am a gentleman? Whatever is the cause, I am almost as sick of the profession of editor, as of author. If I touch upon either more, it will be more idly, though chiefly because I never can be quite idle.

905. TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

Arlington Street, Feb. 24, 1764.

As I had an opportunity, on Tuesday last, of sending you a letter of eleven pages, by a very safe conveyance, I shall say but few words to-day; indeed, I have left nothing to say, but to thank you for the answer I received from you this morning to mine by Monsieur Monin. I am very happy that you take so kindly the freedom I used: the circumstances made me think it necessary; and I flatter myself, that you are persuaded I was not to blame in speaking so openly, when two persons so dear to me were concerned.¹ Your indulgence will not lead me to abuse it. What you say on the caution I mentioned, convinces me that I was right, by finding your judgment correspond with my own—but enough of that.

¹ It related, as we have seen, to General Conway's vote in opposition to the government.—CROKER.

My long letter, which, perhaps, you will not receive till after this (you will receive it from a lady), will give you a full detail of the last extraordinary week. Since that, there has been an accidental suspension of arms. Not only Mr. Pitt is laid up with the gout, but the Speaker has it too. We have been adjourned till to-day, and, as he is not recovered, have again adjourned till next Wednesday. The events of the week have been, a complaint made by Lord Lyttelton in your House, of a book called 'Droit le Roy ;'¹ a tract written in the highest strain of prerogative, and drawn from all the old obsolete law-books on that question.² The ministers met this complaint with much affected indignation, and even on the complaint being communicated to us, took it up themselves ; and both Houses have ordered the book to be burned by the hangman. To comfort themselves for this forced zeal for liberty, the 'North Briton,' and the 'Essay on Woman,' have both been condemned³ by juries in the King's Bench ; but that triumph has been more than balanced again, by the City giving their freedom to Lord Chief-Justice Pratt,⁴ ordering his picture to be placed in the King's Bench, thanking their members for their behaviour in Parliament on the warrant, and giving orders for instructions to be drawn for their future conduct.

Lord Granby is made lord lieutenant of Derbyshire ; but the vigour of this affront was wofully weakened by excuses to the Duke

¹ 'Droit le Roy, or the Rights and Prerogatives of the Imperial Crown of Great Britain.' In the examination of Griffin, the printer, before the Peers, he stated that Timothy Becknock, afterwards hanged in Ireland as an accomplice of George Robert Fitzgerald, had sent the pamphlet to the press, and was, Griffin believed, the author of it.—CROKER.

² Gray writes to Dr. Wharton, on the 21st of February :—"The House of Lords, I hear, will soon take in hand a book lately published by some scoundrel lawyer, on the prerogative ; in which is scraped together all the flattery and blasphemy of our old law-books in honour of kings. I presume it is understood, that the court will support the cause of this impudent scribbler."—*Works, by Mitford*, vol. iv. p. 30.—WRIGHT.

³ Mr. Wilkes was tried on the 21st of February, for republishing the 'North Briton,' No. 45, and for printing the 'Essay on Woman,' and found guilty of both.—CROKER.

⁴ The preamble of these resolutions is worthy of observation :—"Whereas the independency and uprightness of judges is essential to the *impartial* administration of justice, &c., this court in manifestation of their just sense of the inflexible firmness and integrity of the Right Honourable Sir C. Pratt, lord chief-justice, &c., gives him the freedom of the City, and orders his picture to be placed in Guildhall ;" as if impartiality could only be assailed from one side, and as if gold boxes and pictures, and addresses from the corporation of London, were not as likely to have influence on the human mind as the favours from the Crown. Their applause was either worth nothing, or it was an attempt on the impartiality of the judge.—CROKER.

of Devonshire, and by its being known that the measure was determined two months ago.

All this sounds very hostile; yet, don't be surprised if you hear of some sudden treaty. Don't you know a little busy squadron that had the chief hand in the negotiation¹ last autumn? Well, I have reason to think that Phraates [Bute] is negotiating with Leonidas [Pitt] by the same intervention. All the world sees that the present ministers are between two fires. Would it be extraordinary if the artillery of both should be discharged on them at once? But this is not proper for the post: I grow prudent the less prudence is necessary.

We are in pain for the Duchess of Richmond, who, instead of the jaundice, has relapsed into a fever. She was blooded twice last night, and yet had a very bad night. I called at the door at three o'clock, when they thought the fever rather diminished, but spoke of her as very ill. I have not seen your brother or Lady Aylesbury to-day, but found they had been very much alarmed yesterday evening.² Lord Suffolk,³ they say, is going to be married to Miss Trevor Hampden.

Your brother has told me, that among Lady Hertford's things seized at Dover, was a packet for me from you. Mr. Bowman has undertaken to make strict inquiry for it. Adieu, my dear lord.

P.S. We had, last Monday, the prettiest ball that ever was seen, at Mrs. Anne Pitt's,⁴ in the compass of a silver penny. There were one hundred and four persons, of which number fifty-five supped. The supper-room was disposed with tables and benches back to back, in the manner of an ale-house. The idea sounds ill; but the fairies had so improved upon it, had so *be-garlanded*, so *sweetmeated*, and so *desserted* it, that it looked like a vision. I told her she could only have fed and stowed so much company by a miracle, and that, when

¹ The negotiation in August, 1763, already alluded to, for Mr. Pitt's coming into power. There is some reason to suppose that Mr. Calcraft was employed in the first steps of this negotiation, and this may be what Mr. Walpole here refers to.—CROKER.

² The Duchess was the sister of Lady Aylesbury's first husband.—CROKER.

³ Henry, twelfth Earl of Suffolk, married, May, 1764, Miss Trevor, who had been on the point of marriage with Mr. Child of Osterley, when he suddenly died in September, 1763.—CROKER.

⁴ Sister of the great Lord Chatham, whom she resembled in some qualities of her mind. Mr. Walpole, when some foreigner, who could not see Mr. Pitt himself, had asked him if he was like his sister, answered, in his usual happy style of giving a portrait at a touch, "*Ils se ressemblent comme deux gouttes de feu!*" She was privy purse to the Princess Dowager [and died 9th February, 1780].—CROKER.

we were gone, she would take up twelve baskets-full of people. The Duchess of Bedford asked me before Madame de Guerchy, if I would not give them a ball at Strawberry? Not for the universe! What! turn a ball, and dust, and dirt, and a million of candles, into my charming new gallery! I said, I could not flatter myself that people would give themselves the trouble of going eleven miles for a *ball*—(though I believe they would go fifty)—“Well, then,” says she, “it shall be a *dinner*.”—“With all my heart, I have no objection; but no *ball* shall set its foot within my doors.”

906. TO GROSVENOR BEDFORD.

DEAR SIR:

Feb. 29, 1764.

I WILL get you to send one of the porters of the Exchequer, in whom you have most confidence, with the enclosed three guineas. Two are for the prisoners that are sick in the new jail, Southwark; the other for those in the common side of the Marshalsea prison. He must not say from whom he comes, but in the name of A. B., and don't let him go into the prison, for the jail distemper is there.

I want some gilt paper and a penknife. Yours ever,

H. W.

907. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

DEAR SIR:

Arlington Street, March 3, 1764.

JUST as I was going to the Opera, I received your manuscript. I would not defer telling you so, that you may know it is safe. But I have additional reason to write to you immediately; for, on opening the book, the first thing I saw was a new obligation to you, the charming Faithorne of Sir Orlando Bridgman, which according to your constantly obliging manner you have sent me, and I almost fear you think I begged it; but I can disculpate myself, for I had discovered that it belongs to Dugdale's ‘*Origines Juridicales*,’ and had ordered my bookseller to try to get me that book, which when I accomplish, you shall command your own print again; for it is too fine an impression to rob you of.

I have been so entertained with your book, that I have stayed at home on purpose, and gone through three parts of it. It makes me wish earnestly some time or other to go through all your collections,

for I have already found twenty things of great moment to me. One is particularly satisfactory to me; it is in Mr. Baker's MSS. at Cambridge; the title of Eglesham's book against the Duke of Bucks,¹ mentioned by me in the account of Gerbier, from Vertue, who fished out everything, and always proves in the right. This piece I must get transcribed by Mr. Gray's assistance. I fear I shall detain your manuscript prisoner a little, for the notices I have found, but I will take infinite care of it, as it deserves.

I have got among my *new* old prints a most curious one of one Toole. It seems to be a burlesque. He lived in *temp.* Jac. I., and appears to have been an adventurer, like Sir Ant. Sherley:² can you tell me anything of him?

I must repeat how infinitely I think myself obliged to you both for the print and the use of your manuscript, which is of the greatest use and entertainment to me; but you frighten me about Mr. Baker's MSS. from the neglect of them.³ I should lose all patience if yours were to be treated so. Bind them in iron, and leave them in a chest of cedar. They are, I am sure, most valuable, from what I have found already.

908. TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

MY DEAR LORD:

Strawberry Hill, Sunday, March 11, 1764.

THE last was so busy a week with me, that I had not a minute's time to tell you of Lord Hardwicke's death.⁴ I had so many auctions, dinners, loo-parties, so many sick acquaintance, with the addition of a long day in the House of Commons (which, by the way, I quitted for a sale of books), and a ball, that I left the common newspapers to inform you of an event, which two months ago would have been of much consequence. The Yorkes are fixed, and the contest⁵ at Cambridge will but make them strike deeper root in opposition. I

¹ This libellous book, written by a Scotch physician, and which is reprinted in the second volume of the Harleian Miscellany, and in the fifth volume of the Somers' Collection of Tracts, was considered by Sir Henry Wotton "as one of the alleged incentives which hurried Felton to become an assassin."—WRIGHT.

² Sherley's various embassies will be found in the collections of Hakluyt and Purchas. An article upon his travels, which were published in 1601, occurs likewise in the second volume of the 'Retrospective Review.' The travels of the three brothers, Sir Thomas, Sir Anthony, and Master Robert Sherley, were published from the original manuscripts in 1825.—WRIGHT.

³ Cole's MSS. are safe, and accessible, in the British Museum.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ Lord Hardwicke died 6th March, 1764.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁵ For high steward of the University, between Lord Sandwich and the new Lord

have not heard how their father has portioned out his immense treasures. The election at Cambridge is to be on Tuesday, 24th; Charles Townshend is gone thither, and I suppose, by this time, has ranted, and romanced, and turned every one of their ideas topsy-turvy.

Our long day was Friday, the opening of the budget. Mr Grenville spoke for two hours and forty minutes; much of it well, but too long, too many repetitions, and too evident marks of being galled by reports, which he answered with more art than sincerity. There were a few more speeches, till nine o'clock, but no division. Our armistice, you see, continues. Lord Bute is, I believe, negotiating with both sides; I know he is with the opposition, and has a prospect of making very good terms for himself, for patriots seldom have the gift of perseverance. It is wonderful how soon their virtue thaws!

Last Thursday, the Duchess of Queensberry¹ gave a ball, opened it herself with a minuet, and danced two country dances: as she had enjoined everybody to be with her by six, to sup. at twelve, and go away directly. Of the Campbell-sisters, all were left out but Lady Strafford.² Lady Rockingham and Lady Sondes, who, having had colds, deferred sending answers, received notice that their places were filled up, and that they must not come; but were pardoned on submission. A card was sent to invite Lord and Lady Cardigan, and Lord *Beaulieu* instead of Lord Montagu.³ This, her grace protested, was by accident. Lady Cardigan was very angry, and yet went. Except these flights, the only extraordinary thing the Duchess did, was to do nothing extraordinary, for I do not call it very mad that

Hardwicke.—CROKER. Gray, in a letter of the 21st of February, written from Cambridge, says, "This silly dirty place has had all its thoughts taken up with choosing a new high steward: and had not Lord Hardwicke surprisingly, and to the shame of the faculty, recovered by a quack medicine, I believe in my conscience the noble Earl of Sandwich had been chosen, though (let me do them the justice to say) not without a considerable opposition."—*Works, by Mitford*, vol. iv. p. 29.—WRIGHT.

¹ "The Duchess of Queensberry [Catherine Hyde] has been passing a night here, and endeavouring to recollect the ideas of past pleasure. She was exactly herself,—very clever, very whimsical, and just not mad."—*MS. Letter*, Middleton Park, July 11th, 1763.—CUNNINGHAM.

² The sisters omitted were Lady Dalkeith, Lady Elizabeth Mackenzie, and Lady Mary Coke.—CROKER.

³ John, Duke of Montagu, left two daughters; the eldest, Isabella, married first the Duke of Manchester, and, secondly, Mr. Hussey, an Irish gentleman, created, in consequence of this union, Lord Beaulieu. Mary, the younger sister, married Lord Cardigan, who was, in 1776, created Duke of Montagu: their eldest son having been, in 1762, created Lord Montagu. The marriage of the elder sister with Mr. Hussey was considered, by her family and the world, as a *mésalliance*; and, therefore, the mistake of Lord *Beaulieu* for Lord *Montagu* was likely to give offence.—CROKER.



C. JAMES, DEL.

J. H. B. 1787

CATHERINE HYDE, DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE COLLECTION OF THE EARL OF CLARENDON,

AT THE GROVE IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

some pique happening between her and the Duchess of Bedford, the latter had this distich sent to her,

Come with a whistle, and come with a call,
Come with a good will, or come not at all.

I do not know whether what I am going to tell you did not border a little upon Moorfields.¹ The gallery where they danced was very cold. Lord Lorn,² George Selwyn, and I, retired into a little room, and sat comfortably by the fire. The Duchess looked in, said nothing, and sent a smith to take the hinges of the door off. We understood the hint, and left the room, and so did the smith the door. This was pretty legible.

My niece Waldegrave talks of accompanying me to Paris, but ten or twelve weeks may make great alteration in a handsome young widow's plan: I even think I see some³ who will—not forbid banns, but propose them. Indeed, I am almost afraid of coming to you myself. The air of Paris works such miracles, that it is not safe to trust oneself there. I hear of nothing but my Lady Hertford's rakery, and Mr. Wilkes's religious deportment, and constant attendance at your chapel. Lady Anne,⁴ I conclude, chatters as fast as my Lady Essex⁵ and her four daughters.

Princess Amelia told me t'other night, and bade me tell you, that she had seen Lady Massarene⁶ at Bath, who is warm in praise of you, and said that you had spent two thousand pounds out of friendship, to support her son in an election. She told the Princess too, that she had found a rent-roll of your estate in a farm-house, and that it is fourteen thousand a-year. This I was ordered, I know not why, to tell you. The Duchess of Bedford has not been asked to the loo-parties at Cavendish-house⁷ this winter, and only once to whisk there, and that was one Friday when she is at home herself. We have nothing at the Princess's but silver-loo, and her Bath and

¹ It is now almost necessary to remind the reader, that old Bedlam stood in Moorfields.—CROKER.

² Afterwards fifth Duke of Argyle.—CROKER.

³ He means, as subsequently appears, the Duke of Portland.—CROKER.

⁴ Lord Hertford's eldest daughter, afterwards wife of Mr. Stewart, subsequently created Earl and Marquis of Londonderry.—CROKER.

⁵ Elizabeth Russell, daughter of the second Duke of Bedford. She had four daughters; but the eldest died young.—CROKER.

⁶ Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Eyre, Esq., of Derbyshire, second wife of the first, and mother of the second Earl of Massarene; the latter being at this time a minor. The election was probably for the county of Antrim, in which both Lord Massarene and Lord Hertford had considerable property.—CROKER.

⁷ Princess Amelia's, the corner of Harley-street; since the residence of Mr. Hope, and of Mr. Watson Taylor.—CROKER.

Tunbridge acquaintance. The *trade* at our gold-loo is as contraband as ever. I cannot help saying, that the Duchess of Bedford would mend our silver-loo, and that I wish everybody played like her at the gold.

Arlington Street, Tuesday.

You thank me, my dear lord, for my gazettes (in your letter of the 8th) more than they deserve. There is no trouble in sending you news; as you excuse the careless manner in which I write anything I hear. Don't think yourself obliged to be punctual in answering me: it would be paying too dear for such idle and trifling despatches. Your picture of the attention paid to Madame Pompadour's illness, and of the ridicule attached to the mission of that homage, is very striking. It would be still more so by comparison. Think if the Duke of Cumberland was to set up with my Lord Bute!

The East India Company, yesterday, elected Lord Clive—Great Mogul; that is, they have made him Governor-General of Bengal, and restored his Jaghire.¹ I dare to say he will put it out of their power ever to take it away again. We have had a deluge of disputes and pamphlets on the late events in that distant province of our empire, the Indies. The novelty of the manners divert me: our governors there, I think, have learned more of their treachery and injustice, than they have taught them of our discipline.

Monsieur Helvetius² arrived yesterday. I will take care to inform the Princess, that you could not do otherwise than you did about her trees. My compliments to all your hotel.

¹ A rent-charge which had been granted him by the late Nabob, and which, on the seizure of the territory on which it was charged by the East India Company, Lord Clive insisted that the Company should continue to pay. It was about twenty-five thousand pounds per annum.—CROKER.

² A French philosopher, the son of a Dutch physician, brought into France by Louis XIV. He was the author of a dull book, mis-named 'De l'Esprit.' We cannot resist repeating a joke, made about this period, on the occasion of a requisition made by the French ministry to the government of Geneva, that it should seize copies of this book, 'De l'Esprit,' and Voltaire's 'Pucelle d'Orléans,' which were supposed to be collected there, in order to be smuggled into France. The worthy magistrates were said to have reported that, after the most diligent search, they could find in their whole town no trace "*de l'Esprit, et pas une Pucelle.*"—CROKER. The following is Gibbon's character of Helvetius, in a letter of the 12th of February, 1763:—"Amongst my acquaintance I cannot help mentioning M. Helvetius, the author of the famous book 'De l'Esprit.' I met him at dinner at Madame Geoffrin's, where he took great notice of me; made me a visit next day; has ever since treated me, not in a polite, but a friendly manner. Besides being a sensible man, an agreeable companion, and the worthiest creature in the world, he has a very pretty wife, an hundred thousand livres a-year, and one of the best tables in Paris." He died in 1771, at the age of fifty-six.—WRIGHT.

909. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, March 18, 1764.

As I mean, my dear sir, that my letters should amuse or inform you, I ought not, at least in the first intention, to write them here, whither I generally come to tranquillise myself from folly and bustle, or to compose my mind under any misfortune; my situation at this moment. I have just lost my nephew, Lord Malpas;¹ a worthy amiable man, whom I have loved from his childhood. But my grief is light compared to that of poor Lady Malpas. He married her sixteen years ago, with no considerable portion of beauty, and less fortune, though of an exceedingly good family. As his father's profusion called for his restoring the estate, we lamented this match; but it proved a blessing: there never was a more prudent, estimable woman. They lived in the happiest union. Above two months ago he went to his regiment in Ireland, and came away ill. He arrived in town last Monday, grew immediately worse; it turned to an inflammation in his bowels, and carried him off in five days.

This has been a fatal month. Lord Hardwicke,² Lord Townshend,³ and Lord Macclesfield,⁴ are all dead. The first immensely rich, and, I at least think, no loss. The second has given everything he could to a housemaid, by whom he had three children; but a great deal reverts to my lady,⁵ who cannot enjoy that, or her widowhood, as she would have done a few years ago. She is paralytic; and it affects all that pleased one in her—her speech and spirits. Lord Macclesfield had married *his* mistress, or at least other people's—but she was a gentlewoman, and has behaved extremely well. His Tellership of the Exchequer comes by reversion to Mr. Grenville's son.⁶

Don't you wonder what has become of our politics? Did not

¹ George Cholmondeley, eldest son of George, third Earl of Cholmondeley, by Mary, daughter of Sir Robert Walpole. Lord Malpas married [1747] Hester, only daughter of Sir Francis Edwards.—WALPOLE. The fourth Earl of Cholmondeley, who died in 1827, was *this* Lord Malpas's son.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Philip Yorke, Earl of Hardwicke, had been Lord Chancellor.—WALPOLE.

³ Charles, Viscount Townshend, son of the Secretary of State.—WALPOLE.

⁴ George Parker, second Earl of Macclesfield, one of the Tellers of the Exchequer and President of the Royal Society.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁵ Audrey, or Ethelreda, only child of Governor Harrison, a lady of celebrated wit.—WALPOLE. See vol. i. p. 75.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁶ Eldest son of George Grenville, and afterwards Earl Temple.—WALPOLE.

you expect to hear that the opposition were pushing their almost triumphant arms into every quarter? No such thing; yet Hannibal [Pitt] is not enervating himself at Capua. A gouty bed is his bed of roses. Mr. Yorke has been confined with his father, and by his death; and Lord Townshend's death has secluded Charles Townshend. This confinement of the generals might account to the world for the suspension of arms; but I believe is not the true cause. Both sides are treating with the abdicated favourite [Bute]; and the balance he cannot hold, he can incline as he pleases. When the Parliament rises, I shall expect he will decide.

Lord Clive has been suddenly nominated, by the East India Company, to the empire of Bengal, where Dupleix has taught all our merchants to affect to be King-making Earls of Warwick, and where the chief things they have made are blunders and confusion. It is amazing that our usurpations have not taught the Indians union, discipline, and courage. We are governing nations to which it takes a year to send our orders.

I am sorry for what you tell me in your letter of the 18th, that Lord B.¹ does not please in Russia; for his own particular I am very indifferent, but I have great regard for his aunt, Lady Suffolk [Henrietta Hobart], and know how much it will hurt her if she hears it. That he should be pert *mal à propos*, does not surprise me. He would never have been my choice for such an employment, which ought so little to be given by favour, and is so seldom given for any other reason—so seldom given to a Sir Horace Mann. You know it is my opinion, that the reason of sending so many fools about Europe from all parts of Europe, is, that such are elected whose capacities resemble most the heads of those they are to represent. Adieu! It is time to finish when I attack the *Corps Diplomatique* and the *Patronanza*, though writing to a minister.

P.S. We expect every day to hear of the death of Madame Pompadour.²

¹ John Hobart, second Earl of Buckinghamshire.—WALPOLE.

² Madame Pompadour, mistress of Louis XV., died 14th of April, 1764.—CUNNINGHAM.

910. TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

Sunday, March 18, 1764.

You will feel, my dear lord, for the loss I have had, and for the much greater affliction of poor Lady Malpas. My nephew went to his regiment in Ireland before Christmas, and returned but last Monday. He had, I suppose, heated himself in that bacchanalian country, and was taken ill the very day he set out, yet he came on, but grew much worse the night of his arrival; it turned to an inflammation in his bowels, and he died last Friday. You may imagine the distress where there was so much domestic felicity, and where the deprivation is augmented by the very slender circumstances in which he could but leave his family; as his father—such an improvident father—is living! Lord Malpas himself was very amiable, and I had always loved him—but this is the cruel tax one pays for living, to see one's friends taken away before one! It has been a week of mortality. The night I wrote to you last, and had sent away my letter, came an account of my Lord Townshend's death. He had been ill-treated by a surgeon in the country, then was carried improperly to the Bath, and again back to Rainham; though Hawkins, and other surgeons and physicians, represented his danger to him. But the woman he kept, probably to prevent his seeing his family, persisted in these extravagant journeys, and he died in exquisite torment the day after his arrival in Norfolk. He mentions none of his children in his will, but the present lord; to whom he gives 300*l.* a-year that he had bought, adjoining to his estate. But there is said, or supposed to be, 50,000*l.* in the funds in his mistress's name, who was his housemaid. I do not aver this, for truth is not the staple commodity of that family. Charles [his second son] is much disappointed and discontented—not so my lady, who has to 2000*l.* a-year already, another 1000*l.* in jointure, and 1500*l.* her own estate in Hertfordshire.¹ We conclude, that the Duke of Argyle will abandon Mrs. Villiers² for this richer widow; who will only be inconsolable, as she is too cunning, I believe, to let anybody console her. Lord Macclesfield is dead too; a great windfall for Mr. Grenville, who gets a Teller's place for his son.

¹ Balls, in Hertfordshire.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Probably Mary Fowke, widow of Mr. Henry Villiers, nephew of the first Earl of Jersey.—CROKER.

There is no public news: there was a longish day on Friday in our House, on a demand for money for the new bridge from the City [Blackfriars]. It was refused, and into the accompt of contempt, Dr. Hay¹ threw a good deal of abuse on the common-council—a nest of hornets, that I do not see the prudence of attacking.

I leave to your brother to tell you the particulars of an impertinent paragraph in the papers on you and your embassy; but I must tell you how instantly, warmly, and zealously, he resented it. He went directly to the Duke of Somerset, to beg him to complain of it to the Lords. His grace's bashfulness made him choose rather to second the complaint, but he desired Lord Marchmont to make it, who liked the office, and the printers are to attend your House to-morrow.²

I went a little too fast in my history of Lord Clive, and yet I had it from Mr. Grenville himself. The Jaghire is to be decided by law, that is, in the year 1900. Nor is it certain that his Omarship goes; that will depend on his obtaining a board of directors to his mind, at the approaching election.³ I forgot, too, to answer your question about Luther;⁴ and now I remember it, I cannot answer it. Some said his wife had been gallant. Some, that he had been too gallant, and that she suffered for it. Others laid it to his expenses at his election; others again, to political squabbles on that subject between him and his wife—but in short, as he sprung into

¹ George Hay, LL.D., member for Sandwich, and one of the lords of the admiralty.—CROKER.

² We find in the Journals, that the printers of two papers in which the libellous paragraph appeared, were, after examination at the bar, committed to Newgate. The libel itself is not recorded. The proceedings in the House of Lords were notified to Lord Hertford by the secretary of state, and the following is a copy of his reply to this communication:—"Paris, March 27, 1764. I am informed by my friends of the insult that has been offered to my character in two public papers, and of the zeal shown by administration in seconding the resentment of the House of Peers in my favour. Perhaps my own inclination might have led me to despise such low indignities; but if others, and particularly my friends, take the matter more warmly, I am not insensible to their attention, and receive with gratitude such pledges of their regard. I had, indeed, flattered myself, that my course of life had hitherto created me no enemy; but as I find that this felicity is too great for any man, I am pleased, at least, to find that he is a very low one: and I am so far obliged to him for discovering to me the share I have in the friendship of so many great persons, and for procuring me a testimony of esteem from so honourable an assembly as that of the Peers of England."—CROKER.

³ Lord Clive made it a condition of his going to India, that Mr. Sullivan should be deprived of the lead he had in the direction at home.—CROKER.

⁴ John Luther, Esq., of Myless, near Ongar, in Essex, who, on the death of Mr. Harvey, of Chigwell, stood on the popular interest for that county against Mr. Conyers, and succeeded.—CROKER.

the world by his election, so he withered when it was over, and has not been thought on since.

George Selwyn has had a frightful accident, that ended in a great escape. He was at dinner at Lord Coventry's, and just as he was drinking a glass of wine, he was seized with a fit of coughing, the liquor went wrong, and suffocated him: he got up for some water at the side-board, but being strangled, and losing his senses, he fell against the corner of the marble-table with such violence, that they thought he had killed himself by a fracture of his skull. He lay senseless for some time, and was recovered with difficulty. He was immediately blooded, and had the chief wound, which is just over the eye, sewed up—but you never saw so battered a figure. All round his eye is as black as jet, and besides the scar on his forehead, he has cut his nose at top and bottom. He is well off with his life, and we with his wit.

P. S. Lord Macclesfield has left his wife¹ threescore thousand pounds.

911. TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

Tuesday night, March 27, 1764.

YOUR brother has just told me, my dear lord, at the Opera, that Colonel Keith, a friend of his, sets out for Paris on Thursday. I take that opportunity of saying a few things to you, which would be less proper than by the common post; and if I have not time to write to Lord Beauchamp too, I will defer my answer to him till Friday, as the post-office will be more welcome to read that.

Lord Bute is come to town, has been long with the King alone, and goes publicly to court and the House of Lords, where the Barony of Bottetourt² has engrossed them some days, and of which the town thinks much, and I not at all, so I can tell you nothing about it. The first two days, I hear, Lord Bute was little noticed; but to-day much court was paid to him, even by the Duke of Bedford. Why this difference, I don't know: that matters are somehow adjusted between the favourite not minister, and the

¹ Lord Macclesfield's second wife, whom he married in 1757, was a Miss Dorothy Nesbit.—CROKER.

² The ancient Barony of Bottetourt had been considered as extinct ever since the reign of Edward III., and was now claimed by Mr. Norborne Berkeley, member for Gloucestershire, and a groom of the bed-chamber; the revival of a claim so long forgotten created considerable interest.—CROKER.

ministers not favourites, I have no doubt. Pitt certainly has been treating with him, and so threw away the great and unexpected progress which the opposition had made. They, good people, are either not angry with him for this, or have not found it out. The Sandwiches and Rigbys, who feel another half year coming into their pockets, are not so blind. For my own part, I rejoice that the opposition are only fools, and by thus missing their treaty, will not appear knaves. In the mean time, I have no doubt but the return of Lord Bute must produce confusion at court. He and Grenville are both too fond of being ministers, not to be jealous of one another. If what is said to be designed proves true, that the King will go to Hanover, and take the Queen with him, I shall expect that clamour (which you see depends on very few men,¹ for it has subsided during these private negotiations) will rise higher than ever. The Queen's absence must be designed to leave the regency in the hands of another lady [the Princess Dowager]; connect that with Lord Bute's return, and judge what will be the consequence! These are the present politics, at least mine, who trouble myself little about them, and know less. I have not been at the House this month; the great points which interested me are over, and the very stand has shut the door. I might like some folks *out*, but there are so few that I desire to see *in*, that indifference is my present most predominating principle. The busier world are attentive to the election at Cambridge, which comes on next Friday; and I think, now, Lord Sandwich's friends have little hopes. Had I a vote, it would not be given for the new Lord Hardwicke.

But we have a more extraordinary affair to engage us, and of which *you* particularly will hear much more,—indeed, I fear must be involved in. D'Eon has published (but to be sure you have already heard so) a most scandalous quarto, abusing Monsieur de Guerchy outrageously, and most offensive to Messieurs de Praslin and Nivernois.² In truth, I think he will have made all three irreconcilable enemies. The Duc de Praslin must be enraged as to the Duke's carelessness and partiality to D'Eon, and will certainly grow to hate Guerchy, concluding the latter can never forgive *him*. D'Eon, even by his own account, is as culpable as possible, mad with pride, insolent, abusive, ungrateful, and dishonest, in short, a com-

¹ This is an important observation: it affords a clue to the causes of the unpopularity of the early years of George III.—CROKER.

² M. de Praslin was secretary for foreign affairs, and M. de Nivernois had been lately ambassador in England.—CROKER.

plication of abominations, yet originally ill-used by his court, afterwards too well; above all, he has great malice, and great parts to put that malice in play. Though there are even many bad puns in his book, a very uncommon fault in a French book, yet there is much wit too.¹ Monsieur de Guerchy is extremely hurt, though with the least reason of the three; for his character for bravery and good-nature is so established, that here, at least, he will not suffer. I could write pages to you upon this subject, for I am full of it—but I will send you the book. The council have met to-day to consider what to do upon it. Most people think it difficult for them to do anything. Lord Mansfield thinks they can—but I fear he has a little alacrity on the severe side in such cases. Yet I should be glad the law would allow severity in the present case. I should be glad of it, as I was in your case last week; and considering the present constitution of things, would put the severity of the law in execution. You will wonder at this sentence out of my mouth,² but not when you have heard my reason. The liberty of the press has been so much abused, that almost all men, especially such as have weight, I mean, grave hypocrites and men of arbitrary principles, are ready to demand a restraint. I would therefore show, that the law, as *it already stands*, is efficacious enough to repress enormities. I hope so, particularly in Monsieur de Guerchy's case, or I do not see how a foreign minister can come hither; if, while their persons are called *sacred*, their characters are at the mercy of every servant that can pick a lock and pay for printing a letter. It is an odd coincidence of accidents that has produced abuse on you and your tally in the same week—but yours was a flea-bite.

Thank you, my dear lord, for your anecdotes relative to Madame Pompadour, her illness, and the pretenders to her succession. I hope she may live till I see her; she is one of the greatest curiosities of the age, and I am a pretty universal virtuoso. The match of my niece with the Duke of Portland was, I own, what I hinted at, and what I then believed likely to happen. It is now quite off, and with very extraordinary circumstances; but if I tell it you at all, it must not be in a letter, especially when D'Eons steal letters and print them. It is a secret, and so little to the lover's advantage,

¹ At this distance of time, D'Eon's book seems to us the mere ravings of insane vanity; the puns poor, and the wit rare and forced.—CROKER.

² It certainly does not appear quite consistent, that Mr. Walpole, who so much disapproves of an attack on his *friends*, Lord Hertford and M. de Guerchy, should have been delighted, but a few pages since, with the *hemlock* administered to Lord Holland, and the *scurrility* against Bishop Warburton.—CROKER.

that I, who have a great regard for his family, shall not be the first to divulge it.

We had, last night, a magnificent ball at Lady Cardigan's; three sumptuous suppers in three rooms. The house, you know, is crammed with fine things, pictures, china, japan, vases, and every species of curiosity. These are much increased even since I was in favour there, particularly by Lord Montagu's importations. I was curious to see how many quarrels my lady must have gulped before she could fill her house—truly, not many, (though some,) for there were very few of her own acquaintance, chiefly recruits of her son and daughter. There was not the *souçon* of a Bedford, though the town has married Lord Tavistock and Lady Betty'¹—but he is coming to you to France. The Duchess of Bedford told me how hard it was, that I, who had personally offended my Lady Cardigan, should be invited, and that she, who had done nothing, and yet had tried to be reconciled, should not be asked. "Oh, Madam," said I, "be easy as to that point, for though she has invited me, she will scarce speak to me—but I let all such quarrels come and go as they please: if people, so indifferent to me, quarrel with me, it is no reason why I should quarrel with them, and they have my full leave to be reconciled when they please."

I must trouble you once more to know to what merchant you consigned the Princess's trees, and Lady Hervey's bibliothèque—I mean for the latter. I did not see the Princess last week, as the loss of my nephew [Lord Malpas] kept me from public places. Of all public places, guess the most unlikely one for the most unlikely person to have been at. I had sent to know how Lady Macclesfield did: Lous [his valet] brought me word that he could hardly get into St. James's-square, there was so great a crowd to see my lord lie in state. At night I met my Lady Milton² at the Duchess of Argyle's, and said in joke, "Soh, to be sure, you have been to see my Lord Macclesfield lie in state!" thinking it impossible—she burst out into a fit of laughter, and owned she had. She and my Lady Temple had dined at Lady Betty's,³ put on hats and cloaks, and literally waited on the steps of the house in the thick of the mob, while one posse was admitted and let out again for a second to enter, before they got in.

¹ Lady Cardigan's eldest daughter, married, in 1767, to the third Duke of Buccleuch, died 1827.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Lady Caroline Sackville, wife of Joseph Damer, Lord Milton, of Ireland.—CROKER.

³ Lady Betty Germain.—CROKER.

You will as little guess what a present I have had from Holland—only a treatise of mathematical metaphysics from an author I never heard of, with great encomiums on my taste and knowledge. To be sure, I am warranted to insert this certificate among the *testimonia authorum*, before my next edition of the Painters. Now, I assure you, I am much more just—I have sent the gentleman word what a perfect ignoramus I am, and did not treat my vanity with a moment's respite. Your brother has laughed at me, or rather at the poor man who has so mistaken me, as much as ever I did at his *absence* and flinging down everything at breakfast. Tom, your brother's man, told him to-day, that *Mister Helvoetsluys* had been to wait on him—now you are guessing,—did you find out this was Helvetius?

It is piteous late, and I must go to bed, only telling you a bon-mot of Lady Bell Finch.' Lord Bath owed her *half a crown*; he sent it next day, with a wish that he could give her a *crown*. She replied, that though he could not give her a *crown*, he could give her a *coronet*, and she was very ready to accept it.² I congratulate you on your new house; and am your very sleepy humble servant.

912. TO CHARLES CHURCHILL, ESQ.³

DEAR SIR:

Arlington Street, March 27, 1764.

I HAD just sent away a half-scolding letter to my sister, for not telling me of Robert's⁴ arrival, and to acquaint you both with the loss of poor Lord Malpas, when I received your very entertaining letter of the 19th. I had not then got the draught of the Conqueror's kitchen, and the tiles you were so good as to send me; and grew horribly afraid lest old Dr. Ducarel, who is an ostrich of an antiquary, and can digest superannuated brickbats, should have gobbled them up. At my return from Strawberry Hill yesterday, I found the whole cargo safe, and am really much obliged to you. I weep over the ruined kitchen, but enjoy the tiles. They are exactly like a few

¹ See vol. i. p. 188; vol. ii. p. 79.—CUNNINGHAM.

² It seems that Lord Bath's coronet, and perhaps still more his great wealth, for which, after his son's death, he had no direct heir, subjected his lordship to views of the nature alluded to in Lady Bell's *bon-mot*. In the Suffolk Letters, is a proposition to this effect from Mrs. Anne Pitt, made with all appearance of seriousness.—CROKER.

³ General Churchill's son by Mrs. Oldfield, and husband of Lady Mary Walpole, Sir Robert's natural daughter by Mary Skerrett.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ Robert and Horace, both mentioned in this letter, were sons of Mr. Churchill.—WRIGHT.

which I obtained from the cathedral of Gloucester, when it was new paved; they are inlaid in the floor of my China-room. I would have got enough to pave it entirely; but the canons, who were flinging them away, had so much devotion left, that they enjoined me not to pave a pagoda with them, nor put them to any profane use. As scruples increase in a ratio to their decrease, I did not know but a china-room might casuistically be interpreted a pagoda, and sued for no more. My Cloister is finished and consecrated; but as I intend to convert the old blue and white hall next to the China-room into a Gothic columbarium, I should seriously be glad to finish the floor with Norman tiles. However, as I shall certainly make you a visit in about two months, I will wait till then, and bring the dimensions with me.

Depend upon it, I will pay some of your debts to M. de Lislebonne; that is, I will make as great entertainments for him as any one can, who almost always dines alone in his dressing-room; I will show him everything all the morning, as much as any one can, who lies abed till noon, and never gets dressed till two o'clock; and I will endeavour to amuse him with variety of diversions every evening as much as any one can, who does nothing but play at loo till midnight, or sit behind Lady Mary Coke in a corner of a box at the Opera. Seriously, though, I will try to show him that I think distinctions paid to you and my sister favours to me, and will make a point of adding the few civilities which his name, rank, and alliance with the Guerchy's can leave necessary. M. de Guerchy is adored here, and will find so, particularly at this juncture, when he has been most cruelly and publicly insulted by a mad, but villainous fellow, one D'Eon, left here by the Duc de Nivernois, who in effect is still worse treated. This creature, who has been made minister plenipotentiary, which turned his brain, as you have already heard, had stolen Nivernois's private letters, and has published them, and a thousand scandals on M. de Guerchy, in a very thick quarto. The affair is much too long for a letter, makes great noise, and gives as great offence. The council have met to-day to consider how to avenge Guerchy and punish D'Eon. I hope a legal remedy is in their power.

I will say little on the subject of Robert; you know my opinion of his capacity, and I dare say think as I do. He is worth taking pains with. I heartily wish those pains may have success. The cure performed by James's powder charms me more than surprises me. I have long thought it could cure everything but physicians.

Politics are all becalmed. Lord Bute's reappearance on the scene, though his name is in no play-bill, may chance to revive the hurly-burly.

My Lord Townshend has not named Charles [his second son] in his Will, who is as much disappointed as he has often disappointed others. We had last night a magnificent ball at my Lady Cardigan's.

Those fiddles play'd that never play'd before,
And we have danced, where we shall dance no more.

We, that is, the *totum pro parte*,—you do not suspect me, I hope, of any youthfullities ;—*d'autant moins* of dancing ; that I have rumours of gout flying about me, and would fain coax them into my foot. I have almost tried to make them drunk, and inveigle them thither in their cups ; but as they are not at all familiar *chez moi*, they formalise at wine, as much as a middle-aged woman who is just beginning to drink in private.

Adieu, my dear Sir ! my best love to all of you. As Horace is evidently descended from the Conqueror, I will desire him to pluck up the pavement by the roots, when I want to transport it hither.

913. TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

Arlington Street, April 5, 1764.

YOUR idea, my dear lord, of the abusive paragraph on you being conceived at Paris,¹ and transmitted hither, tallies exactly with mine. I guessed that a satire on your whole establishment must come from thence : I said so immediately to two or three persons ; but, I did not tell you I thought so, because I did not choose to fill you with suggestions for which I had no ground, but in my own reasoning. Your arguments convince me I was in the right. Yet, were you master of proofs, the wisest thing you can do, is to act as if you had no suspicion ; that is, to act as you have done, civilly, but coolly. There are men whom one would, I think, no more acknowledge for enemies than friends. One's resentment distinguishes them, and the only gratitude they can pay for that distinction is, to double the abuse. Wilkes's mind, you see, is sufficiently volatile, when he can

¹ Lord Hertford suspected this paragraph to have been written by Mr. Wilkes ; which certainly would have been ungrateful, as Lord Hertford showed Mr. Wilkes more attention than most people thought proper to be shown by the King's ambassador to a person in Mr. Wilkes's circumstances.—CROKER.

already forget Lord Sandwich and the Scotch, and can employ himself on you. He will soon flit to other prey, when you disregard him. It is my way : I never publish a sheet, but buzz ! out fly a swarm of hornets, insects that never settle upon you, if you don't strike at them ; and whose venom is diverted to the next object that presents itself.

We have divine weather. The Bishop of Carlisle [Lyttelton] has been with me two days at Strawberry, where we saw the eclipse¹ to perfection :—not that there was much sight in it. The air was very chill at the time, and the light singular ; but there was not a blackbird that left off singing for it. In the evening, the Duke of Devonshire came with the Straffords from t'other end of Twickenham, and drank tea with us. They had none of them seen the Gallery since it was finished ; even the Chapel was new to the Duke, he was so struck with it that he desired to offer at the shrine an incense-pot of silver philigrain.

The election at Cambridge has ended, for the present, in strange confusion.² The proctors, who were of different sides, assumed each a majority ; the votes, however, appear to have been equal. The learned in university decisions say, an equality is a negative : if so, Lord Hardwicke is excluded. Yet the novelty of the case, it not having been very customary to *solicit* such a trifling honour, and the antiquated forms of proceeding retained in colleges, leave the matter wide open for further contention, an advantage Lord Sandwich cherishes as much as success. The grave are highly scandalised :—popularity was still warmer. The under-graduates, who, having no votes, had consequently been left to their *real* opinions, were very near expressing their opinions against Lord Sandwich's friends in the most outrageous manner : hissed they were ; and after the election, the juniors burst into the Senate-house, elected a fictitious Lord Hardwicke, and chaired him. The indecent arts and applications which had been used by the *Twitcherites* (as they are called, from Lord Sandwich's nick-name, *Jemmy Twitcher*,) had provoked

¹ A considerable eclipse of the sun, which took place on the 1st of April. It was annular at Boulogne, in France, and of course nearly so at Paris and London.—CROKER.

² The contest was between Lords Hardwicke and Sandwich ; but, according to university forms, the poll was taken on the first name ; there appeared among the Blackhoods for Lord Hardwicke, placet 103 ; non-placet 101 : among the Whitehoods, the proctors' accounts differed ; one made placet 108, non-placet 107 ; the other made placet 107, non-placet 101 : on this a scrutiny was demanded, and refused, and a great confusion ensuing, the Vice-Chancellor adjourned the senate *sine die*.—CROKER.

this rage. I will give you but one instance:—A voter, who was blooded on purpose that morning, was brought out of a madhouse with his keeper. This is the great and wise nation, which the philosopher Helvetius is come to study! When he says of us, *C'est un furieux pais!* he does not know that the literal translation is the true description of us.

I don't know whether I did not tell you some lies in my last; very likely: I tell you what I *hear*, and do not answer for truth but when I tell you what I *know*. How should I *know* anything? I am in no confidence; I think of both sides alike; I care for neither; I ask few questions. The King's journey to Hanover is contradicted. The return of Lord Bute is still a mystery. The zealous say, he declares for the administration; but some of the latter do not trust too much to that security; and, perhaps, they are in the right: I know what I think and why I think it; yet some, who do not go on ill grounds, have a middle opinion, that is not very reconcileable to mine. You will not wonder that there is a mystery, doubt, or irresolution. The scene will be opened further before I get to Paris.

Lord Lyttelton and Lord Temple have dined with each other, and the reconciliation of the former with Mr. Pitt is concluded. It is well that enmities are as frail as friendships.

The Archbishop and Bishops, who are so eager against Dr. Pearse's divorce from his see, not as illegal, but improper, and of bad example, have determined the King, who left it to them, not to consent to it, though the Bishop himself still insists on it. As this decision disappoints Bishop Newton, Lord Bath has obtained a consolatory promise for him of the mitre of London, to the great discomfort of Terrick and Warburton. You see Lord Bath does not hobble up the back-stairs for nothing. Oh, he is an excellent courtier! The Prince of Wales shoots him with play-thing arrows; he falls down dead; and the child kisses him to life again. Melancholy ambition! I heard him, t'other night, propose himself to Lady Townshend as a rich widow. Such spirits at fourscore are pleasing; but when one has lost all one's children, to be flattering those of Kings!

The Bishop of Carlisle told me, that t'other day in the House of Lords, Warburton said to another of the bench, "I was invited by my Lord Mansfield to dine with that Helvetius, but he is a professed patron of atheism, a rascal, and a scoundrel, and I would not countenance him; besides, I should have worked him, and that Lord Mansfield would not have liked." No, in good truth: who can like

such vulgarism ! His French, too, I suppose, is equal to his wit and his piety.

I dined, on Tuesday, with the imperial minister ; we were two-and-twenty, collected from the four corners of the earth. Since it is become the fashion to banquet whole kingdoms by turns, I should pray, if I was minister, to be sent to Lucca. Have you received D'Eon's very curious book, which I sent by Colonel Keith ? I do not find that the administration can discover any method of attacking him. Monsieur de Guerchy very properly determines to take no notice of it. In the mean time, the wit of it gains ground, and palliates the abomination, though it ought not.

Princess Amelia asked me again about her trees. I gave her your message. She does not blame you, but Madame de Boufflers, for sending them so large. Mr. Legge is in a very bad way ; but not without hopes : his last night was better. Adieu ! my dear lords and ladies !

914. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, April 9, 1764.

THANK you, thank you for your accounts of the Duke of York, and of the reception you have given him. Why, you have feasted him as if you were sovereign of Tuscany ! But pray, has the marshal consigned to you the revenues of the duchy ? I tell you, you will be bankrupt ; you will lie above ground in a velvet coffin, like the Spanish Ambassador's in Westminster Abbey ! I did not doubt but the duke's good humour would charm you, and his ease ; but I should tremble at your magnificence, unless he were his own elder brother, and could indemnify you. If the rumour of your banquets reaches Naples, you will have that whole city swarming to Florence, and knocking at your gate for that bread which they want at home. Seriously, I feel for the poor Neapolitans, since St. Januarius has not the secret of feeding them with five loaves and a few small fishes.

We are full of a wonderful book, just published here, by the Chevalier D'Eon, who was secretary to the Duc de Nivernois, and who was made Plenipotentiary in his room, on having carried over the preliminaries, as he had before carried two or three treaties from Petersburg, for which they never paid him. His honours turned his head, the first consequence of which was his extravagance last October at Lord Halifax's, of which you heard. The affection of

Monsieur de Nivernois, and the economy of the Duc de Praslin, concurred to try to place him as secretary with Monsieur de Guerchy. This projected tumble enraged him against innocent Monsieur de Guerchy, and the refusal of his arrears against Praslin. Resentment, pride, and frenzy, precipitated him into a literary war with them. He was recalled, refused, and indeed did not dare to return. Necessity followed, and has made him abominable, for he has not only published the Duc de Praslin's letters, and abused De Guerchy intolerably, but has sacrificed Nivernois' letters too, and the private correspondence between the latter and Praslin, and has without any provocation printed the letters of a private friend of his own, who is under Praslin, and who speaks of his master in a manner that may ruin himself. Praslin, Nivernois, and Guerchy, were intimate friends; the two former talk to one another of the latter in a tone of tender contempt, which the last can never forgive, as Praslin never can the carelessness of Nivernois. Praslin says of Guerchy, "*Je crains ses dépêches comme le feu ; notre pauvre Guerchy ; il ne sait pas du tout écrire—mais nous n'avons de meilleur à employer.*" I am glad of it; and yet, though Guerchy is no clerk, he is far from being contemptible. The Court of France indeed appears to be so; and, for Monsieur de Praslin, it will suffice to give you the measure of his genius, by telling you of one of his plans,—it was to make the French language universal, by publishing a monthly Review! You are to understand, that beside a thousand curious circumstances, D'Eon's book is full of wit and parts; and what makes it more provoking, our Ministers know not what to do, nor how to procure any satisfaction to Guerchy.

I am going to realise the very low ideas I have of modern France, by a journey to Paris. By all I see and hear, they seem to be sunk in every light; even in the trifles of which they boast themselves, they are gone backwards a century. They are as formal as we were in Queen Anne's days, and believe they make discoveries, when they adopt what we have had these twenty years. For instance, they begin to see beauties in the antique—everything must be *à la Grecque*—accordingly, the lace on their waistcoats is copied from a frieze. Monsieur de Guerchy seeing a Doric fret on a fender at Woburn, which was common before I went abroad, said to the Duchess of Bedford, "*Comment! Madame, vous avez là du Grec, sans le savoir!*"

A melancholy affair has happened to Lord Ilchester: his eldest daughter, Lady Susan, a very pleasing girl, though not handsome,

married herself two days ago at Covent-garden church to O'Brien, a handsome young actor. Lord Ilchester doated on her, and was the most indulgent of fathers. 'Tis a cruel blow.

Our Parliament is going to rise; an event, which, contrary to custom, will, I fancy, produce politics, instead of suspending them. Lord Bute is returned to town; probably not as a simple spectator. Lord Sandwich's contest at Cambridge has taken a strange turn; the numbers for him and Lord Hardwicke were equal, but both sides pretended to a majority of one. The election broke up in confusion, *et le tout est à recommencer*, with additional heat.

I am writing to you in my lovely Gallery, with sufficient indifference to all those squabbles—yet the perspective of public affairs is not so agreeable as to promise anybody a quiet enjoyment of his gallery long! 'Tis fortunate, however, that France has not *de meilleures têtes à employer!*

915. TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

Arlington Street, April 12, 1764.

MAKE yourself perfectly easy, my dear lord, about newspapers and their tattle; they are not worth a moment's regard. In times of party it is impossible to avoid abuse. If attached to one side, one is pelted by the other; if to neither, by both. One can place oneself above deserving invectives; and then it signifies little, whether they are escaped or not. But when one is conscious that they are unmerited, it is noblest to scorn them—perhaps, I even think, that such a situation is not ineligible. Character is the most precious of all blessings; but, pray allow that it is too sacred to be hurt by anything but itself: does it depend on others, or on its own existence? That character must be fictitious, and formed for man, which man can take away. Your reputation does not depend on Mr. Wilkes, like his own. It is delightful to deserve popularity, and to despise it.

You will have heard of the sad misfortune that has happened to Lord Ilchester by his daughter's [Lady Susan Fox's] marriage with O'Brien the actor. But, perhaps, you do not know the circumstances, and how much his grief must be aggravated by reflection on his own credulity and negligence. The affair has been in train for eighteen months. The swain had learned to counterfeit Lady Sarah Bunbury's hand so well, that in the country Lord Ilchester

has himself delivered several of O'Brien's letters to Lady Susan; but it was not till about a week before the catastrophe that the family was apprised of the intrigue. Lord Cathcart went to Miss Read's,¹ the paintress: she said softly to him, "My lord, there is a couple in next room that I am sure ought not to be together, I wish your lordship would look in." He did, shut the door again, and went directly and informed Lord Ilchester. Lady Susan was examined, flung herself at her father's feet, confessed all, vowed to break off—but—what a *but*!—desired to see the loved object, and take a last leave. You will be amazed—even this was granted. The parting scene happened the beginning of the week. On Friday she came of age, and on Saturday morning—instead of being under lock and key in the country—walked down stairs, took her footman, said she was going to breakfast with Lady Sarah, but would call at Miss Read's; in the street, pretended to recollect a particular cap in which she was to be drawn, sent the footman back for it, whipped into a hackney chair, was married at Covent-garden church, and set out for Mr. O'Brien's villa at Dunstable. My Lady—my Lady Hertford! what say *you* to permitting young ladies to act plays, and go to painters by themselves?²

Poor Lord Ilchester is almost distracted; indeed, it is the completion of disgrace—even a footman were preferable; the publicity of the hero's profession perpetuates the mortification. *Il ne sera pas milord, tout comme un autre*. I could not have believed that Lady Susan would have stooped so low. She may, however, still keep good company, and say, "nos numeri sumus"—Lady Mary Duncan,³ Lady Caroline Adair,⁴ Lady Betty Gallini⁵—the shopkeepers of next age will be mighty well born. If our genealogies had been so confused four hundred years ago, Norborne Berkeley would have had still more difficulty with his obsolete Barony of Bottetourt, which the House of Lords at last has granted him. I have never attended the hearings, though it has been much

¹ Miss Catherine Read, now chiefly remembered by her pretty portrait of the *Gunning* Duchess of Hamilton. She went to the East Indies, returned and died in London about 1780 or 1790.—CUNNINGHAM.

² See Grenville Correspondence, ii. 447; and Correspondence of Gray and Mason, p. 336.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Daughter of the seventh Earl of Thanet, married, in September 1763, to Doctor Duncan, M.D., soon after created a baronet.—CROKER.

⁴ Daughter of the second Earl of Albemarle, married, in 1759, to Mr. Adair, a surgeon.—CROKER.

⁵ Daughter of the third Earl of Abingdon, married to Sir John Gallini. She died in 1804, at the age of eighty.—CROKER.

the fashion, but nobody cares less than I about what they don't care for. I have been as indifferent about other points, of which all the world is talking, as the restriction of franking, and the great cause of Hamilton and Douglas. I am almost as tired of what is still more in vogue, our East India affairs. Mir Jaffier and Cossim Aly Cawn, and their deputies Clive and Sullivan, or rather their principals, employ the public attention, instead of Mogul Pitt and Nabob Bute; the former of whom remains shut up in Asiatic dignity at Hayes, while the other is again mounting his elephant and levying troops. What Lord Tavistock meant of his invisible Haughtiness's [Pitt] invective on Mr. Neville, I do not know. He has not been in the House of Commons since the war of privilege. It must have been something he dropped in private.

I was diverted just now with some old rhymes that Mr. Wilkes would have been glad to have North-Britonised for our little Bishop of Osnaburgh.¹

*Eligimus puerum, puerorum festa colentes,
Non nostrum morem, sed Regis jussa sequentes.*

They were literally composed on the election of a juvenile bishop.

Young Dundas marries Lady Charlotte Fitzwilliam.² Sir Lawrence³ settles four thousand per annum in present, and six more in future—compare these riches got in two years and a half, with D'Eon's account of French economy! Lord Garlies remarries himself with the Duchess of Manchester's⁴ next sister, Miss Dashwood. The youngest is to have Mr. Knightley—a-propos to D'Eon, the foreign ministers had a meeting yesterday morning at the imperial minister's, and Monsieur de Guerchy went from thence to the King, but on what result I do not know, nor can I find that the lawyers agree that anything can be done against him. There has been a plan of some changes among the Dii Minores, your Lord Norths, and Carysforts, and Ellises, and Frederick Campbells, and such like; but the supposition that Lord Holland would be willing to accommodate the present ministers with the Paymaster's place, being the axle on which this project turned, and his lordship not being in the

¹ Frederick Duke of York, born in August 1763, elected Bishop of Osnaburgh, 27th of February, 1764.—CROKER.

² Second daughter of the third Earl Fitzwilliam, born in 1746.—CROKER.

³ Sir Lawrence Dundas, father of the first Lord Dundas, is said to have made his fortune in the commissariat, during the Scotch rebellion of 1745.—CROKER.

⁴ Elizabeth, daughter of Sir James Dashwood, Bart., and wife of the fourth Duke of Manchester.—CROKER.

accommodating humour, there are half a dozen abortions of new lords of the Treasury and Admiralty—excuse me if I do not send you this list of embryos; I do not load my head with such fry. I am little more *au fait* of the confusion that happened yesterday at the East India House; I only know it was exactly like the jumble at Cambridge. Sullivan's list was chosen, all but himself—his own election turns on one disputed vote. Everything is intricate—a presumption that we have few heads very clear. Good night, for I am tired; since dinner I have been at an auction of prints, at the Antiquarian Society in Chancery-lane, at Lady Dalkeith's in Grosvenor-square, and at Loo at my niece's [Lady Waldegrave's] in Pall Mall; I left them going to supper, that I might come home and finish this letter; it is half an hour after twelve, and now I am going to supper myself. I suppose all this sounds very sober to you!

916. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

DEAR SIR:

Arlington Street, April 12, 1764.

I SHALL send your MS. volume this week to Mr. Cartwright, and with a thousand thanks. I ought to beg your pardon for having detained it so long. The truth is, I had not time till last week to copy two or three little things at most. Do not let this delay discourage you from lending me more. If I have them in summer, I shall keep them much less time than in winter. I do not send my print with it as you ordered me, because I find it is too large to lie within the volume; and doubling a mezzotinto, you know, spoils it. You shall have one or more, if you please, whenever I see you.

I have lately made a few curious additions to my collections of various sorts, and shall hope to show them to you at Strawberry Hill. Adieu!

917. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington Street, April 19, 1764.

I AM just come from the Duchess of Argyll's,¹ where I dined. General Warburton was there, and said it was the report at the

¹ Widow of John Campbell, Duke of Argyle. She was sister to General Warburton, and had been maid of honour to Queen Anne.—WALPOLE.

House of Lords, that you are turned out—he imagined, of your Regiment—but that I suppose is a mistake for the Bedchamber.¹ I shall hear more to-night, and Lady Strafford, who brings you this, will tell you; though to be sure you will know earlier by the post to-morrow. My only reason for writing is, to repeat to you, that whatever you do I shall act with you.² I resent anything done to you as to myself. My fortunes shall never be separated from yours—except that some time or other I hope yours will be great, and I am content with mine.

The Manns go on with the business.³—The letter you received was from Mr. Edward Mann, not from Gal's widow. Adieu! I was going to say, my *disgraced* friend—How delightful to have a character so unspotted, that the word *disgrace* recoils on those who displace you! Yours unalterably.

918. TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

Arlington Street, April 20, 1764.

THERE has been a strong report about town for these two days that your brother is dismissed, not only from the Bedchamber, but from his Regiment, and that the latter is given to Lord Pembroke. I do not believe it. Your brother went to Park-place but yesterday morning at ten: he certainly knew nothing of it the night before when we parted, after one, at Grafton-house; nor would he have passed my door yesterday without stopping to tell me of it: no letter has been sent to his house since, nor were any orders arrived at the War-office at half an hour after three yesterday; nay, though I can give the ministry credit for much folly, and some of them credit for even violence and folly, I do not believe they are so rash as this would amount to. For the Bedchamber, you know, your brother never liked it, and would be glad to get rid of it. I should be sorry for his sake, and for yours too, if it went farther:—gentle and indifferent as his nature is, his resentment, if his profession were touched, would be as serious as such spirit and such abilities could

¹ Mr. Conway was dismissed from all his employments, civil and military, for having opposed the ministry in the House of Commons, on the question of the legality of General Warrants, at the time of the prosecution of Mr. Wilkes for the publication of the *North Briton*.—WALPOLE.

² Mr. Walpole was then in the House of Commons, member for King's Lynn in Norfolk.—WALPOLE.

³ Of army-clothiers.—WALPOLE.

make it. I would not be the man that advised provoking him; and one man¹ has put himself wofully in his power! In my own opinion, this is one of the lies of which the time is so fruitful; I would not even swear that it has not the same parent with the legend I sent you last week, relating to an intended disposition in consequence of Lord Holland's resignation. The court confidently deny the whole plan, and ascribe it to the fertility of Charles Townshend's brain. However, as they have their Charles Townshends too, I do not totally disbelieve it.

The Parliament rose yesterday,—no new peers, not even Irish: Lord Northumberland's list is sent back ungranted.² The Duke of Mecklenburgh³ and Lord Halifax are to have the garters. Bridgman⁴ is turned out of the green-cloth, which is given to Dick Vernon; and his place of Surveyor of the Gardens, which young Dickinson held for him, is bestowed on Cadogan.⁵ Dyson⁶ is made a Lord of Trade. These are all the changes I have heard—not of a complexion that indicates the removal of your brother.

The foreign ministers agreed, as to be sure you have been told, to make Monsieur Guerchy's *cause commune*; and the Attorney-general has filed an information against D'Eon: that poor lunatic was at the Opera on Saturday, looking like Bedlam. He goes armed, and threatens, what I dare say he would perform, to kill or be killed, if any attempt is made to seize him.

The East Indian affairs have taken a new turn. Sullivan had twelve votes to ten: Lord Clive bribed off one. When they came to the election of chairman, Sullivan desired to be placed in the chair without the disgrace of a ballot; but it was denied. On the scrutiny, the votes appeared eleven and eleven. Sullivan understood the blow, and with three others left the room. Rous, his great enemy, was placed in the chair; since that, I think matters are a little compromised, and Sullivan does not abdicate the direction; but Lord

¹ No doubt Mr. George Grenville is here meant.—CROKER.

² This list was, Sir Ralph Gore, Sir Richard King, and Mr. Stephen Moore, all created peers in this summer by the respective titles of Bellisle, Kingston, and Kilworth.—CROKER.

³ Adolphus Frederick III. Duke of Mecklenburgh Strelitz, the Queen's brother. He died in 1794.—CROKER.

⁴ Mr. George Bridgman, brother of the first Lord Bradford. He had been many years surveyor of the royal gardens, and was celebrated for his taste in ornamental gardening. He died at Lisbon, in 1767.—CROKER.

⁵ Probably Charles Sloane Cadogan, son of the second Lord Cadogan, who was treasurer to Edward, Duke of York.—CROKER.

⁶ Jeremiah Dyson, Esq.; now best remembered as the friend of Akenside.—CUNNINGHAM.

Clive, it is supposed, will go to Bengal in the stead of Colonel Barré, as Sullivan and Lord Shelburne had intended.

Mr. Pitt is worse than ever with the gout. Legge's case is thought very dangerous:—thus stand our politics, and probably will not fluctuate much for some months. At least—I expect to have little more to tell before I see you at Paris, except balls, weddings, and follies, of which, thank the moon! we never have a dearth: for one of the latter class we are obliged to the Archbishop [Secker], who, in remembrance, I suppose, of his original profession of midwifery,¹ has ordered some decent alterations to be made in King Henry's [the Eighth's] figure in the Tower. Poor Lady Susan O'Brien is in the most deplorable situation, for her Adonis [O'Brien] is a Roman Catholic, and cannot be provided for out of his calling. Sir Francis Delaval, being touched by her calamity, has made her a present—of what do you think?—of a rich gold stuff! The delightful charity! O'Brien comforts himself, and says it will make a shining passage in his little history.

I will tell you but one more folly, and hasten to my signature. Lady Beaulieu was complaining of being waked by a noise in the night: my Lord² replied, “Oh, for my part, there is no disturbing me; if they don't wake me before I go to sleep, there is no waking me afterwards.”

Lady Hervey's table is at last arrived, and the Princess's trees, which I sent her last night; but she wants nothing, for Lady Barrymore³ is arrived.

I smiled when I read your account of Lord Tavistock's expedition. Do you remember that I made seven days from Calais to Paris, by laying out my journeys at the rate of travelling in England, thirty miles a-day; and did not find but that I could have gone in a third of the time? I shall not be such a snail the next time. It is said that, at Lord Tavistock's return, he is to decide whom he will marry. Is it true that the Choiseuls totter, and that the Broglies are to succeed; or is there a Charles Townshend at Versailles? Adieu! my dear lord.

¹ See vol. i. p. 174, and vol. iv. p. 150.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Lord Beaulieu (Mr. Hussey) was an Irishman.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Margaret Davis, sister and heiress of Edward, the last Viscount Mountcashel of that family, and widow of James, Earl of Barrymore.—CROKER.

919. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

*Strawberry Hill, Saturday night, eight o'clock.
April 21, 1764.*

I WRITE to you with a very bad head-ache; I have passed a night, for which George Grenville and the Duke of Bedford shall pass many an uneasy one! Notwithstanding I heard from everybody I met, that your Regiment, as well as Bedchamber, were taken away, I would not believe it, till last night the Duchess of Grafton told me, that the night before the Duchess of Bedford said to her, "Are not you very sorry for poor Mr. Conway? He has lost everything." When the Witch of Endor pities, one knows she has raised the devil.

I am come hither alone to put my thoughts into some order, and to avoid showing the first sallies of my resentment, which I know you would disapprove; nor does it become your friend to rail. My anger shall be a little more manly, and the plan of my revenge a little deeper laid than in peevish bon-mots. You shall judge of my indignation by its duration.

In the meantime, let me beg you, in the most earnest and most sincere of all professions, to suffer me to make your loss as light as it is in my power to make it: I have six thousand pounds in the funds; accept all, or what part you want. Do not imagine I will be put off with a refusal. The retrenchment of my expenses, which I shall from this hour commence, will convince you that I mean to re-place your fortune as far as I can. When I thought you did not want it, I had made another disposition. You have ever been the dearest person to me in the world. You have shown that you deserve to be so. You suffer for your spotless integrity. Can I hesitate a moment to show that there is at least one man who knows how to value you? The new will, which I am going to make, will be a testimonial of my own sense of virtue.

One circumstance has heightened my resentment. If it was *not* an accident, it deserves to heighten it. The very day on which your dismissal was notified, I received an order from the Treasury for the payment of what money was due to me there. Is it possible that they could mean to make any distinction between us? Have I separated myself from you? Is there that spot on earth where I can be suspected of having paid court? Have I even left my

name at a Minister's door since you took your part? If they have dared to hint this, the pen that is now writing to you will bitterly undeceive them.

I am impatient to see the letters you have received, and the answers you have sent. Do you come to town? If you do not, I will come to you to-morrow se'nnight, that is, the 29th. I give no advice on anything, because you are cooler than I am—not so cool, I hope, as to be insensible to this outrage, this villany, this injustice! You owe it to your country to labour the extermination of such ministers!

I am so bad a hypocrite, that I am afraid of showing how deeply I feel this. Yet last night I received the account from the Duchess of Grafton with more temper than you believe me capable of: but the agitation of the night disordered me so much, that Lord John Cavendish, who was with me two hours this morning, does not, I believe, take me for a hero. As there are some who I know would enjoy my mortification, and who probably designed I should feel my share of it, I wish to command myself—but that struggle shall be added to their bill. I saw nobody else before I came away but Legge, who sent for me and wrote the enclosed for you. He would have said more both to you and Lady Ailesbury, but I would not let him, as he is so ill: however, he thinks himself that he shall live. I hope he will! I would not lose a shadow that can haunt these ministers.

I feel for Lady Ailesbury, because I know she feels just as I do—and it is not a pleasant sensation. I will say no more, though I could write volumes. Adieu! Yours, as I ever have been and ever will be.

920. THE HON. H. S. CONWAY TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.¹

DEAR BROTHER:

Park Place, April 23, 1764.

You will, I think, be much surprised at the extraordinary news I received yesterday, of my total dismissal from his Majesty's service, both as Groom of the Bedchamber and colonel of a

¹ As two of Walpole's letters, relative to General Conway's dismissal, are wanting, the Editor is glad to be able to supply their place by two letters on the subject from the General himself; and as his dismissal was, both in its principle and consequences, a very important political event, as well as a principal topic in Mr. Walpole's succeeding letters, it is thought that General Conway's own view of it cannot fail to be acceptable.—CROKER.

Regiment. What makes it much stronger is, that I do not hear that any of the many officers who voted with me on the same questions in the minority, are turned out. It seems almost impossible to conceive it should be so, and yet, so I suspect it is; and if it be, it seems to me upon the coolest reflection I am able to give it, the harshest and most unjust treatment ever offered to any man on the like occasion. I never gave a single vote against the Ministry, but in the questions on the great constitutional point of *the warrants*. People are apt to dignify with such titles any question that serves their factious purpose to maintain; but what proved this to be really so, was the great number of persons who voted as I did, having no connection with the Opposition, but determined friends of the Ministry in all their conduct, and in the Government's service; such as Lord Howe and his brother, and several more. As to the rest, I never gave another vote against the Ministry. I refused being of the opposition club, or to attend any one meeting of the kind, from a principle of not entering into a scheme of opposition, but being free to follow my own sentiments upon any question that should arise. On the Cider Act I even voted for the court, in the only vote I gave on that subject; and in another case, relative to the supposed assassination of Wilkes, I even took a part warmly in preventing that silly thing from becoming an object of clamour. So that, undoubtedly, my overt acts have been only voting as any man might from judgment, only in a very extraordinary and serious question of privilege and personal liberty; the avowing my friendship and obligation to some few now in opposition, and my neglecting to pay court to those in the administration; that seemed to me both an honest and an honourable part in my situation, which was something delicate. My poor judgment, at least, could point out no better for me to take, and I enter into so much detail upon this old story, that you may not think I have not done anything lightly or passionately which might give just ground for this extraordinary usage; and I must add to the account, that neither in nor out of the House can I, I think, be charged with a single act or expression of offence to any one of his Majesty's ministers. This was, at least, a moderate part; and after this, what the Ministry should find in their judgment, their justice, or their prudence, from my situation, my conduct, or my character, to single *me* out and stigmatise *me* as the proper object of disgrace, or how the merit of so many of my friends who are acting in their support, and whom they might think it possible would feel hurt, did not, in their pru-

dential light, tend to soften the rigour of their aversion towards me, does, I confess, puzzle me. I don't exactly know from what particular quarter the blow comes; but I must think Lord Bute has at least a share in it, as, since his return, the countenance of the King, who used to speak to me, *after all my votes*, is visibly altered, and of late he has not spoke to me at all.

So much for my political history: I wish it was as easy to my fortune as it is to my mind in most other respects; but that, too, I must make as easy as I can: it comes unluckily at the end of two German campaigns, which I felt the expense of with a much larger income, and have not yet recovered;¹ as, far from having any reward, it was with great difficulty I got the reimbursement of the extraordinary money my last command through Holland cost me, though the States-General had, by a public act, represented my conduct so advantageously to our Court; so that, on the whole, I think no man was ever more contemptuously used, who was not a wretch lost in character and reputation. It requires all the philosophy one can muster, not to show the strongest resentment. I think I have as much as my neighbours, and I shall endeavour to use it; yet not so as to betray quite an unmanly insensibility to such extraordinary provocation. Horace Walpole has, on this occasion, shown that warmth of friendship that you know him capable of, so strongly that I want words to express my sense of it. I have not yet had time to see or hear from any of the rest of my friends who are in the way of this bustle; many of them have, I believe, taken their part, for different reasons, another way, and I am sure I shall never say a word to make them abandon what they think their own interest for my petty cause. Nor am I anxious enough in the object of my own fortune to wish for their taking any step that may endanger theirs in any degree. With retrenchments and economy I may be able to go on, and this great political wheel that is always in motion, may one day or other turn me up, that am but the fly upon it.²

I shall go to town for a few days soon, and probably to court, I suppose to be frowned upon, for I am not treated with the same civility as others who are in determined opposition. Give my best

¹ On this occasion, Lord Hertford, the Duke of Devonshire, and Mr. Horace Walpole (each without the knowledge of the others), pressed General Conway to accept from them an income equivalent to what he had lost.—CROKER.

² Within little more than a year, Mr. Conway was secretary of state, and leader of the House of Commons.—CROKER.

love and compliments to all with you, and believe me, dear brother,
ever most affectionately yours,

H. S. C.

921. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington Street, April 24, 1764.

I REJOICE that you feel your loss so little. That you act with dignity and propriety does not surprise me. To have you behave in character and with character, is my first of all wishes; for then it will not be in the power of man to make you unhappy. Ask yourself—Is there a man in England with whom you would change character? Is there a man in England who would not change with you? Then think how little they have taken away!

For me, I shall certainly conduct myself as you prescribe. *Your* friend shall say and do nothing unworthy of *your* friend. You govern me in everything but one; I mean, the disposition I have told you I shall make. Nothing can alter that but a great change in your fortune. In another point you partly misunderstood me. That I shall explain hereafter.

I shall certainly meet you here on Sunday, and very cheerfully. We may laugh at a world in which nothing of us will remain long but our characters.

Yours eternally.¹

922. THE HON. H. S. CONWAY TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

DEAR BROTHER:

London, May 1, 1764.

I WROTE a letter some days ago from the country, which, I am sorry to find, does not set out till to-day, having been given to M. des Ardrets by Horace Walpole, as it was one I did not choose to send by the post just at this time, though God knows there was less in it, I think, than almost any but myself would have said on such an occasion. I am sorry it did not go, as it must seem very strange to you to hear on that subject from anybody before me; had it been

¹ "I dined yesterday at Devonshire House, and, after the ladies had retired to coffee conversation turned upon politics. I took the opportunity of asserting the necessity of union and immediate activity: union declaredly with Mr. Pitt and Mr. Yorke, and activity both in a summer and a winter plan. Mr. Conway and Mr. Walpole were present: the Duke made strong general professions: Mr. Conway seemed to think with me, and Mr. Walpole went before me in many points, but no final issue; no plan, no positive answer as to great individuals, and the whole ended in indecision." *Charles Townshend to Lyttelton, May 2, 1764.*—CUNNINGHAM.

possible, at the same time, I should have wished not to write to you upon it at all. It is a satisfaction, in most situations, certainly, to communicate even one's griefs to those friends to whom one can do it in confidence, but it is a pain where one thinks it must give them any; and I assure you, I feel this sincerely from the share I know your goodness will take in this, upon my account, as well as that which, in some respects, it may give you on your own: as the particular distinction with which I am honoured, beyond so many of my brother officers who have so much more directly, declaredly, and longer been in real opposition to the ministry, has great unkindness in it to all those friends of mine who have been acting in their support. However, I would not, on any account, that you or any of them should, for my sake, be drove a single step beyond what is for their actual interest and inclination. Nay, I would not have the latter operate by itself, as I know, from their goodness, how bad a guide that might be. I do not exactly know the grounds upon which the ministry made choice of me as the object of their vengeance, for a crime so general. The only one I have heard, has certainly no weight; it was, that if I was turned out of the Bedchamber, and not my Regiment, it would be a *sanction* given for military men to oppose: that distinction had before been destroyed by the dismissal of three military men; nor did my remaining in the Army afterwards any more establish it, than any other man's: it was a paltry excuse for a thing they had a mind to do: the real motives or authors I cannot yet quite ascertain. I hope, though they turn me out, they cannot disgrace me, as I presume they wish; at least, so (my friends flatter me) the language of the world goes, and I have at least the satisfaction of being really ignorant myself, by what part of my civil or military behaviour I could deserve so very unkind a treatment. I am sure it was not for want of any respect, duty, or attachment to his Majesty. I shall at present say no more on the subject.

I have heard from two or three different quarters of a disagreeable accident you have had in your chaise, and calling by chance at the Duke of Grafton's this morning, he read me a postscript in a letter of yours, wherein you describe it as a thing of no consequence. I was rejoiced to hear it, and should have been obliged for a line from any of your family to tell me so; for one often hears those things so disagreeably represented, that it is pleasant to know the truth.

You are delightful in writing me a long letter the other day, and never mentioning M. de Pompadour's death; so that I flatly contra-

dicted it at first, to those that told me of it. I am obliged to you for your intention of showing civility to my friend Colonel Keith; I think you will like him.

I hear in town that we have some little disputes stirring up with our new friends on your side the water, about the limits of their fishery on Newfoundland, and a fort building on St. Pierre: but I speak from no authority.

We are all sorry here at a surmise, that M. de Guerchy does not intend to return among us, being too much hurt at the behaviour of his friends of the ministry in those letters so infamously published by D'Eon. I hope it is only report. Adieu! dear brother: give my love and compliments to all your family, as also Lady Aylesbury's; and believe me ever sincerely and affectionately yours,

H. S. C.

I am here only for a few days, having, as you will imagine, not many temptations to keep me from the country at this time.

I hope, by this time, your pheasants, &c., are safe at the end of their journey.

923. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, May 10, 1764.

I HOPE I have done well for you, and that you will be content with the execution of your commission. I have bought you two pictures. No. 14, which is by no means a good picture, but it went so cheap and looked so old-fashionably, that I ventured to give eighteen shillings for it. The other is very pretty, No. 17; two sweet children, undoubtedly by Sir Peter Lely. This costs you four pounds ten shillings; what shall I do with them—how convey them to you? The picture of Lord Romney,¹ which you are so fond of, was not in this sale, but I suppose remains with Lady Sidney. I bought for myself much the best picture in the auction, a fine Vandyck of the famous Lady Carlisle and her sister Leicester in one piece: it cost me nine-and-twenty guineas.²

In general the pictures did not go high, which I was glad of; that the vulture³ who sells them may not be more enriched than could

¹ Henry Sidney, Earl of Romney; the handsome Sidney, of De Grammont, and Montagu's distant relation.—CUNNINGHAM.

² This fine double portrait by Vandyck, sold at the Strawberry Hill sale for 231*l.* It hung over the chimney in the Round Drawing-room.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ The vulture was Lady Yonge, who inherited half of Penshurst by the will of Lady

be helped. There was a whole-length of Sir Henry Sidney, which I should have liked, but it went for fifteen guineas. Thus ends half the glory of Penshurst! Not one of the miniatures was sold.

I go to Strawberry to-morrow for a week. When do you come to Frogmore? I wish to know, because I shall go soon to Park-place, and would not miss the visit you have promised me. Adieu!

924. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, May 14, 1764.

I HAVE received three letters from you, my dear Sir, on the back of one another, with accounts of the Duke of York's motions, receptions, and entertainments. I give you a thousand thanks for them; they have amused me as much as I suppose they have vexed the phantoms at Rome.¹ It must be grievous to them to be nosed on their own Catholic dunghill.

I said you would die insolvent; I now tell you you will kill yourself before you are insolvent. You are not made for such fatigues. I approve what you have done as much as his Royal Highness does; but though you *represent* the strongest nation in the world, you must recollect you are one of its weakest members. Your zeal is right, your expense could not be better placed than for your King's brother; but the Lord send you well out of all this! It hurts me, too, to think that before your festivities are cold you will receive the news of your brother's death. Be blooded, go to bed, and compose yourself. I wish poor Dr. Cocchi, with his calm philosophy, was at your elbow; the agitation of your mind and body will give you a fever.

Your brother Ned forgot to tell me of Horace's intended journey to Florence: you know how much I have wished it; and though you differed with me, I foresee the transport with which you will embrace him. He is a most amiable lad, and a very *you* in gentleness.

What shall I tell you of England? Nothing that I can approve or that you must disapprove, therefore I shall say little on it, and desire you will say less. I can never doubt your affection; but I am not so selfish as to expect you should hurt yourself merely to show me that you feel for my friends. In short, you and I are so

Brownlow. The last Earl of Leicester, of the Sidney family, died in 1743.—CUNNINGHAM.

¹ The Pretender and his sons.—WALPOLE.

circumstanced at present that it would not be just in me to make you the depository of my disgusts; nor wise in you to enter into them. I will therefore only write you news as I used to do, without comments; and you will talk to me in return of things of as little moment. To the immediate purport of this exordium, and to what I am going to tell you, I insist that you make me not one word of reply. If you are silent, I shall know your heart; but if you utter a syllable I will only look upon it as a compliment. Mr. Conway¹ is turned out of the King's Bedchamber, and out of his Regiment. You will judge of my love for you, when even my love for him is silent on such a proceeding. One would think that he was actuated by the same motives, for his temper, patience, resignation, are beyond example. His calmness and content prove how much his mind is at ease. He would not bear his sufferings with such fortitude if his conduct had not been as pure as virtue itself. Indeed his philosophy goes farther than I like, for it extends to me. He has insisted that I, who am far from such stoicism, should be as mild as he is. It is difficult to govern one's own passions, but much more hard to let any body else govern them. Yet, here I sit, with my arms folded, and am to wait till Virtue is pleased to acknowledge us as her martyrs. She must make haste, or I shall lose my patience; nay, when she does arrive, I believe I shall be so honest as to tell her that she is obliged to Mr. Conway, not to me, for my wearing her livery.

I will inquire for a ship to send you two copies of D'Eon's book, as you desire. It will divert you extremely. He promises another soon, but I conclude he has wasted his materials already, and that his next publication will make him entirely forgotten. He told people in the Park the other day, that Madame de Guerchy (who is remarkably plain), was going to Paris, to take Madame de Pompadour's place. We do not hear that it is seriously filled up; I mean in the cabinet, for in the Bedchamber it has long been executed by deputies. Adieu!

¹ Henry Seymour Conway, only brother of Francis, Earl of Hertford, and member for Thetford, was turned out of all his employments for opposing the Administration on the question of the legality of General Warrants.—WALPOLE.

925. TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

MY DEAR LORD:

Arlington Street, May 27, 1764. Very late.

I AM just come home, and find a letter from you, which gives me too much pain¹ to let me resist answering it directly (though past one in the morning), as I go out of town early to-morrow.

I must begin with telling you, let me feel what I will from it, how much I admire it. It is equal to the difficulty of your situation, and expressed with all the feeling which must possess you. I will show it your brother, as there is nothing I would not and will not do to preserve the harmony and friendship which has so much distinguished your whole lives.

You have guessed, give me leave to say, at my wishes, rather than answered to anything I have really expressed. The truth was, I had no right to deliver any opinion on so important a step as you have taken, without being asked. Had you consulted me, which certainly was not proper for you to do, it would have been with the utmost reluctance that I should have brought myself to utter my sentiments, and only then, if I had been persuaded that friendship exacted it from me; for it would have been a great deal for me to have taken upon myself: it would have been a step, either way, liable to subject me to reproach from you in your own mind, though you would have been too generous to have blamed me in any other way. Now, my dear lord, do me the justice to say, that the part I have acted was the most proper and most honourable one I could take. Did I, have I, dropped a syllable, endeavouring to bias your judgment one way or the other? My constant language has been, that I could not think, when a younger brother had taken a part disagreeable to his elder, and totally opposite, even without consulting him, that the elder was under any obligation to relinquish his own opinion, and adopt the younger's. In my heart I undoubtedly wished that, even in party, your union should not be dissolved; for that union would be the strength of both.

¹ It seems that Mr. Walpole, in one of the letters not found, had expressed a desire that Lord Hertford should resent, in some decided manner, the dismissal of his brother; but he, in the course of this letter, recollects that as the younger brother had acted not only without concert with Lord Hertford, but in direct opposition to his opinion and advice, there was no kind of reason why his lordship should take any extreme steps.—CROKER.

This is the summary of a text on which I have infinitely more to say ; but the post is so far from being a proper conveyance, that I think the most private letter transmitted in the most secure manner is scarcely to be trusted. Should I resolve, if you require it, to be more explicit (and I certainly shall not think of saying a word more, unless I know that it is strongly your desire I should), it must only be upon the most positive assurance on your honour (and on their honour as strictly given too) that not a syllable of what I shall say shall be communicated to any person living. I except *nobody*, except my Lady and Lord Beauchamp. What I should say now is now of no consequence, but for your information. It can tend to nothing else. It therefore does not signify, whether said now, or at any distant time hereafter, or when we meet. If, as perhaps you may at first suppose, it had the least view towards making you quit your embassy, you should not know it at all ; for I think that would be the idlest and most unwise step you could take ; and believe me, my affection for your brother will never make me sacrifice your honour to his interest. I have loved you both unalterably, and without the smallest cloud between us, from children. It is true, as you observe, that party, with many other mischiefs, produces dissensions in families. I can by no means agree with you, that all party is founded in interest—surely, you cannot think that your brother's conduct was not the result of the most unshaken honour and conscience, and as surely the result of no interested motive ? You are not less mistaken, if you believe that the present state of party in this country is not of a most serious nature, and not a mere contention for power and employments.¹ That topic, however, I shall pass over ; the discussion, perhaps, would end where it began. As you know I never tried to bring you to my opinion before, I am very unlikely to aim at it now. Let this and the rest of this subject sleep for the present. I trust I have convinced you that my behaviour has been both honourable and respectful towards you ; and that, though I think with your brother and am naturally very warm, I have acted in the most dispassionate manner, and had recourse to nothing but silence, when I was not so happy as to meet you in opinion.

This subject has kept me so long, and it is so very late, that you will forgive me if I only skim over the gazette part of my letter—my next shall be more in my old gossiping style.

¹ Yet, in frequent preceding passages, Mr. Walpole represents the conflicts of parties as only a contention for power and place.—CHOKER.

Dr. Terrick and Dr. Lambe are made Bishops of London and Peterborough, without the nomination or approbation of the Ministers. The Duke of Bedford declared this warmly, for you know his own Administration¹ always allow him to declare his genuine opinion, that they may have the credit of making him alter it. He was still more surprised at the Chancellor's being made an earl [Northington] without his knowledge, after he had gone out of town, blaming the Chancellor's coldness on D'Eon's affair, which is now dropped. Three marquises going to be given to Lords Cardigan, Northumberland, and Townshend, may not please his grace more, though they may his Minister [Mr. Rigby], who may be glad his master is angry, as it may produce a good quieting draught for himself.

The Northumberlands are returned; Hamilton is dismissed, and the Earl of Drogheda² made Secretary in his room.

Mitchell³ is recalled by desire of this Court, who requested to have it done without giving their reasons, as Sir Charles Williams had been sent from Berlin in the same manner.

Colonel Johnston⁴ is also recalled from Minorca. He had been very wrong-headed with his governor, Sir Richard [Lyttelton]; that wound was scarce closed, when the judicious deputy chose to turn out a brother-in-law of Lord Bute. Lady Falkener's daughter is to be married to a young rich Mr. Crewe,⁵ a Macarone, and of our Loo. Mr. Skreene has married Miss Sumner, and her brother gives her 10,000*l*. Good night! The Watchman cries three!

926. TO THOMAS PITT, ESQ.⁶

DEAR SIR:

Strawberry Hill, June 5, 1764.

You tell me a report has been maliciously raised and propagated by Mr. Grenville's enemies, that in the conversation which passed

¹ He means the Duke's political friends, Mr. Rigby, &c.—CROKER.

² Charles, Earl and first Marquis of Drogheda, who married Lord Hertford's sister; he died in 1823, at a great age.—CROKER.

³ Minister from the court of Prussia to London.—CROKER.

⁴ See vol. ii. p. 25.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁵ John Crewe, Esq., married 17th of May, 1764, to Miss Fawkener, daughter of Sir Everard Fawkener, by his wife, daughter of old General Churchill; died 1758. See vol. ii. pp. 74, 76, and 315.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁶ Now first collected. From the Grenville Papers, vol. ii. p. 335. "On the first of June, I received a letter from Mr. Thomas Pitt, desiring me to contradict a report said to come from me, charging Mr. Grenville with having said that if

at your house, Mr. Grenville said, that if Mr. Conway voted in Parliament according to his conscience, he was unfit to have any command in the King's army. You add, that what makes this report more painful to Mr. Grenville, is that I am said not to have discouraged it: and you conclude with desiring, if I agree with your state of that conversation (which you send me to refresh my memory), that I would use my endeavours to put a stop to a groundless report.

I will begin with telling you, that I am far from having forgot the conversation you mention. At the very time it passed I thought it so extraordinary, that the next day I wrote down an account of it; as I did also of what I heard passed at Mr. Grenville's on the same subject. I have it at this moment lying before me, and therefore can speak very accurately on that topic.

If, therefore, you ask me whether Mr. Grenville said *totidem verbis*, that if Mr. Conway voted in Parliament according to his

Mr. Conway voted according to his conscience, he must be turned out. Thus had they dressed up the real report and substance in absurd terms that nobody might believe it.

"I immediately comprehended that this was a mandate issued to me, as an inferior officer of the Exchequer, to justify Grenville and sacrifice my friend. I perceived, too, the advantage they had put into my hands, and determined to make the most of it. Pitt's letter was so incredibly weak, and owned so much, that nothing was easier than to confute it. To add to their confusion, I had preserved exact minutes of the two conversations with Pitt and Grenville, of which they had no suspicion.

"I felt the opportunity of doing justice both to Mr. Conway and to myself; and of making Mr. Grenville understand, that if he did not do me justice in the regularity of my payments, he was at my mercy, and must expect those letters would be laid before the public, if not before the House of Commons.

"This I hinted obscurely, being determined that nothing but persecution should drive me to that step. Knowing, however, the narrowness of Grenville's mind, it was useful to curb him by this menace, as I did, too, in the Counter-Address, and very successfully. I wrote a long, firm, and unpleasant letter in answer to Pitt's, and received another from him before there could be time for it (as he was in Cornwall), but by Grenville's opening mine at the post; for with him it was concerted; and yet so flimsy, so fallen from the arrogance of the former was their reply, that I enjoyed not only triumph, but, I own, the teasing amusement of keeping them in hot water many months; the only use I allowed myself to make of those letters in punishing their culpable behaviour—moderate vengeance enough after such insolence! and in which, when I had suffered the period to elapse, Grenville was far from having the generosity to imitate me. My payments were carefully made before the Parliament opened. When I had let the session pass over without making use of the materials in my hands, an embargo was laid on the income of my employment. Have I been unjust in saying that almost any steps that are lawfully taken against banditti, were justifiable against such men?

"But I found means to retaliate, without violating the strictest law of honour; nor have they been able to reproach me, though I had such opportunities of resembling them. Happily, I shall not have occasion to say more of myself for many pages, for though I slept not, the opposition did." *Walpole; Memoirs of George III.* vol. ii. p. 10.—CUNNINGHAM.

conscience, he was unfit to have any command in the army? I answer directly and truly, no: I never heard him say those words, nor have I certainly ever said he did. Yet I think the report may easily have arisen from what he assuredly did say, and which I avow I have said he said.

Mr. Grenville said twice, *the King cannot trust his army in the hands of those who are against his measures*. Now give me leave to put you a little in mind. The expression of *the King not trusting his army in such hands*, you first dropped yourself in my room. You cannot forget the surprise it occasioned in me, and the answer I made you. Did I not,—I ask you upon your honour,—reply, “Good God! Mr. Pitt, what are you going to do with the army? or what do you think Mr. Conway is going to do? Do you think he is going into rebellion? If the tenour of Mr. Conway’s services and character do not entitle him to be trusted with a regiment, I do not know what can entitle any man to one. Is he factious? what do you think he is going to do?” Mr. Grenville at night, in your room, *twice* used the same expression of *not trusting the army in his hands*.

I did then, and still think them the most extraordinary words ever used by English Minister. I repeated the same answer that I made to you. I appeal to yourself, whether this is not strictly true? When I saw Mr. Conway, I told him of these words before Lady Ailesbury; I mentioned them to the Duke of Devonshire; I believe, when it was agreed the Duke of Richmond should be present at the conversation between Mr. Grenville and Mr. Conway, I told them to his Grace, but of this I will not be positive. I do know that, to prevent any mistakes thereafter, I set down the very words; and I am glad I did so. That paper has been seen by those who will bear me witness that it is no new account, nor do you or Mr. Grenville I dare to say suspect me capable of having written it now, and calling it an old account; nor could it be necessary. I desired to have you for witness to my conversation with Mr. Grenville, being so much convinced of the rigid strictness of your honour, that though much more Mr. Grenville’s friend than mine, I was sure you would do me justice, if it should be necessary to appeal to you. I do appeal to you in the most solemn manner; nay, I appeal to Mr. Grenville himself, whether every syllable that I have here stated to you be not most scrupulously and conscientiously true,—not only in syllables, but in sense and purport; for I would scorn to report words, however true, which yet, by adding to or taking from, I should

set in a different light from that in which they were intended by the speaker.

I now come to the case as you state it, which in general agrees very much with my own paper; but we differ widely in the conclusions we draw from what passed. You allow I insisted principally upon the high point of honour and delicacy of sentiment in Mr. Conway, and that I thought him incapable, *in any situation*, of doing anything but from mere motives of conscience and honour. Has he not acted invariably as I foretold? Has he not sacrificed his fortune to his conscience? and do you not, *ipsissimis verbis*, own, that it would have been an absurdity in Mr. Grenville to say Mr. Conway was unfit to have any command in the King's army if he voted according to his conscience; unless, indeed, *his conscience* leading him to a systematical opposition to the King's Government, *in that case Mr. Grenville may be construed to have said that such a conscience* must render it very difficult and unlikely for him to continue long in his situation? Without dwelling on the words, *such a conscience* (though a man acting uniformly in opposition, against his interest, may be supposed as conscientious as a man acting uniformly with his interest for Government), it is evident from your words and opinions, that if Mr. Conway's conscience led him to opposition, he probably would be removed. If, therefore, Mr. Conway's conscience let him, not to systematical opposition, but to opposition to one single measure, and yet he has been dismissed, will not the world say with reason—indeed, can it say otherwise? than—that Mr. Grenville's declared opinion let him to remove officers for systematical opposition from conscience, and that the practice has been to remove them for one single conscientious vote? And unless Mr. Grenville declares (which I, if authorised, will publish with pleasure) that he had no hand in the removal of Mr. Conway, I do not see how anybody can help thinking that Mr. Grenville's opinion and practice went together. You approve the wisdom of removing men in the former case; I wonder you did, even in speculation; surely the execution has not convinced you of the wisdom of this measure, which has so much offended mankind, and has intimidated nobody. For in all this you must see clearly, that if I contradicted the essence of the report, I must contradict you and the truth, who agree together.

You allow I was positive in opinion, that Mr. Conway neither was, nor intended to be in opposition; I was most assuredly of that opinion, and am now convinced that I was in the right, as in every question that did not relate to the Warrants he voted with the

Administration. In the next point, which is matter of opinion, you think Mr. Grenville showed every mark of kindness and friendly disposition to Mr. Conway. Give me leave to say it did not strike me in that light. Mr. Grenville, with great warmth and eagerness, persisted in thinking Mr. Conway voted in opposition, which occasioned, what you own, my repeated declarations of believing the contrary. This did not strike me as any great mark of kindness or confidence to either Mr. Conway or me. Less did I think it kind to insist with the vehemence Mr. Grenville used, on positive declarations from Mr. Conway. Such commands appear to me highly unconstitutional, and therefore I do not see how they can be made with friendship to the party. Those demands of positive declaration were, I believe, made before the Duke of Richmond, as well as to me.

You know I went so far as to tell you that Mr. Conway was, I firmly believed, not only not in opposition, but should he be ever so ill-used, and the Ministry should propose a question which he thought right for this country, he would vote for it. I remain exactly of the same opinion. He has been as ill, as hardly, and as unjustly used, as ever man was; and yet he will do what he thinks right, though his behaviour may serve his bitterest enemies; for he will never suffer his personal resentments to carry him to do a wrong thing, even to his foes, much less towards his country.

When I say he has been ill-used, I repeat with great sincerity—and you who have known, and are so good as to allow my real regard to Mr. Grenville, will believe me—that few things would give me more pleasure than to be assured that the dismissal of Mr. Conway was without Mr. Grenville's consent or approbation.

You say that below the Bar of the House of Lords, Mr. Grenville told you and me that Mr. Conway had declared that he was not then engaged, nor did at that time intend to engage in any system of opposition; but at the same time desired not to be understood to intend to separate himself from the Dukes of Grafton and Devonshire, to whom he was obliged. This agrees with the message I myself delivered to Mr. Grenville from Mr. Conway, that he was in no opposition, nor thought of being in any; but in answer to Mr. Grenville's question, whether there was anything he would like, he declared he would accept nothing while those Dukes were dissatisfied with the Administration. Both your state of the case and mine, which agree together, do not at all coincide with Mr. Grenville's letter to Lord Hertford, that he had found Mr. Conway's connections with his friends *unbounded*.

I have omitted, for the last, one passage, which I had forgotten in my own memorandums, which yet, from your assertion—who I am sure will adhere in every point to the strict matter of fact, let it affect whom it will—I am not only persuaded passed, but I think I recollect it myself, from the circumstance of the particular day on which it passed. You say Mr. Grenville told me that a regular system of opposition to Government would render any one unfit for a high rank in military command; and that in some instances, as in cases of tumults and insurrections, such a man would be more dangerous to the King and Commonwealth.

I am sure I do not remember the word *Commonwealth* being used; though if you assert it I cannot take upon me to say it was not used, for I remember this salvo but imperfectly. I know the day of the conversation was after the tumult on the burning of the 'North Briton.' Mr. Grenville was much flustered, and very likely applied the case of the day to the subject we were discussing; and if he did, it probably made the less impression on me, because my mind had been already struck with the same singular words from you before the tumult happened; and therefore, when I heard them repeated by a Minister, it was natural for me to conclude you had heard them from his mouth, as you came to me with a message from him; and I am bold to declare, such words in the mouth of a Minister are to me exceedingly alarming. As such I have repeated them, and I leave you, who know me, to judge whether I will retract anything I have said, which I am particularly authorised, by having taken down the words, to affirm are true, and to the very substance of which you agree, as I am sure you will to the precise words, being thus put in mind of them, especially as you own you are not exact in the very words.

I love and honour Mr. Conway above any man in the world; I would lay down my life for him; and shall I see him every day basely and falsely traduced in newspapers and libels, and not say what I know is true, when it sets his character in so fair and noble a light? I am asked to discourage reports. I am ready to discourage such as are *not* true, and do *not* come from me.

Mr. Grenville is welcome to publish this letter; it will be the fullest answer to anything that is said against him without foundation. Let Mr. Grenville, in his turn, discourage and disavow the infamous calumnies published against Mr. Conway, the authors of which, I daresay, are unknown to Mr. Grenville, but who, not content with seeing Mr. Conway's fortune ruined, would stab his

reputation likewise. I thank God ! they cannot fix a blemish upon it. I will certainly bear witness to it, as much as lies in me. Fear or favour will not intimidate or warp my friendship. Yet I wish Mr. Grenville so well, that I will take the liberty of giving him through you this piece of advice.

It is high time for the Administration to discountenance and disclaim the language held by all the writers on their side, particularly by the author of the 'Address to the Public,' *that officers are to be dismissed for their behaviour in Parliament*. Such doctrines are new, and never were avowed before. They clash with all parliamentary freedom ; they render the condition of officers in Parliament most abject, slavish, and dishonourable ; they alarm all thinking men, and, I will do them the justice to say, do not seem universally the sentiments of Ministers themselves, as so many generals and officers in Parliament, who are avowedly in opposition, retain their commissions ; a circumstance that makes the singling out of Mr. Conway, who was not in opposition, look more like the effect of private pique and resentment somewhere or other, I don't know where, than a settled determination to make the officers in general the absolute tools of the Ministry.

I will now conclude this tedious letter with adding, by your leave, a few words on myself.

It has more than once been insinuated to me, that I might ruin myself if I took Mr. Conway's part. I do Mr. Grenville the justice to declare, that I believe him incapable of countenancing such insinuations. Come they from whom they will, I despise them. My place is a patent for life, and as much my property, by law, as your estate is yours. Oh ! but I have been told the payments may be delayed or stopped : they may, by violence or injustice, and that insinuation I despise likewise.

Mr. Grenville's civilities and regularity on these occasions I acknowledge with gratitude, though I disclaim all dependence, all paying of court. I would fling up my patent to-morrow, if it was capable of making me do one servile act, if it deterred me one moment from following the dictates of conscience and friendship. Both in Parliament and out of it I will say and do what I think right and honest. I was born free, and I will live and die so, in spite of patents and places. I may be ruined, as Mr. Conway has been, but I will preserve my honour inviolate. If I did not, I might receive you here with more magnificence, but I had rather receive you, as I hope to do, without a blush. You know the passion I

have for Strawberry Hill; but trust me at this moment I know I could with pleasure see it sold, if reduced to it by suffering for my country and my principles. Remember this, my dear Sir,—you, who are much younger, and have longer to live than me. It is this satisfaction of conscience which sweetens every evil, and makes Mr. Conway at this instant the happiest man in England.

I am your sincere and affectionate humble servant,

HORACE WALPOLE.

P.S. I am so desirous of not saying a syllable that is not strictly true, that I choose to contradict in a postscript, rather than erase one passage in which I had said what I *believed* had passed. On showing this letter to the Duke of Richmond, his grace says he cannot say that before him Mr. Grenville made a demand of a positive declaration, though he expressed a strong desire that Mr. Conway would declare what his general system was.

If I have, therefore, stated the argument too strongly, I willingly retract so much as is overcharged; though I must own I see little difference between a Minister demanding a positive declaration of a Member of Parliament, and expressing a strong desire of a declaration; because, if a Minister will take upon himself to catechise Members of Parliament, he must know that either the gentler or rougher method will be effectual, or both will be resisted. The Duke says he remembers very well my telling him the words *cannot trust his army, &c., before his grace saw Mr. Grenville.*¹

927. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington Street, June 5, 1764.

You will wonder that I have been so long without giving you any signs of life; yet, though not writing *to* you, I have been employed *about* you, as I have ever since the 21st of April; a day your enemies shall have some cause to remember. I had writ nine or ten sheets of an Answer [or Counter-Address] to the 'Address to the Public,' when I received the enclosed mandate.² You will see *my*

¹ The reader who would pursue this quarrel still further, should refer to Mr. Thomas Pitt's Letter to Walpole of the 10th of June, 1764, and Mr. Grenville's Letter of the 19th of June, 1764, to Pitt, in reply to Walpole's. See them in the Grenville Papers, vol. ii. pp. 346 and 353.—CUNNINGHAM.

² The paper here alluded to does not appear.—WALPOLE. The paper was the letter from Mr. Thomas Pitt of the 1st of June, to which Walpole replied on the 5th.—CUNNINGHAM.

masters order me, as a subaltern of the Exchequer, to drop you and defend them—but you will see too, that, instead of obeying, *I have given warning*. I would not communicate any part of this transaction to you, till it was out of my hands, because I knew your affection for me would not approve my going so far—but it was necessary. My honour required that I should declare my adherence to you in the most authentic manner. I found that some persons had dared to doubt whether I would risk everything for you. You see by these letters that Mr. Grenville himself had presumed so. Even a change in the Administration, however unlikely, might happen before I had any opportunity of declaring myself; and then those who should choose to put the worst construction, either on my actions or my silence, might say what they pleased. I was waiting for some opportunity: they have put it into my hands, and I took care not to let it slip. Indeed they have put more into my hands, which I have not let slip neither. Could I expect they would give me so absurd an account of Mr. Grenville's conduct, and give it me in writing? They can only add to this obligation that of provocation to print my letter, which, however strong in facts, I have taken care to make very decent in terms, because it imports us to have the candid (that is, I fear, the mercenary) on our side;—no, that we must not expect, but at least disarmed.

Lord Tavistock has flung his handkerchief to Lady Elizabeth Keppel.¹ They all go to Woburn on Thursday, and the ceremony is to be performed as soon as her brother, the Bishop, can arrive from Exeter. I am heartily glad the Duchess of Bedford does not set her heart on marrying me to anybody; I am sure she would bring it about. She has some small intention of coupling my niece and Dick Vernon, but I have forbidden the banns.

The birth-day [4 June], I hear, was lamentably empty. We had a funeral loo last night in the great chamber at Lady Bel Finch's:² the Duke, Princess Emily, and the Duchess of Bedford were there. The Princess entertained her grace with the joy the Duke of Bedford will have in being a grandfather; in which reflection, I believe, the grandmotherhood was not forgotten. Adieu!

¹ Of whom there is so fine a full-length by Sir Joshua. See Letter to Montagu, 30th December, 1761.—CUNNINGHAM.

² The black funereal Finches.—CUNNINGHAM.

928. TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

Strawberry Hill, June 8, 1764.

To be sure, you have heard the event of this last week? Lord Tavistock has flung his handkerchief, and, except a few jealous *sultanas*, and some *sultanas valides* who had marketable daughters, everybody is pleased that the lot is fallen on Lady Elizabeth Keppel.

The house of Bedford came to town last Friday. I supped with them that night at the Spanish Ambassador's, who has made Powis-house magnificent. Lady Elizabeth was not there, nor mentioned. On the contrary, by the Duchess's conversation, which turned on Lady Betty Montagu, there were suspicions in her favour. The next morning Lady Elizabeth received a note from the Duchess of Marlborough [the Duke of Bedford's sister], insisting on seeing her that evening. When she arrived at Marlborough-house, she found nobody but the Duchess and Lord Tavistock. The Duchess cried, "Lord! they have left the window open in the next room!"—went to shut it, and shut the lovers in too, where they remained for three hours. The same night all the town was at the Duchess of Richmond's. Lady Albemarle [Lady Elizabeth's mother] was at tredille; the Duke of Bedford came up to the table, and told her he must speak to her as soon as the pool was over. You may guess whether she knew a card more that she played. When she had finished, the Duke told her he should wait on her the next morning, to make the demand in form. She told it directly to me and my niece Waldegrave, who was in such transport for her friend, that she promised the Duke of Bedford to kiss him, and hurried home directly to write to her sisters.¹ The Duke asked no questions about fortune, but has since slipped a bit of paper into Lady Elizabeth's hand, telling her, he hoped his son would live, but if he did not, there was something for her; it was a jointure of three thousand pounds a-year, and six hundred pounds pin-money. I dined with her the next day at Monsieur de Guerchy's, and as I hindered the company from wishing her joy, and yet joked with her myself, Madame de Guerchy said, she perceived I would let nobody else tease her, that I might have all the teasing to myself. She has behaved in the

¹ Mrs. Keppel, wife of the Bishop of Exeter (Lady Elizabeth's brother), and Lady Dysart.—CUNNINGHAM.

prettiest manner in the world, and would not appear at a vast assembly at Northumberland-house on Tuesday, nor at a great hay-making at Mrs. Pitt's [at Wandsworth-hill] on Wednesday. Yesterday they all went to Woburn, and to-morrow the ceremony is to be performed; for the Duke has not a moment's patience till she is breeding.

You would have been diverted at Northumberland-house; besides the sumptuous liveries, the illuminations in the garden, the pages, the two chaplains in waiting in their gowns and scarves, *à l'Irlandaise*,¹ and Dr. Hill and his wife, there was a most delightful Countess, who has just imported herself from Mecklenburgh. She is an absolute Princess of Monomotapa; but I fancy you have seen her, for her hideousness and frantic accoutrements are so extraordinary, that they tell us she was hissed in the Tuileries. She crossed the drawing-room on the birth-day [4 June] to speak to the Queen *en amie*, after standing with her back to Princess Amalie. The Queen was so ashamed of her, that she said cleverly, "This is not the dress at Strelitz; but this woman always dressed herself as capriciously there, as your Duchess of Queensberry does here."

The haymaking at Wandsworth-hill² did not succeed, from the excessive cold of the night; I proposed to bring one of the cocks into the great room, and make a bonfire. All the beauties were disappointed, and all the Macaronies afraid of getting the tooth-ache.

The Guerschys are gone to Goodwood, and were to have been carried to Portsmouth, but Lord Egmont³ refused to let the ambassador see the place. The Duke of Richmond was in a rage, and I do not know how it has ended, for the Duke of Bedford defends the refusal, and says, they certainly would not let you see Brest. The Comte d'Ayen is going a longer tour. He is liked here. The three great ambassadors danced at court—the Prince of Masserano they say well; he is extremely in fashion, and is a sensible, very good-humoured man, though his appearance is so deceitful. They have given me the honour of a bon-mot, which, I assure you, does not belong to me, that I never saw a man so full of *orders* and *disorders*. He and his suite, and the Guerschys and theirs, are to dine here next week. Poor little Strawberry never thought of such fêtes. I did invite them to breakfast, but they confounded it, and understood

¹ Lord Northumberland was still lord-lieutenant of Ireland.—CROKER.

² Mrs. Pitt's villa.—CROKER.

³ First lord of the Admiralty.—CROKER.

that they were asked to dinner, so I must do as well as I can. Both the Ambassadors [France and Spain] are in love with my niece [Waldegrave]; therefore, I trust they will not have unsentimental stomachs.

Shall I trouble you with a little commission? It is to send me a book that I cannot get here, nor am I quite sure of the exact title, but it is called 'Origine des Mœurs,'¹ or something to that import. It is in three volumes, and has not been written above two or three years. Adieu, my dear lord, from my fireside.

P.S. Do you know that Madame de Yertzin, the Mecklenburgh Countess, has had the honour of giving the King of Prussia a box of the ear?—I am sure he deserved it, if he could take liberties with such a chimpanzee. Colonel Elliot died on Thursday.

929. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, June 8, 1764.

YOUR Red Riband is certainly postponed. There was but one vacant, which was promised to General Draper, who, when he thought he felt the sword dubbing his shoulder, was told that my Lord Clive could not conquer the Indies a second time without being a Knight of the Bath. This, however, I think will be but a short parenthesis, for I expect that *heaven-born hero*² to return from whence he came, instead of bringing hither all the Mogul's pearls and rubies. Yet, before that happens there will probably be other vacancies to content both Draper and you.

You have a new neighbour coming to you, Mr. William Hamilton,³ one of the King's equerries, who succeeds Sir James Gray at Naples. Hamilton is a friend of mine, is son of Lady Archibald, and was aide-de-camp to Mr. Conway. He is picture-mad, and will

¹ In a subsequent letter he calls this work 'Essais sur les Mœurs.' I find a work of the latter title published in 1756 anonymously, and under the date of Bruxelles. It was written by a M. Soret, but it seems to have been in only one volume. Can Mr. Walpole have meant Duclos's celebrated 'Considerations sur les Mœurs,' published anonymously in 1750, but subsequently under his name!—CROKER.

² Expression of Mr. Pitt, afterwards Lord Chatham, in the House of Commons on Lord Clive.—WALPOLE.

³ Younger son of Lord Archibald Hamilton. Lady Archibald was the supposed mistress of Frederick, Prince of Wales. Mr. Hamilton, afterwards Sir William Hamilton, married, secondly, the notorious Emma Hart. He was the intimate friend of Admiral Lord Nelson. Sir William died in England at an advanced age in 1803.—ED. 1843. See vol. i. p. 116, and vol. ii. p. 72.—CUNNINGHAM.

ruin himself in virtù-land. His wife is as musical as he is connoisseur, but she is dying of an asthma.

I have never heard of the present¹ you mention of the box of essences. The secrets of that prison-house do not easily transpire, and the merit of any offering is generally assumed, I believe, by the officiating priests.

Lord Tavistock is to be married to-morrow to Lady Elizabeth Keppel, Lord Albemarle's sister.

I love to tell you an anecdote of any of our old acquaintance, and I have now a delightful one, relating, yet indirectly, to one of them. You know, to be sure, that Madame de Craon's daughter, Madame de Boufflers, has the greatest power with King Stanislaus. Our old friend the Princess de Craon goes seldom to Luneville for this reason, not enduring to see her daughter on that throne which she so long filled with absolute empire. But Madame de Boufflers, who, from his Majesty's age, cannot occupy *all* the places in the palace that her mother filled, indemnifies herself with his Majesty's Chancellor. One day the lively old monarch said, "*Regardez, quel joli petit pied, et la belle jambe ! Mon Chancelier vous dira le reste.*" You know this is the form when a King of France says a few words to his Parliament, and then refers them to his chancellor. I expect to hear a great deal soon of the princess, for Mr. Churchill and my sister are going to settle at Nancy for some time. Adieu !

930. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, June 18, 1764.

I TRUST that you have thought I was dead, it is so long since you heard of me. In truth I had nothing to talk of but cold and hot weather, of rain and want of rain, subjects that have been our summer conversation for these twenty years. I am pleased that you was content with your pictures, and shall be glad if you have begotten ancestors out of them. You may tell your uncle Algernon² that I go to-morrow where he would not be ashamed to see me ; as there are not many such spots at present, you and he will guess it is to Park-place.

Strawberry, whose glories perhaps verge towards their setting, has

¹ A present from Sir Horace, I believe, to the Queen.—WALPOLE.

² Algernon Sidney, to whom Montagu was maternally related. See vol. iv. p. 302.—CUNNINGHAM.

been more sumptuous to-day than ordinary, and banquetted their representative majesties of France and Spain. I had Monsieur and Madame de Guerchy, Mademoiselle de Nangis their daughter, two other French gentlemen, the Prince of Masserano, his brother and secretary, Lord March, George Selwyn, Mrs. Ann Pitt, and my niece Waldegrave. The refectory never was so crowded; nor have any foreigners been here before that comprehended Strawberry. Indeed, everything succeeded to a hair. A violent shower in the morning laid the dust, brightened the green, refreshed the roses, pinks, orange-flowers, and the blossoms with which the acacias are covered. A rich storm of thunder and lightning gave a dignity of colouring to the heavens; and the sun appeared enough to illuminate the landscape, without basking himself over it at his length. During dinner there were French horns and clarionets in the cloister, and after coffee I treated them with an English, and to them a very new collation, a syllabub milked under the cows that were brought to the brow of the terrace. Thence they went to the Printing-house, and saw a new fashionable French song printed. They drank tea in the Gallery, and at eight went away to Vauxhall.

They really seemed quite pleased with the place and the day; but I must tell you, the treasury of the abbey will feel it, for without magnificence, all was handsomely done. I must keep maigre; at least till the interdict is taken off from my convent. I have kings and queens, I hear, in my neighbourhood, but this is no royal foundation. Adieu; your poor beadsman,

THE ABBOT OF STRAWBERRY.

P. S. Mr. T.'s¹ servile poem is rewarded with one hundred and sixty pounds a year in the Post-office.

931. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, July 16, 1764.

MR. CHUTE says you are peremptory that you will not cast a look southwards. Do you know that in that case you will not set eyes on me the Lord knows when? My mind is pretty much fixed on going to Paris the beginning of September. I think I shall go, if it is only to scold my Lord and Lady Hertford for sending me their cousins,

¹ I have not discovered who Mr. T. was; q. Tickell. In the original letter the name is obliterated beyond detection.—CUNNINGHAM.

the Duke and Duchess of Berwick, who say they are come to see their relations. By their appearance, you would imagine they were come to beg money of their family. He has just the sort of capacity which you would expect in a Stuart engrafted on a Spaniard. He asked me which way he was to come to Twickenham? I told him through Kensington, to which I supposed his geography might reach. He replied, "Oh! du côté de la mer." She, who is sister of the Duke of Alva, is a decent kind of a body; but they talk wicked French. I gave them a dinner here t'other day, with the Marquis of Jamaica, their only child, and a fat tutor, and the few Fitzroys I could amass at this season. They were very civil, and seemed much pleased. To-day they are gone to Blenheim by invitation. I want to send you something from the Strawberry press; tell me how I shall convey it; it is nothing less than the most curious book that ever set its foot into the world. I expect to hear you scream hither: if you don't I shall be disappointed, for I have kept it as a most profound secret from you, till I was ready to surprise you with it; I knew your impatience, and would not let you have it piecemeal. It is the Life of the great philosopher, Lord Herbert, written by himself.¹ Now are you disappointed? Well, read it—not the first forty pages, of which you will be sick—I will not anticipate it, but I will tell you the history. I found it a year ago at Lady Hertford's, to whom Lady Powis had lent it. I took it up, and soon threw it down again, as the dullest thing I ever saw. She persuaded me to take it home. My Lady Waldegrave was here in all her grief; Gray and I read it to amuse her. We could not get on for laughing and screaming. I begged to have it to print: Lord Powis, sensible of the extravagance, refused—I insisted—he persisted. I told my Lady Hertford, it was no matter, I would print it, I was determined. I sat down and wrote a flattering dedication to Lord Powis, which I knew he would swallow: he did, and gave up his ancestor. But this was not enough; I was resolved the world should not think I admired it seriously, though there are really fine passages in it, and good sense too: I drew up an equivocal preface, in which you will discover my opinion, and sent it with the dedication. The Earl gulped down the one under the palliative of the other, and here you will have all. Pray take notice of the pedigree, of which I am exceedingly proud; observe how I have clearly arranged so involved

¹ This singular work was printed from the original MS. in 1764, at Strawberry Hill, and is perhaps the most extraordinary account that ever was given seriously by a wise man of himself. *Walpole, Works*, i. p. 363.—CUNNINGHAM.

a descent: one may boast of one's heraldry. I shall send you, too, Lady Temple's Poems. Pray keep both under lock and key, for there are but two hundred copies of Lord Herbert, and but one hundred of the Poems suffered to be printed.

I am almost crying to find the glorious morsel of summer that we have had, turned into just such a watery season as the last. Even my excess of verdure, which used to comfort me for everything, does not satisfy me now, as I live entirely alone. I am heartily tired of my large neighbourhood, who do not furnish me two or three rational beings at most, and the best of them have no vivacity. London, whither I go at least once a fortnight for a night, is a perfect desert. As the Court is gone into a convent at Richmond, the town is more abandoned than ever. I cannot, as you do, bring myself to be content without variety, without events; my mind is always wanting new food; summer does not suit me; but I will grow old some time or other. Adieu!

932. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

DEAR SIR:

Strawberry Hill, July 16, 1764.

You must think me a brute to have been so long without taking any notice of your obliging offer of coming hither. The truth is, I have not been at all settled here for three days together: nay, nor do I know when I shall be. I go to-morrow into Sussex; in August into Yorkshire, and in September into France. If, in any interval of these jaunts, I can be sure of remaining here a week, which I literally have not been this whole summer, I will certainly let you know, and will claim your promise.

Another reason for my writing now is, I want to know how I may send you Lord Herbert's Life, which I have just printed. Did I remember the favour you did me of asking for my own print? if I did not, it shall accompany this book.

933. TO THE REV. HENRY ZOUCHE.

SIR:

Arlington Street, July 21, 1764.

You will have heard of the severe attendance which we have had for this last week in the House of Commons. It will, I trust, have excused me to you for not having answered sooner your very kind

letter. My books, I fear have no merit over Mr. Harte's 'Gustavus,' but by being much shorter. I read his work, and was sorry so much curious matter should be so ill and so tediously put together. His anecdotes are much more interesting than mine; luckily I was aware that mine were very trifling, and did not dwell upon them. To answer the demand, I am printing them with additions, but must wait a little for assistance and corrections to the two latter, as I have had for the former.

You are exceedingly obliging, Sir, to offer me one of your Fergussons. I thank you for it, as I ought; but, in truth, I have more pictures than room to place them; both my houses are full, and I have even been thinking of getting rid of some I have. That this is no declension of your civility, Sir, you will see, when I gladly accept either of your medals of King Charles. I shall be proud to keep it as a mark of your friendship; but then I will undoubtedly rob you of but one.

I condole with you, Sir, for the loss of your friend and relation, as I heartily take my share in whatever concerns you. The great and unmerited kindness I have received from you will ever make me your most obliged, &c.

934. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

DEAR SIR:

Arlington Street, July 21, 1764.

I MUST never send you trifles; for you always make me real presents in return. The beauty of the coin surprises me. Mr. White must be rich, when such are his duplicates. I am acquainted with him, and have often intended to visit his collection; but it is one of those things one never does, because one always may. I give you a thousand thanks in return, and what are not worth more, my own print, Lord Herbert's Life (this is curious, though it cost me little), and some orange flowers. I wish you had mentioned the latter sooner: I have had an amazing profusion this year, and given them away to the right and left by handfulls. These are all I could collect to-day, as I was coming to town; but you shall have more, if you want them.

I consign these things as you ordered: I wish the print may arrive without being rumpled: it is difficult to convey mezzotintos; but if this is spoiled, you shall have another.

If I make any stay in France which I do not think I shall,

above six weeks at most, you shall certainly hear from me :—but I am a bad commissioner for searching you out a hermitage. It is too much against my interest : and I had much rather find you one in the neighbourhood of Strawberry. Adieu !

935. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, July 27, 1764.

I KNOW nothing. This is both my text and my discourse : very entertaining matter for a letter. Yet I must write to keep up our acquaintance, and to acknowledge your last. You tell me you are disappointed of the Duke of York's return to Florence. *Consolativi*, you will save a little money and more health ; two hoards in which you do not too much abound, my dear Sir ; and though they are not much more durable enjoyments than honour, they are somewhat more comfortable. I believe my Lady Temple would at this moment be heartily glad to swop situations with you. Princess Amelia is at Stow, where Lady Temple, Sir Richard Lyttelton, and the Duchess of Bridgewater [his wife] are all wheeled into the room in gouty chairs.

They talk now of our Parliament meeting in November, which is so much sooner than I expected that perhaps it may prevent my journey to Paris. In the meantime I am going to the Duke of Devonshire's and Lord Strafford's, and design to know my own mind by the time I return.

Well now, can one honestly call this a letter ? Can one have less to say when one has nothing to say ? Don't think I am gulping and suppressing politics ; they are dead asleep. Their *réveil* perhaps will make some noise. Oh ! I had forgot D'Eon : they would not allow him time for witnesses, and so he would not plead, and so he was found guilty, and so his sentence cannot be pronounced till next term, which is not till November, and so I suppose he will go off by October ; and so, if you and the post would excuse me, I would finish my letter. Monsieur de Guerchy is gone for the summer months. We do not quite believe he will return, as his sojourn here has been but unpleasant. He is an agreeable gentleman-like sort of body, no genius ; but so much the better. It is well for us they had no abler to send. Yet he is a match for those he has to treat with.

Poland seems to be the only busy spot upon the globe at present.

I was very well acquainted with Czartoriski, their king¹ that is to be, when he was here. He was a sensible young man, and spoke English very tolerably. Mr. Conway was more intimate with him, and still more so with Poniatowski, his cousin and friend. Yet I do not believe *my* cousin and friend [General Conway] will go and offer his services to them against General Branicki,² though so ill-treated at home. Adieu, my dear sir.

936. TO GROSVENOR BEDFORD, ESQ.

DEAR SIR :

July 30, 1764.

I DID not know that the watch-coats were bought of Mr. Mann. I should be very glad to oblige Mr. Jackson, and will in anything else; but I don't see how I can deal with anybody else, as Mr. Edward Mann and his family continue the business, and I have such connections with them. I could wish you had not thought of this, as I would fain oblige Mr. Jackson, and yet I cannot do anything—the Manns [as Army Clothiers] would take it ill.

I enclose the warrant, and a ticket for Strawberry; and three advertisements, which, at your leisure as you go into the City, I will beg you to inquire after, and if their cases are really compassionate, to give half a guinea for me to each, and to send a guinea to the common side of the Fleet Prison, where they advertise their sickness,—but don't mention me.

Yours ever,

H. WALPOLE.

937. TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 3, 1764.

As my letters are seldom proper for the post now, I begin them at any time, and am forced to trust to chance for a conveyance. This difficulty renders my news very stale; but what can I do? There does not happen enough at this season of the year to fill a mere gazette. I should be more sorry to have you think me silent too long. You must be so good as to recollect, when there is a large interval between my letters, that I have certainly one ready

¹ Czartoriski was not chosen King, but Poniatowski, by the name of Stanislaus II.—WALPOLE.

² Another competitor for the crown.—WALPOLM.

in my writing-box, and only wait for a messenger. I hope to send this by Lord Coventry. For the next three weeks, indeed, I shall not be able to write, as I go in a few days with your brother to Chatsworth and Wentworth Castle.

I am under more distress about my visit to you—but I will tell you the truth. As I think the Parliament will not meet before Christmas, though they now talk of it for November, I would quit our politics for a few weeks; but the expense frightens me, which did not use to be one of my fears. I cannot but expect, knowing the enemies I have, that the Treasury may distress me. I had laid by a little sum which I intended to bawble away at Paris; but I may have very serious occasion for it. The recent example of Lord Holderness, who has had every rag seized at the Custom-house, alarms my present prudence. I cannot afford to buy even clothes, which I may lose in six weeks. These considerations dispose me to wait till I see a little farther into this chaos. You know enough of the present actors in the political drama, to believe that the present system is not a permanent one, nor likely to roll on till Christmas without some change. The first moment that I can quit party with honour, I shall seize. It neither suits my inclination nor the years I have lived in the world; for, though I am not old, I have been in the world so long, and seen so much of those who figure in it, that I am heartily sick of its commerce. My attachment to your brother, and the apprehension that fear of my own interest would be thought the cause if I took no part for him, determined me to risk everything rather than abandon him. I have done it, and cannot repent, whatever distresses may follow. One's good name is of more consequence than all the rest, my dear lord. Do not think I say this with the least disrespect to you; it is only to convince you that I did not recommend anything to you that I would avoid myself; nor engaged myself, nor wished to engage you, in party from pique, resentment, caprice, or choice. I am dipped in it much against my inclination. I can suffer by it infinitely more than you could. But there are moments when one must take one's part like a man. This I speak solely with regard to myself. I allow fairly and honestly, that you was not circumstanced as I was. You had not voted with your brother as I did; the world knew your inclinations were different. All this certainly composed serious reasons for you not to follow him, if you did not choose it. My motives for thinking you had better have espoused his cause, were for your own sake: I detailed those motives to

you in my last long letter: that opinion is as strong with me as ever.

The affront to you, the malice that aimed that affront, the importance that it gives one, upon the long run, to act steadily and uniformly with one's friends, the enemies you make in the Opposition, composed of so many great families, and of your own principal allies,¹ and the little merit you gain with the Ministry by the contrary conduct,—all these were, to me, unanswerable reasons, and remain so, for what I advised; yet, as I told you before, I think the season is passed, and that you must wait for an opportunity of disengaging yourself with credit. I am persuaded that occasion will be given you, from one or other of the causes I mentioned in my last; and if the fairest is, I entreat you by the good wishes which I am sure you know from my soul I bear you, to seize it. Excuse me: I know I go too far, but my heart is set on your making a great figure, and your letters are so kind, that they encourage me to speak with a friendship which I am sensible is not discreet;—but you know you and your brother have ever been the objects of my warmest affection; and, however partial you may think me to him, I must labour to have the world think as highly of you, and to unite you firmly for your lives. If this was not my motive, you must be sure I should not be so earnest. It is not one vote in the House of Lords that imports us. Party is grown so serious,² and will, I doubt, become every day more so, that one must make one's option; and it will go to my soul to see you embarked against all your friends, against the Whig principles you have ever professed, and with men, amongst whom you have not one well-wisher, and with whom you will not even be able to remain upon tolerable terms, unless you take a vigorous part against all you love and esteem.

In warm times lukewarmness is a crime with those on whose side

¹ Lady Hertford was daughter of the late, and cousin of the existing Duke of Grafton, who was one of the leaders of the opposition.—CROKER.

² The state of the public mind at this time is thus described by Gray:—"Grumble, indeed, every one does; but, since Wilkes's affair, they fall off their metal, and seem to shrink under the brazen hand of Norton and his colleagues. I hear there will be no Parliament till after Christmas. If the French should be so unwise as to suffer the Spanish court to go on in their present measures (for they refuse to pay the ransom of Manilla, and have driven away our logwood cutters already), down go their friends in the ministry, and all the schemes of right divine and prerogative; and this is perhaps the best chance we have. Are you not struck with the great similarity there is between the first years of Charles the First and the present times? Who would have thought it possible five years ago?"—*Works, by Milford*, vol. iv., p. 34.—WRIGHT.

you are ranged. Your good sense and experience will judge whether what I say is not strictly the case. It is not your brother or I that have occasioned these circumstances. Lord Bute has thrown this country into a confusion which will not easily be dissipated without serious hours. Changes may, and, as I said in the beginning of my letter, will probably happen; but the seeds that have been sown will not be rooted up by one or two revolutions in the cabinet. It had taken an hundred and fifty years¹ to quiet the animosities of Whig and Tory; that contest is again set on foot, and though a struggle for places may be now, as has often been, the secret purpose of principals, the court and the nation are engaging on much deeper springs of action. I wish I could elucidate this truth, as I have the rest, but that is not fit for paper, nor to be comprised within the compass of a letter;—I have said enough to furnish you with ample reflections. I submit all to your own judgment:—I have even acted rightly by you, in laying before you what it was not easy for you, my dear lord, to see or know at a distance. I trust all to your indulgence, and your acquaintance with my character, which surely is not artful or mysterious, and which, to you, has ever been, as it ever shall be, most cordial and well-intentioned. I come to my gazette.

There is nothing new, but the resignation of Lord Carnarvon,² who has thrown up the Bedchamber, and they say, the lieutenancy of Hampshire, on Stanley being made governor of the Isle of Wight.

I have been much distressed this morning. The royal family reside chiefly at Richmond, whither scarce necessary servants attend them, and no mortal else but Lord Bute. The King and Queen have taken to going about to see places; they have been at Oatlands and Wanstead. A quarter before ten to-day, I heard the bell at the gate ring,—truth is, I was not up, for my hours are not reformed, either at night or in the morning,—I inquired who it was? the Prince of Mecklenburgh and De Witz had called to know if they could see the house; my two Swiss, Favre and Louis, told them I was in bed, but if they would call again in an hour, they might see it. I shuddered at this report,—and would it were the worst part! The Queen herself was behind, in a coach: I am shocked to death,

¹ It is not easy to say what hundred and fifty years he alludes to; the contests of Whig and Tory were never so violent as in the last years of Queen Anne, just fifty years before this time.—CROKER.

² The Marquis of Carnarvon, eldest son of the second Duke of Chandos.—CROKER.

and know not what to do ! It is ten times worse just now than ever at any other time : it will certainly be said, that I refused to let the Queen see my house. See what it is to have republican servants ! When I made a tempest about it, Favre said, with the utmost *sang froid*, " Why could not he tell me he was the Prince of Mecklenburgh ? " I shall go this evening and consult my oracle, Lady Suffolk. If she approves it, I will write to De Witz, and pretend I know nothing of anybody but the Prince, and beg a thousand pardons, and assure him how proud I should be to have his master visit my castle at Thundertentronk.

August 4th.

I have dined to-day at Claremont, where I little thought I should dine, but whither *our* affairs have pretty naturally conducted me. It turned out a very melancholy day. Before I got into the house, I heard that letters were just arrived there, with accounts of the Duke of Devonshire having had two more fits. When I came to see Lord John's [Cavendish] and Lord Frederick's [Cavendish] letters, I found these two fits had been but one, and that very slight, much less than the former, and certainly nervous by all the symptoms, as Sir Edward Wilmot, who has been at Chatsworth, pronounces it. The Duke perceived it coming, and directed what to have done, and it was over in four minutes. The next event was much more real. I had been half round the garden with the Duke [of Newcastle] in his one-horse chair ; we were passing to the other side of the house, when George Onslow met us, arrived on purpose to advertise the Duke of the sudden death of the Duchess of Leeds,¹ who expired yesterday at dinner in a moment : he called it apoplectic ; but as the Bishop of Oxford [Hume], who is at Claremont, concluded, it was the gout flown up into the head. The Duke received the news as men do at seventy-one : but the terrible part was to break it to the Duchess [her sister], who is ill. George Onslow would have taken me away to dinner with him, but the Duke thought that would alarm the Duchess too abruptly, and she is not to know it yet : with her very low spirits it is likely to make a deep impression. It is a heavy stroke too for her father, poor old Lord Godolphin, who is eighty-six. For the Duke, his spirits, under so many mortifications and calamities, are surprising : the only effect they and his

¹ Lady Mary, daughter of the second Lord Godolphin, grand-daughter of the great Duke of Marlborough, and sister of the Duchess of Newcastle.—CUNNINGHAM.

years seem to have made on him is to have abated his ridicules.¹ Our first meeting to be sure was awkward, yet I never saw a man conduct anything with more sense than he did. There were no notices of what is passed; nothing fulsome, no ceremony, civility enough, confidence enough, and the greatest ease. You would only have thought that I had been long abroad, and was treated like an old friend's son with whom he might make free. In truth, I never saw more rational behaviour: I expected a great deal of flattery, but we had nothing but business while we were alone, and common conversation while the Bishop and the Chaplain were present. The Duke mentioned to me his having heard Lord Holland's inclination to your embassy. He spoke very obligingly of you, and said that, next to his own children, he believed there was nobody the late Lord Hardwicke loved so much as you. I cannot say the Duke spoke very affectionately of Sir Joseph Yorke, who has never written a single line to him since he was out. I told him that did not surprise me, for Sir Joseph has treated your brother in the same manner, though the latter has written two letters to him since his dismissal.

Arlington Street, Tuesday night, 10 o'clock.

I am here alone in the most desolate of all towns. I came to-day to visit my sovereign Duchess² in her lying-in, and have been there till this moment, not a soul else but Lady Jane Scott.³ Lady Waldegrave came from Tunbridge yesterday *en passant*, and reported a new woful history of a *fracas* there—don't my Lady Hertford's ears tingle? but she will not be surprised. A footman—a very comely footman—to a Mrs. Craster, had been most extremely impertinent to Lord Clanbrazil, Frederick Vane, and a son of Lady Anne Hope; they threatened to have him turned away—he replied, if he was, he knew where he should be protected. Tunbridge is a quiet private place, where one does not imagine that everything one does in one's private family will be known:—yet so it happened that the morning after the fellow's dismissal, it was reported that he was

¹ The reader will not fail to observe the sudden effect of Mr. Walpole's conversion to the Duke of Newcastle's politics, how it abates all ridicules and sweetens all acerbities. As no writer has contributed so much as Mr. Walpole to depreciate the character of the Duke of Newcastle, this kind of *palinode* is not unimportant.—CROKER.

² The Duchess of Grafton [afterwards Lady Ossory] lay-in, on the 17th July 1764, of her youngest son, Lord Charles.—CROKER. The Duchess lived in old Bond-street, in what is now (1857) part of the Clarendon Hotel.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ The eldest daughter of Francis, second Duke of Buccleuch, born 1723, died in 1777, unmarried.—CROKER.

hired by another lady, the Lord knows who. At night, that lady was playing at loo in the rooms. Lord Clanbrazil told her of the report, and hoped she would contradict it: she grew as angry as a fine lady could grow, told him it was no business of his, and—and I am afraid, still more. *Vane* whispered her—one should have thought that name would have had some weight—oh! worse and worse! the poor English language was ransacked for terms that came up to her resentment:—the party broke up, and, I suppose, nobody went home to write an account of what happened to their acquaintance.

O'Brien and Lady Susan are to be transported to the Ohio, and have a grant of forty thousand acres. The Duchess of Grafton says sixty thousand were bestowed; but a friend of yours, and a relation of Lady Susan, nibbled away twenty thousand for a Mr. Upton.

By a letter from your brother to-day, I find our northern journey is laid aside; the Duke of Devonshire is coming to town; the physicians want him to go to Spa. This derangement makes me turn my eyes eagerly towards Paris; though I shall be ashamed to come thither after the wise reasons I have given you against it in the beginning of this letter; *nous verrons*—the temptation is strong, but patriots must resist temptations; it is not the etiquette to yield to them till a change happens.

I inclose a letter, which your brother has sent me to convey to you, and two pamphlets.¹ The former is said to be written by Shebbeare,² under George Grenville's direction: the latter, which makes rather more noise, is certainly composed by somebody who does not hate your brother—I even fancy you will guess the same person for the author that everybody else does. I shall be able to send you soon another pamphlet, written by Charles Townshend, on the subject of the Warrants:—you see, at least, *we* do not ransack Newgate and the pillory³ for writers. We leave those to the administration.

I wish you would be so kind as to tell me, what is become of my sister and Mr. Churchill. I received a letter from Lady Mary to-day,

¹ They were called "An Address to the Public on the late dismissal of a General Officer," and "A Counter Address." The latter was written by Mr. Walpole himself.—CROKER.

² Dr. John Shebbeare, son of an attorney at Bideford. He had a crown pension of 200*l.* a-year given him in 1764 by George Grenville (see Grenville Papers, ii. 270, and Walpole's George III., vol. i., p. 329).—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Shebbeare had been in both. See Walpole's George III., vol. ii., p. 329, and Boswell, by Croker, p. 602.—CUNNINGHAM.

telling me she was that instant setting out from Paris, but does not say whither.

The first storm that is likely to burst in politics, seems to be threatened from the Bedford quarter. The Duke and Duchess have been in town but for two days the whole summer, and are now going to Trentham, whither Lord Gower, *qui se donnoit pour favori*, is retired for three months. This is very unlike the declaration in spring, that the Duke must reside at Streatham,¹ because the King could not spare him for a day.

The memorial² left by Guerchy at his departure, and the late *arrêts* in France on our American histories, make much noise, and seem to say that I have not been a false prophet! If our ministers can stand so many difficulties from abroad, and so much odium at home, they are abler men than I take them for. Adieu, the whole Hôtel de Lassay!³ I verily think I shall see it soon.

938. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 13, 1764.

I AM afraid it is some thousands of days since I wrote to you; but woe is me! how could I help it? Summer will be summer, and peace peace. It is not the fashion to be married, or die in the former, nor to kill or be killed in the latter; and pray recollect if those are not the sources of correspondence. You may perhaps put in a caveat against my plea of peace, and quote Turks Island⁴ upon me; why, to be sure the parenthesis is a little hostile, but we are like a good wife, and can wink at what we don't like to see; besides, the French, like a sensible husband, that has made a slip, have promised us a new topknot, so we have kissed and are very good friends.

The Duke of York returned very abruptly. The town talks of remittances stopped; but as I know nothing of the matter, and you are not only a minister but have the honour of his good graces, I do not pretend to tell you what to be sure you know better than I do.

¹ A villa of the Duke's at Streatham, derived from Mr. Howland, his maternal grandfather, from whom Howland-street is named.—CROKER.

² The points in dispute between France and England at this period arose out of the non-performance of certain articles of the treaty—the payment of the Canada bills, and the expense of the prisoners of war, and certain claims for compensation for effects taken at Bellisle.—CROKER.

³ The house which Lord Hertford hired in Paris.—CROKER.

⁴ Which had been seized and taken from us.—WALPOLE.

Old Sir John Barnard¹ is dead, which he had been to the world for some time; and Mr. Legge. The latter, who was heartily in the minority, said cheerfully just before he died, "that he was going to the majority."²

Let us talk a little of the north. Count Poniatowski, with whom I was acquainted when he was here, is King of Poland, and calls himself Stanislaus the Second. This is the sole instance, I believe, upon record, of a second of a name being on the throne while the first was living without having contributed to dethrone him. Old Stanislaus lives to see a line of successors, like Macbeth in the cave of the witches. So much for Poland; don't let us go farther north; we shall find there Aleto herself. I have almost wept for poor Ivan!³ I shall soon begin to believe that Richard III. 'murdered as many folks as the Lancastrian historians say he did. I expect that this Fury will poison her son next, lest Semiramis should have the bloody honour of having been more unnatural. As Voltaire has unpoisoned so many persons of former ages, methinks he ought to do as much for the present time, and assure posterity that there never was such a lamb as Catherine II., and that, so far from assassinating her own husband and Czar Ivan, she wept over every chicken that she had for dinner. How crimes, like fashions, flit from clime to clime! Murder reigns under the Pole, while you, who are in the very town where Catherine de' Medici was born, and within a stone's throw of Rome, where Borgia and his holy father sent cardinals to the other world by hecatombs, are surprised to hear that there is such an instrument as a stiletto. The papal is now a mere gouty chair, and the good old souls don't even waddle out of it to get a bastard.

Well, good night! I have no more monarchs to chat over; all the rest are the most Catholic or most Christian, or most something or other that is divine; and you know one can never talk long about folks that are only excellent. One can say no more about Stanislaus *the first* than that he is the best of beings. I mean, unless they do not deserve it, and then their flatterers can hold forth upon their virtues by the hour.

¹ Formerly Lord Mayor of London, and one of the chiefs of the opposition to Sir R. Walpole [vol. i., p. 106].—WALPOLE.

² Mr. Legge told a very fat fellow who came to see him the day he died, "Sir, you are a great weight, but let me tell you, you are in at the death." I do not believe any of your d—d monsieurs would go off the stage so gallantly.—*Gilly Williams to Selwyn*, Sept. 11, 1764.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ The deposed Czar Ivan, attempting to make his escape, had been murdered; but it is very doubtful whether the Czarina could be privy to his death.—WALPOLE.

⁴ Mr. Walpole afterwards [1768] published his "Historic Doubts" on that subject.—WALPOLE.

939. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Aug. 16, 1764.

I AM not gone north, so pray write to me. I am not going south, so pray come to me. The Duke of Devonshire's journey to Spa has prevented the first, and twenty reasons the second; whenever therefore you are disposed to make a visit to Strawberry, it will rejoice to receive you in its old ruffs and fardingales, and without rouge, blonde, and run silks.

You have not said a word to me, ingrate as you are, about Lord Herbert; does not he deserve one line? Tell me when I shall see you, that I may make no appointments to interfere with it. Mr. Conway, Lady Ailesbury, and Lady Lyttelton, have been at Strawberry with me for four or five days, so I am come to town to have my house washed, for you know I am a very Hollander in point of cleanliness. This town is a deplorable solitude; one meets nothing but Mrs. Holman, like the pelican in the wilderness. Adieu!

940. TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 27, 1764.

I HOPE you received safe a parcel and a very long letter that I sent you, above a fortnight ago, by Mr. Strange the engraver. Scarce anything has happened since worth repeating, but what you know already, the death of poor Legge, and the seizure of Turk Island:¹ the latter event very consonant to all my ideas. It makes much noise here, especially in the city, where the Ministry grow every day more and more unpopular. Indeed, I think there is not much probability of their standing their ground, even till Christmas. Several defections are already known, and others are ripe which they do not apprehend.

Doctor Hunter, I conclude, has sent you Charles Townshend's

¹ A small island, also called Tortuga, near St. Domingo, of which a French squadron had dispossessed some English settlers. This proceeding was, however, immediately disavowed by the French, and orders were immediately despatched for restitution and compensation to the sufferers. We can easily gather from Mr. Walpole's own expressions, why this affair was raised into such momentary importance.—CROKER.

pamphlet: it is well written, but does not sell much, as a notion prevails that it has been much altered and softened.

The Duke of Devonshire is gone to Spa; he was stopped for a week by a rash,¹ which those who wished it so, called a military fever, but was so far from it, that if he does not find immediate benefit from Spa, he is to go to Aix-la-Chapelle, in hopes that the warm baths will supple his skin, and promote another eruption.

I have been this evening to Sion, which is becoming another Mount Palatine. Adam has displayed great taste, and the Earl matches it with magnificence. The gallery is converting into a museum in the style of a columbarium, according to an idea that I proposed to my Lord Northumberland. Mr. Bouldby² and Lady Mary are there, and the Primate [Stone], who looks old and broken enough to aspire to the papacy. Lord Holland, I hear, advises what Lord Bute much wishes, the removal of George Grenville, to make room for Lord Northumberland at the head of the Treasury. The Duchess of Grafton is gone to her father.³ I wish you may hear no more of this journey! If you should, this time, the complaints will come from her side.

You have got the Sposo Coventry⁴ with you, have not you? And you are going to have the Duke of York. You will not want such a nobody as me. When I have a good opportunity, I will tell you some very sensible advice that has been given me on that head, which I am sure you will approve.

It is well for me I am not a Russian. I should certainly be knouted. The murder of the young Czar Ivan has sluiced again all

¹ The Duke of Devonshire's illness seems to have sank Horry's spirits prodigiously. He expects the resurrection of Mr. Pitt, as the Jews do the coming of the Messiah, and, for all I can see, with as much reason.—*Gilly Williams to Selwyn*, Sept. 29, 1764.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Thomas Bouldby, Esq., and his lady, sister of the first Duke of Montagu, of the second creation.—CROKER.

³ Hor [Walpole] may write another pamphlet, for I hear the Duke of Grafton has turned the Duchess out (though she is brave and has seen service) without assigning a reason.—*Lord Holland to Selwyn*, Sept. 23, 1764.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ The Earl brought his new Countess [Lady Barbara St. John] to Margaret-street the night after the consummation. You know him so well, that I dare say you are perfectly master of his words and actions on such an occasion; and as for her ladyship, it was all prettiness, fright, insipidity, question and answer, which neither gold stuffs, diamonds, a new chair with a very large coronet in the centre, like the Queen's—neither of these I say had power to alter; and as my friend was never cut out for decent and matrimonial gallantry, a very awkward air made them both as entertaining a couple as ever I passed an hour with. They are to be introduced at Court on Sunday, and to set out for Crome the next day. Her toad-eater for the summer is *iss Houblon*.—*Gilly Williams to Selwyn*, Sept. 29, 1764.—CUNNINGHAM.

my abhorrence of the Czarina. What a devil in a diadem ! I wonder they can spare such a principal performer from hell !

September 9th.

I had left this letter unfinished, from want of common materials, if I should send it by the post ; and from want of private conveyance, if I said more than was fit for the post. But being just returned from Park-place, where I have been for three days, I not only find your extremely kind letter of August 21st, but a card from Madame de Chabot, who tells me she sets out for Paris in a day or two, and offers to carry a letter to you, which gives me the opportunity I wished for.

I must begin with what you conclude—your most friendly offer,¹ if I should be distressed by the Treasury. I can never thank you enough for this, nor the tender manner in which you clothe it ; though, believe me, my dear lord, I could never blush to be obliged to you. In truth, though I do not doubt their disposition to hurt me, I have had prudence enough to make it much longer than their reign can last, before it could be in their power to make me feel want. With all my extravagance, I am much beforehand, and having perfected and paid for what I wished to do here, my common expenses are trifling, and nobody can live more frugally than I, when I have a mind to it. What I said of fearing temptations at Paris, was barely serious : I thought it imprudent, just now, to throw away my money ; but that consideration, singly, would not keep me here. I am eager to be with you, and my chief reason for delaying is, that I wish to make a longer stay than I could just now. The advice I hinted at, in the former part of this letter, was Lady Suffolk's, and I am sure you will think it very sensible. She told me, should I now go to Paris, all the world would say I went to try to persuade *you* to resign ; that even the report would be impertinent to you, to whom she knew and saw I wished so well ; and that when I should return, it would be said I had failed in my errand. Added to this, which was surely very prudent and friendly advice, I will own to

¹ This affair is creditable to all the parties. When General Conway was turned out, Mr. Walpole placed all his fortune at his disposal, in a very generous letter. This induced Mr. Walpole to think of economy, and to state in a former letter some apprehension as to his circumstances ; in reply to which, Lord Hertford, who had already made a similar proposition to General Conway, now offers to place Mr. Walpole above the pecuniary difficulties which he apprehended.—CROKER.

you fairly, that I think I shall soon have it in my power to come to you on the foot I wish,—I mean, having done with politics, which I have told you all along, and with great truth, are as much my abhorrence as yours. I think this administration cannot last till Christmas, and I believe they themselves think so. I am cautious when I say this, because I promise you faithfully, the last thing I will do shall be to give you any false lights knowingly. I am clear, I repeat it, against your resigning now; and there is no meaning in all I have taken the liberty to say to you, and which you receive with so much goodness and sense, but to put you on your guard in such ticklish times, and to pave imperceptibly to the world the way to your reunion with your friends. In your brother, I am persuaded, you will never find any alteration; and whenever you find an opportunity proper, his credit with particular persons will remove any coldness that may have happened. I admire the force and reasoning with which you have stated your own situation; and I think there are but two points in which we differ at all. I do not see how your brother could avoid the part he chose. It was the administration that made it decisive—no inclination of his. The other is a trifle; it regards Elliot, nor is it my opinion alone that he is at Paris on business: everybody believes it, and considering his abilities, and the present difficulties of Lord Bute, Elliot's absence would be very extraordinary, if merely occasioned by idleness or amusement, or even to place his children, when it lasts so long.

The affair of Turk Island, and the late promotion of Colonel Fletcher¹ over thirty-seven older officers, are the chief causes, added to the Canada bills, Logwood and the Manilla affairs, which have ripened our heats to such a height. Lord Mansfield's violence against the press has contributed much—but the great distress of all to the Ministers, is the behaviour of the Duke of Bedford, who has twice or thrice peremptorily refused to attend council. He has been at Trentham, and crossed the country back to Woburn, without coming to town.² Lord Gower has been in town but one day. Many causes are assigned for all this; the refusal of making Lord Waldegrave of the Bedchamber; Lord Tavistock's inclination to the minority; and above all, a reversion, which it is believed Lord Bute has been so weak as to obtain, of Ampthill, a royal grant, in which the Duke has but sixteen years to come. You know enough of that

¹ Colonel Fletcher of the 35th foot.—CROKER.

² Not very surprising, however, as London would have been about eighty miles round.—CROKER.

court, to know that, in the article of Bedfordshire, no influence has any weight with his grace. At present, indeed, I believe little is tried. The Duchess and Lady Bute are as hostile as possible. Rigby's journey convinces me of what I have long suspected, that his reign is at an end. I have even heard, though I am far from trusting to the quarter from which I had my intelligence, that the Duke [of Newcastle] has been making overtures to Mr. Pitt,¹ which have not been received unfavourably; I shall know more of this soon, as I am to go to Stowe in three or four days. Mr. Pitt is exceedingly well-disposed to your brother, talks highly of him, and of the injustice done to him, and they are to meet on the first convenient opportunity. Thus much for politics, which, however, I cannot quit, without again telling you how sensible I am of all your goodness and friendly offers.

The Court, independent of politics, makes a strange figure. The recluse life led here at Richmond, which is carried to such an excess of privacy and economy, that the Queen's friseur waits on them at dinner, and that four pounds only of beef are allowed for their soup, disgusts all sorts of people. The drawing-rooms are abandoned: Lady Buckingham² was the only woman there on Sunday se'nnight. The Duke of York was commanded home. They stopped his remittances,³ and then were alarmed on finding he still was somehow or

¹ The following is a passage from a letter written by Mr. Pitt to the Duke of Newcastle, in October, in reply to one of these overtures:—"As for *my single self*, I purpose to continue acting through life upon the best convictions I am able to form, and under the obligation of principles, not by the force of any particular bargains. I presume not to judge for those who think they see daylight to serve their country by such means; but shall continue myself, as often as I think it worth the while to go to the House of Commons, to go there free from stipulations, about every question under consideration, as well as to come out of the House as free as I entered it. Having seen the close of last session, and the system of that great war, in which my share of the ministry was so largely arraigned, given up by silence in a full House, I have little thoughts of beginning the world again upon a new centre of union. Your grace will not, I trust, wonder if, after so recent and so strange a phenomenon in politics, I have no disposition to quit the free condition of a man standing single, and daring to appeal to his country at large, upon the soundness of his principles and the rectitude of his conduct." See *Chatham Correspondence*, vol. ii., p. 296.—WRIGHT.

² Mary Anne Drury, wife of John, second Earl of Buckinghamshire.—CROKER.

³ Mr. Walpole gives an unfair turn to this circumstance. The stopping the Duke of York's remittances, and ordering him home, was a measure of prudence, not to say of necessity, for that young Prince's extravagance abroad had made a public clamour; so much so, that a popular preacher delivered, about this time, a sermon on the following text:—"The *younger son* gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living." St. Luke, c. xv. v. 13. The letters and even the publications of the day allude to this extravagance, and surely it was the duty of his brother and sovereign to repress an indiscretion which occasioned such observations.—CROKER.

other supplied with money. The two next Princes¹ are at the Pavilions at Hampton Court, in very private circumstances indeed; no household is to be established for Prince William, who accedes nearer to the malecontents every day. In short, one hears of nothing but dissatisfaction, which in the city rises almost to treason.

Mrs. Cornwallis² has found that her husband has been dismissed from the Bedchamber this twelvemonth with no notice; his appointments were even paid; but on this discovery they are stopped.

You ask about what I had mentioned in the beginning of my letter, the dissensions in the house of Grafton. The world says they are actually parted: I do not believe that; but I will tell you exactly all I know. His grace, it seems, for many months has kept one Nancy Parsons,³ one of the commonest creatures in London, once much liked, but out of date. He is certainly grown uncommonly attached to her, so much, that it has put an end to all his decorum. She was publicly with him at Ascot races, and is now in the Forest;⁴ I do not know if actually in the house. At first, I concluded this was merely stratagem to pique the Duchess; but it certainly goes further. Before the Duchess laid in,⁵ she had a little house on Richmond-hill, whither the Duke sometimes, though seldom, came to dine. During her month of confinement, he was scarcely in town at all, nor did he even come up to see the Duke of Devonshire. The Duchess is certainly gone to her father. She affected to talk of the Duke familiarly, and said she should call in the Forest as she went to Lord Ravensworth's. I suspect she is gone thither to recriminate and complain. She did not talk of returning till October. It was said the Duke was going to France, but I hear no more of it. Thus the affair stands, as far as I or your brother, or

¹ William created, in November 1764, Duke of Gloucester; and Henry created, in 1766, Duke of Cumberland. The injustice of Mr. Walpole's insinuations will be evident, when it is remembered that, at the date of this letter, the eldest of these Princes was but twenty, and the other eighteen years of age, and that they were both created Dukes, and had households established for them as soon as they respectively came of age.—CROKER.

² Mary, daughter of Charles, second Viscount Townshend, wife of Edward, sixth son of the third Lord Cornwallis. I suspect that here again Mr. Walpole's accusation is not correct. General Cornwallis had been groom of the bedchamber to George II., and was continued in the same office by the successor, till he was appointed *Governor of Gibraltar*, when Mr. Henry Seymour was appointed in his room.—CROKER.

³ This scandal has been immortalised by Junius.—CROKER.

⁴ At Wakefield Lodge, in Whittlebury Forest, Northamptonshire.—CROKER.

⁵ Of Lord Charles Fitzroy, born 17th July, 1764; died 1829.—CUNNINGHAM.

the Cavendishes, know ; nor have we heard one word from either Duke or Duchess of any rupture. I hope she will not be so weak as to part, and that her father and mother will prevent it. It is not unlucky that she has seen none of the Bedfords lately, who would be glad to blow the coals. Lady Waldegrave was with her one day, but I believe not alone.

There was nobody at Park-place but Lord¹ and Lady William Campbell. Old Sir John Barnard² is dead ; for other news, I have none. I beg you will always say a great deal for me to my lady. As I trouble you with such long letters, it would be unreasonable to overwhelm her too. You know my attachment to everything that is yours. My warmest wish is to see an end of the present unhappy posture of public affairs, which operate so shockingly even on our private. If I can once get quit of them, it will be no easy matter to involve me in them again, however difficult it may be, as you have found, to escape them. Nobody is more criminal in my eyes than George Grenville, who had it in his power to prevent what has happened to your brother. Nothing could be more repugnant to all the principles he has ever most avowedly and publicly professed—but he has opened my eyes—such a mixture of vanity and meanness, of falsehood and hypocrisy, is not common even in *this* country ! It is a ridiculous *embarras* after all the rest, and yet you may conceive the distress I am under about my Lady Blandford,³ and the negotiations I am forced to employ to avoid meeting him there, which I am determined not to do.

I shall be able, when I see you, to divert you with some excellent stories of a principal figure on our side ; but they are too long and too many for a letter, especially of a letter so prolix as this. Adieu, my dear lord !

¹ Lord William, brother of General Conway's lady, and third brother of the fifth Duke of Argyle ; his wife was Sarah, daughter of W. Teard, Esq., of Charleston.—CROKER.

² See vol. i., p. 106, and vol. iv, p. 264.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Maria Catherine de Jonge, a Dutch lady, widow of William Godolphin, Marquis of Blandford, and sister of Isabella Countess of Denbigh ; they were near neighbours and intimate acquaintances of Mr. Walpole's.—CROKER. See *Walpole's Works*, iv. 391, for a copy of verses entitled "A Card to Lady Blandford."—CUNNINGHAM.

941. TO THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PITT.

SIR;

Arlington Street, Aug. 29, 1764.

As you have always permitted me to offer you the trifles printed at my press, I am glad to have one [Lord Herbert's Life] to send you of a little more consequence than some in which I have had myself too great a share. The singularity of the work I now trouble you with is greater merit than its rarity; though there are but two hundred copies, of which only half are mine. If it amuses an hour or two of your idle time, I am overpaid. My greatest ambition is to pay that respect which every Englishman owes to your character and services; and therefore you must not wonder if an inconsiderable man seizes every opportunity, however awkwardly, of assuring you, Sir, that he is,

Your most devoted, &c.

942. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

DEAR SIR:

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 29, 1764.

AMONG the multitude of my papers I have mislaid, though not lost, the account you was so good as to give me of your ancestor Tuer, as a painter. I have been hunting for it, to insert it in the new edition of my Anecdotes. It is not very reasonable to save myself trouble at the expense of yours; but perhaps you can much sooner turn to your notes, than I find your letter. Will you be so good as to send me soon all the particulars you recollect of him. I have a print of Sir Lionel Jenkins from his painting.

I did not send you any more orange flowers, as you desired; for the continued rains rotted all the latter blow: but I had made a vast *pot-pourri*, from whence you shall have as much as you please, when I have the pleasure of seeing you here, which I should be glad might be in the beginning of October, if it suits your convenience. At the same time you shall have a print of Lord Herbert, which I think I did not send you.

P.S. I trust you will bring me a volume or two of your MSS. of which I am most thirsty.

943. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

September 1, 1764.

I SEND you the reply to the Counter-Address; it is the lowest of all Grub-street, and I hear is treated so. They have nothing better to say, than that I am in love with you, have been so these twenty years, and am no giant. I am a very constant old swain: they might have made the years above thirty; it is so long I have had the same unalterable friendship for you, independent of being near relations and bred up together. For arguments, so far from any new ones, the man gives up or denies most of the former. I own I am rejoiced not only to see how little they can defend themselves, but to know the extent of their malice and revenge. They must be sorely hurt, when reduced to such scurrility. Yet there is one paragraph, however, which I think is of George Grenville's own inditing. It says, "I flattered, solicited, and then basely deserted him." I no more expected to hear myself accused of flattery, than of being in love with you; but I shall not laugh at the former as I do at the latter. Nothing but his own consummate vanity could suppose I had ever stooped to flatter *him*! or that any man was connected with him, but who was low enough to be paid for it. Where has he one such attachment?

You have your share too. The miscarriage at Rochfort now directly laid at your door; repeated insinuations against your courage. But I trust you will mind them no more than I do, excepting the *flattery*, which I shall not forget, I promise them.

I came to town yesterday on some business, and found a case. When I opened it, what was there but my Lady Ailesbury's most beautiful of all pictures!¹ Don't imagine I can think it intended for me; or that, if it could be so, I would hear of such a thing. It is far above what can be parted with, or accepted. I am serious—there is no letting such a picture, when one has accomplished it, go from where one can see it every day. I should take the thought equally kind and friendly, but she must let me bring it back, if I am not to do anything else with it, and it came by mistake. I am not so selfish as to deprive her of what she must have such pleasure in seeing. I shall have more satisfaction in seeing it at Park-place;

¹ A landscape executed in worsteds by Lady Ailesbury. It is now at Strawberry Hill.—WALFORD.

where, in spite of the worst kind of malice, I shall persist in saying my heart is fixed. They may ruin me, but no calumny shall make me desert you. Indeed your case would be completely cruel, if it was more honourable for your relations and friends to abandon you than to stick to you. My option is made, and I scorn their abuse as much as I despise their power.

I think of coming to you on Thursday next for a day or two, unless your house is full, or you hear from me to the contrary. Adieu!

Yours ever.

944. TO THE REV. DR. BIRCH.

SIR :

September 3, 1764.

I AM extremely obliged to you for the favour of your letter, and the enclosed curious one of Sir William Herbert.¹ It would have made a very valuable addition to Lord Herbert's Life, which is now

¹ The following letter and its characteristic enclosure are here published for the first time. Birch's letter caused Walpole's acknowledgment printed above.

TO THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE.

SIR,

Norfolk Street in the Strand, 30th August 1764.

THE inclosed is a copy of the letter of Sir William Herbert mentioned to you by Dr. Watson, which I had thoughts of sending you some time ago, upon an accidental sight of your elegant edition of Lord Herbert of Cherbury's Life of Himself, and remarking in it the passage where his lordship speaks of Sir William, his father-in-law, *as being noted to be of a very high mind*, of which you will think this letter a full proof. The copy from which I took what I send you, was in an old hand, and given me several years ago by William Jones, Esq., F.R.S., and an eminent mathematician, deceased.

I observed in Lord Herbert's Life, in a page which I have forgot [p. 135], but you will easily recollect, that he speaks of a court-wit, who in your edition, I think, bears the name of Tom Cogge. I am persuaded, that the person meant was Thomas Carew, Esq., sometimes spelt *Cary* and *Carye*, of whom we have a volume of poems, songs, and sonnets, with a masque. He was one of the gentlemen of the Privy Chamber to King Charles I. and sewer in ordinary to his majesty. His character is given by Lord Clarendon in the history of his own life.

Monsieur Balagny, who is said by Lord Herbert to have killed eight or nine men in single fight, died himself of the wounds which he received in an encounter with Monsieur Pimocin, whom he killed in the streets of Paris in March 1611-12, as appears from Sir Ralph Winwood's *Memorials*, vol. iii. p. 350, 353.

I am, &c.

THO. BIRCH.

Copy of a Letter of Sir William Herbert of St. Julian's, in Monmouthshire, to a gentleman of the family of Morgan, of Glantymram.

SIR,

PERUSE this letter in God's name. Be not disquieted. I reverence your hoary hair. Although in your son I find too much folly and lewdness, yet in you I expect gravity and wisdom. It hath pleased your son late at Bristol, to deliver a

too late; as I have no hope that Lord Powis will permit any more to be printed. There were indeed so very few, and but half of those for my share, that I have not it in my power to offer you a copy, having disposed of my part. It is really a pity that so singular a curiosity should not be public; but I must not complain, as Lord Powis has been so good as to indulge my request thus far.

I am, Sir, Your much obliged humble servant,

H. W.

challenge to a man of mine on the behalf of a gentleman, as he said, as good as myself. Who he was he named not, neither do I know: but if he be as good as myself, it must either be for virtue, for birth, for ability, or for calling and dignity. For virtue I think he meant not; for it is a matter that exceeds his judgment. If for birth, he must be the heir male of an earl, the heir in blood of ten earls, for in testimony thereof I bear their several coats; besides, he must be of the blood royal, for by my grandmother Devereux I am lineally and legitimately descended out of the body of Edward the Fourth. If for ability, he must have a thousand pounds a-year in possession, a thousand pounds a-year more in expectation, and must have some thousands in substance besides. If for calling and dignity, he must be a knight and lord of several signiories in several kingdoms, a lieutenant of his county, and a counsellor of a province.

Now to lay all circumstances aside, be it known to your son or to any man else, that if there be any one who beareth the name of a gentleman, and whose words are of reputation in his county, that doth say, or dare say that I have done unjustly, spoken an untruth, stained my reputation or credit in this matter or in any matter else, wherein your son is exasperated, I say he lieth in his throat, and my sword shall maintain my word upon him in any place or province wheresoever he dare, where I stand not sworn to observe the peace. But if they be such, as are within my governance, and over whom I have authority, I will, for their reformation, chastise them with justice, and for their malapert misdemeanour bind them to their good behaviour. Of this sort I account your son and his like, against whom I shall shortly direct my warrant, if this my warning will not reform him. And so I thought good to advertise you hereof and leave you to God.

Your loving cousin,

From St. Julian.

WILLIAM HERBERT.

Birch adds, that Sir William Herbert's daughter and co-heir, Mary, was married February 28th 1598, to Edward Herbert, afterwards Lord Herbert of Cherbury.

To this I will here append an omitted passage in Lord Herbert's Life, with Walpole's hitherto unpublished note.

At page 60, Edit. 4th, 1770. "One was in defence of my cozen, Sir Francis Newport's daughter, who was married to John Barker, of Hamon, for the younger brother and heir to the said John Barker having betrayed my cozen, who though (*sic*) she using, perchance, some more liberty than became her with a servant in the house, whom she favoured above the rest, Walter Barker, as I was told by another, nourished the said familiarity, and afterwards discovered it to his brother, which part of his being treacherous, as I conceived, I thought fit to send him a challenge which——"

This paper was given to me in 1789, by W. Seward, Esq., who told me it was copied by Mr. Ingram from the original MS., which MS., I suppose, is the copy of the Memoires of which I had heard, but never saw. The passage was not in the copy which Lord Powis lent me, and from which this edition was printed.—*Hor. Walpole*.
—CUNNINGHAM.

945. TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

MY DEAR LORD:

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 5, 1764.

THOUGH I wrote to you but a few days ago, I must trouble you with another line now. Dr. Blanchard, a Cambridge divine, and who has a good paternal estate in Yorkshire, is on his travels, which he performs as a gentleman; and, therefore, wishes not to have his profession noticed. He is very desirous of paying his respects to you, and of being countenanced by you while he stays at Paris. It will much oblige a particular friend of mine, and consequently me, if you will favour him with your attention. Everybody experiences your goodness, but in the present case I wish to attribute it a little to my request.

I asked you about two books, ascribed to Madame de Boufflers. If they are hers, I should be glad to know where she found, that Oliver Cromwell took orders and went over to Holland to fight the Dutch. As she has been on the spot where he reigned (which is generally very strong evidence), her countrymen will believe her in spite of our teeth; and Voltaire, who loves all anecdotes that never happened, *because* they prove the manners of the times, will hurry it into the first history he publishes. I, therefore, enter my caveat against it; not as interested for Oliver's character, but to save the world from one more fable. I know Madame de Boufflers will attribute this scruple to my partiality to Cromwell (and, to be sure, if we must be ridden, there is some satisfaction when the man knows how to ride). I remember one night at the Duke of Grafton's, a bust of Cromwell was produced: Madame de Boufflers, without uttering a syllable, gave me the most speaking look imaginable, as much as to say, "Is it possible you can admire this man!" *Apropos*: I am sorry to say the reports do not cease about the separation,¹ and yet I have heard nothing that confirms it.

I once begged you to send me a book in three volumes, called 'Essais sur les Mœurs;' forgive me if I put you in mind of it, and request you to send me that, or any other new book. I am wofully in want of reading, and sick to death of all our political stuff, which, as the Parliament is happily at the distance of three months, I would fain forget till I cannot help hearing of it. I am reduced to Guicciardin, and though the evenings are so long, I cannot get

¹ Of the Duke and Duchess of Grafton.—CROKER.

through one of his periods between dinner and supper. They tell me Mr. Hume has had sight of King James's journal ;¹ I wish I could see all the trifling passages that he will not deign to admit into History. I do not love great folks till they have pulled off their buskins and put on their slippers, because I do not care sixpence for what they would be thought, but for what they are.

Mr. Elliot brings us woful accounts of the French ladies, of the decency of their conversation, and the nastiness of their behaviour.

Nobody is dead, married, or gone mad, since my last. Adieu !

P.S. I enclose an epitaph on Lord Waldegrave, written by my brother [Sir Edward], which I think you will like, both for the composition and the strict truth of it.

Arlington Street, Friday evening.

I was getting into my post-chaise this morning with this letter in my pocket, and coming to town for a day or two, when I heard the Duke of Cumberland was dead : I find it is not so. He had two fits yesterday at Newmarket, whither he would go. The Princess Amelia, who had observed great alteration in his speech, entreated him against it. He has had too some touches of the gout, but they were gone off, or might have prevented this attack. I hear since the fits yesterday, which are said to have been but slight, that his leg is broken out, and they hope will save him. Still, I think, one cannot but expect the worst.

The letters yesterday, from Spa, give a melancholy account of the poor Duke of Devonshire : as he cannot drink the waters, they think of removing him ; I suppose, to the baths at Aix-la-Chapelle ; but I look on his case as a lost one. There's a chapter for moralising ! but five-and-forty, with forty thousand pounds a-year, and happiness wherever he turned him ! My reflection is, that it is folly to be unhappy at anything, when felicity itself is such a phantom !

¹ I have here met with a prodigious historical curiosity, the Memoirs of King James II., in fourteen volumes, all wrote with his own hand, and kept in the Scots' College. I have looked into it and made great discoveries. *David Hume to Dr. Robertson*, Paris, 1st December 1763. It appears from a note made by Mr. Fox, that "the works which were placed in the Scotch College at Paris, soon after the death of James II., and were there at the time of the French Revolution," were in fourteen volumes. *Lord Holland's Preface to Fox's History*, p. xix. The work published in 1816 as 'The Life of King James the Second, collected out of Memoirs writ by his own hand, is a compilation by a Roman Catholic follower of the exiled Stuarts, of the name of Innes. The fourteen volumes which Hume saw were destroyed during the French Revolution.'—CUNNINGHAM.

946. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 5, 1764.

It is over with us!—If I did not know your firmness, I would have prepared you by degrees; but you are a man, and can hear the worst at once. The Duke of Cumberland is dead. I have heard it but this instant. The Duke of Newcastle was come to breakfast with me, and pulled out a letter from Lord Frederick, with a hopeless account of the poor Duke of Devonshire. Ere I could read it, Colonel Schutz called at the door and told my servant this fatal news! I know no more—it must be at Newmarket, and very sudden; for the Duke of Newcastle had a letter from Hodgson, dated on Monday, which said the Duke was perfectly well, and his gout gone:—yes, to be sure, into his head. Princess Amelia had endeavoured to prevent his going to Newmarket, having perceived great alteration in his speech, as the Duke of Newcastle had. Well! it will not be.—Everything fights against this country! Mr. Pitt must save it himself—or, what I do not know whether he will not like as well, share in overturning its liberty—if they will admit him; which I question now if they will be fools enough to do.

You see I write in despair. I am for the whole, but perfectly tranquil. We have acted with honour, and have nothing to reproach ourselves with. We cannot combat fate. We shall be left almost alone; but I think you will no more go with the torrent than I will. Could I have foreseen this tide of ill fortune, I would have done just as I have done; and my conduct shall show I am satisfied I have done right. For the rest, come what come may, I am perfectly prepared! and while there is a free spot of earth upon the globe, that shall be my country. I am sorry it will not be this, but to-morrow I shall be able to laugh as usual. What signifies what happens when one is seven-and-forty, as I am to-day?

“They tell me ’tis my birth-day”—but I will not go on with Antony, and say

“and I’ll keep it
With double pomp of sadness.”—

No; when they can smile, who ruin a great country, sure those who would have saved it may indulge themselves in that cheerfulness which conscious integrity bestows. I think I shall come to you next

week; and since we have no longer any plan of operations to settle, we will look over the map of Europe, and fix upon a pleasant corner for our exile—for take notice, I do not design to fall upon my dagger, in hopes that some Mr. Addison a thousand years hence may write a dull tragedy about me. I will write my own story a little more cheerfully than he would; but I fear now I must not print it at my own press. Adieu! You was a philosopher before you had any occasion to be so: pray continue so; you have ample occasion!

Yours, ever,
H. W.

947. TO THE REV. THOMAS WARTON.¹

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 9, 1764.

I SHOULD be very ungrateful, Sir, if I did not execute with much pleasure any orders you give me. My knowledge is extremely confined and trifling, but such information as I can give you, will always be at your service.

The most authentic picture of Margaret, Queen of Scotland, is a whole-length at Hampton Court. I have a small copy of the head by Vertue. She has a round face, blue eyes, and brown hair, not light.

The original of her sister Mary (with her second husband, Charles Brandon), which Vertue engraved while Lord Granville's, is now mine;² her face is leaner and longer than in the print; her eyes blue, like her sister's, and her hair rather more dark. Vertue believed that the small head by Holbein, which I have, and was Richardson's, and which is engraved among the Illustrious Heads for Catherine Howard, is the portrait of this Queen Mary; but it has no resemblance to the large one, which is unquestionably of her. In the two first pictures I mentioned, Margaret is much superior to Mary in point of beauty, though I think neither of them handsome; nor is any sense in either face. The picture supposed of Catherine Howard has much expression, but little beauty; the print resembles it very imperfectly.

I am, Sir, Your most obedient humble servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

¹ Now first collected from Wooll's Memoirs, &c., of Joseph Warton.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Bought at the Strawberry Hill sale, for 535*l.* 10*s.* by the Duke of Bedford, and now at Woburn.—CUNNINGHAM.

948. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 13, 1764.

LORD JOHN CAVENDISH has been so kind as to send me word of the Duke of Devonshire's ' legacy to you.' You cannot doubt of the great joy this gives me ; and yet it serves to aggravate the loss of so worthy a man ! And when I feel it thus, I am sensible how much more it will add to your concern, instead of diminishing it. Yet do not wholly reflect on your misfortune. You might despise the acquisition of five thousand pounds simply ; but when that sum is a public testimonial to your virtue, and bequeathed by a man so virtuous, it is a million. Measure it with the riches of those who have basely injured you, and it is still more ! Why, it is glory, it is conscious innocence, it is satisfaction—it is affluence without guilt—Oh ! the comfortable sound ! It is a good name in the history of these corrupt days. There it will exist, when the wealth of your and their country's enemies will be wasted, or will be an indelible blemish on their descendants.

My heart is full, and yet I will say no more. My best loves to all your opulent family. Who says virtue is not rewarded in this world ? It is rewarded by virtue, and it is persecuted by the bad. Can greater honour be paid to it ?

949. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 21, 1764.

In your letter of September 22nd, which I received but yesterday, you make excuses, my dear sir, for your silence ; but in good truth I fear I am not less culpable on that head. I have for many years pleaded summer and the country ; you must add to the account now, that I am not only in the country, but in the minority ; and you may be sure folks that are disposed to blame, are not told anything that can be kept from them. London, whither I stroll now and

¹ William, fourth Duke of Devonshire. During his administration in Ireland, Mr. Conway had been secretary of state there.—WALPOLE. He died at Spa on the 2nd of October.—WRIGHT.

² The legacy was contained in the following codicil, written in the Duke's own hand. "I give to General Conway five thousand pounds as a testimony of my friendship to him, and of my sense of his honourable conduct and friendship for me."—WRIGHT.

then, is a desert. As the Parliament is not to meet till after Christmas, both armies remain in summer quarters. We *i. e.* the offensive army, have lost one of our generals, the Duke of Devonshire.¹ He has left General Conway five thousand pounds, which at least was not got out of the plunder. The Duke of Cumberland was reported dead three weeks ago, and the enemy still insist upon his dying; but he has escaped marvellously, by the help of St. Antony's fire, and though they have a good deal of luck, yet not having the Czarina's luck, I think for this time they will be disappointed. You see how frankly I write to hostile quarters, and even by the foe's couriers; but you know, no situation can alter my affection to you, and as usual, I am most indifferent who opens my letters.

I do not wonder you have thought me in France; I have been going and going like an auctioneer's hammer; but I think now that I shall wait the opening of the campaign, and not go till early in the spring. I would not seem a deserter, but have little taste for this warfare. It neither suits my age nor inclinations, which can amuse themselves much better than with politics.

I was pleased with the Cardinal's² attention to his father on the subject of Amphitryon Duke of York. It would have been a cruel close of his no-reign to have been witness to that triumph. I speak this from pure compassion, not being at all like patriots of former days, whose principles veered to Albano³ the moment they left St. James's; but I could never conceive why liking one Court less, made them like any other more. I shall live and die in my old-fashioned Whiggism, be the mode what it will.

I am writing to you by Mr. Chute's bedside, who is laid up here with the gout. It is not one of his bad fits, which his perseverance in water does not suffer to come so often as they wish. He desires me to say a thousand kind things to you. As my gout cannot boast of so ancient a descent, I easily keep it in order by the same abstinence. If we had minded good advice from professors of gout, or bad advice from physicians, I do not doubt but he would be now in his grave, and I half a cripple; but we defy wine and all its works. I believe in it no more than in physic. James's powder is my panacea; that is, it always shall be, for, thank God! I am not

¹ William Cavendish, fourth Duke of Devonshire.—WALPOLE.

² The Cardinal-Duke of York, second son of the Pretender. Edward Duke of York, the king's brother, was then at Rome.—WALPOLE.

³ The Pretender had a villa at Albano.—WALPOLE.

apt to have occasion for medicines : but I have such faith in this powder, that I believe I should take it if the house were on fire. Have you ever had any of it sent to you ? or shall I send you a parcel of papers ?

Well, we bid you good night ; we have nothing more to tell you ; Mr. Chute is going to sleep, and I and my dogs are retiring to the Library.

950. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 29, 1764.

I AM glad you mentioned it : I would not have had you appear without your close mourning for the Duke of Devonshire upon any account. I was once going to tell you of it, knowing your inaccuracy in such matters ; but thought it still impossible you should be ignorant how necessary it is. Lord Strafford, who has a legacy of only two hundred pounds, wrote to consult Lady Suffolk. She told him, for such a sum, which only implies a ring, it was sometimes not done ; but yet advised him to mourn. In your case it is indispensable ; nor can you see any of his family without it. Besides it is much better on such an occasion to over, than under do. I answer this paragraph first, because I am so earnest not to have you blamed.

Besides wishing to see you all, I have wanted exceedingly to come to you, having much to say to you ; but I am confined here, that is, Mr. Chute is : he was seized with the gout last Wednesday se'nnight, the day he came hither to meet George Montagu, and this is the first day he has been out of his bedchamber. I must therefore put off our meeting till Saturday, when you shall certainly find me in town.

We have a report here, but the authority bitter bad, that Lord March is going to be married to Lady Conway.¹ I don't believe it the less for our knowing nothing of it ; for unless their daughter were breeding, and it were to save her character, neither your brother nor Lady Hertford would disclose a tittle about it. Yet in charity they should advertise it, that parents and relations, if it is so, may lock up all knives, ropes, laudanum, and rivers, lest it should occasion a violent mortality among his fair admirers.

I am charmed with an answer I have just read in the papers of a poor man in Bedlam, who was ill-used by an apprentice because he would not tell him why he was confined there. The unhappy

¹ Compare *post* p. 295.—CUNNINGHAM.

creature said at last, "Because God has deprived me of a blessing which you never enjoyed." There never was anything finer or more moving! Your sensibility will not be quite so much affected by a story I heard t'other day of Sir Fletcher Norton. He has a mother—yes, a mother: perhaps you thought that, like that tender urchin Love,

—duris in cotibus illum
Ismarus, aut Rhodope, aut extremi Garamantes,
Nec nostri generis puerum nec sanguinis edunt.

Well, Mrs. Rhodope lives in a mighty shabby hovel at Preston, which the dutiful and affectionate Sir Fletcher began to think not suitable to the dignity of one who has the honour of being his parent. He cheapened a better, in which were two pictures which the proprietor valued at three-score pounds. The *attorney*¹ insisted on having them for nothing, as fixtures—the landlord refused, the bargain was broken off, and the dowager Madame Norton remains in her original hut. I could tell you another story which you would not dislike; but as it might hurt the person concerned, if it was known, I shall not send it by the post; but will tell it you when I see you. Adieu!

951. TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 1, 1764.

I AM not only pleased, my dear lord, to have been the first to announce your brother's legacy to you, but I am glad whenever my news reach you without being quite stale. I see but few persons here. I begin my letters without knowing when I shall be able to fill them, and then am to winnow a little what I hear, that I may not send you absolute second-hand fables; for though I cannot warrant all I tell you, I hate to send you every improbable tale that is vented. You like, as one always does in absence, to hear the common occurrences of your own country; and you see I am very glad to be your gazetteer, provided you do not rank my letters upon any higher foot. I should be ashamed of such gossiping, if I did not consider it as chatting with you *en famille*, as we used to do at supper in Grosvenor-street.

The Duke of Devonshire has made splendid provision for his younger children; to Lady Dorothy,² 30,000*l.*; Lord Richard and

¹ Sir Fletcher Norton, afterwards Lord Grantley, had been appointed attorney-general in the preceding December.—WRIGHT.

² Lady Dorothy married, in 1766, the late Duke of Portland.—CROKER, 1825.

Lord George will have about 4,000*l.* a-year a piece ; for, besides landed estates, he has left them his whole personal estate without exception, only obliging the present Duke to redeem Devonshire-house, and the entire collection in it, for 20,000*l.* : he gives 500*l.* to each of his brothers, and 200*l.* to Lord Strafford, with some other inconsiderable legacies. Lord Frederick carried the garter, and was treated by the King with very gracious speeches of concern.

The Duke of Cumberland is quite recovered, after an incision of many inches in his knee. Ranby did not dare to propose that a hero should be tied, but was frightened out of his senses when the hero would hold the candle himself, which none of his generals could bear to do : in the middle of the operation, the Duke said, " Hold ! " Ranby said, " For God's sake, Sir, let me proceed now—it will be worse to renew it." The Duke repeated, " I say, hold ! " and then calmly bade them give Ranby a clean waistcoat and cap ; for, said he, the poor man has sweated through these. It was true ; but the Duke did not utter a groan.

Have you heard that Lady Susan O'Brien's is not the last romance of the sort ? Lord Rockingham's youngest sister, Lady Harriot,¹ has stooped even lower than a theatric swain, and married her footman ; but still it is you Irish² that commit all the havoc. Lady Harriot, however, has mixed a wonderful degree of prudence with her potion, and considering how plain she is, has not, I think, sweetened the draught too much for her lover : she settles a single hundred pounds a-year upon him for his life ; entails her whole fortune on their children, if they have any ; and, if not, on her own family ; nay, in the height of the novel, provides for a separation, and ensures the same pin-money to Damon, in case they part. This deed she has vested out of her power, by sending it to Lord Mansfield,³ whom she makes her trustee ; it is drawn up in her own hand, and Lord Mansfield says is as binding as any lawyer could make it. Did one ever hear of more reflection in a delirium !⁴ Well, but hear more : she has given away all her clothes, nay and her Ladyship,

¹ Lady Henrietta Alicia Wentworth, born in 1737 ; married Mr. William Sturgeon.—CROKER.

² Lord Hertford was an Irish peer ; he had besides so large a fortune there, and paid so much attention to the interests of that country, that Mr. Walpole calls him *Irish*.—CROKER.

³ Lord Mansfield had married Lady Harriot's aunt.—CROKER.

⁴ " The girls talk of nothing but the match between Lord Rockingham's sister and her footman, John [William] Sturgeon. Never so much—and discretion met together, for she has entailed her fortune with as much circumspection as Lord Mansfield could have done, and has not left one cranny of the law unstopped. It is

and says, linen gowns are properest for a footman's wife, and is gone to his family in Ireland, plain Mrs. Henrietta Sturgeon. I think it is not clear that she is mad, but I have no doubt but Lady Bel¹ will be so, who could not digest Dr. Duncan, nor even Mr. Milbank.

My last told you of my sister's promotion.² I hear she is to be succeeded at Kensington by Miss Floyd, who lives with Lady Bolingbroke; but I beg you not to report this till you see it in a *Gazette* of better authority than mine, who have it only from fame and Mrs. A[nne] Pitt.

I have not seen M. de Guerchy yet, having been in town but one night since his return. You are very kind in accepting, on your own account, his obliging expressions about me: I know no foundation on which I should like better to receive them: the truth is, he has distinguished me extremely, and when a person in his situation shows much attention to a person so very insignificant as I am, one is apt to believe it exceeds common compliment: at least, I attribute it to the esteem which he could not but see I conceived for him. His civility is so natural, and his goodnature so strongly marked, that I connected much more with him than I am apt to do with new acquaintances. I pitied the various disgusts he received, and I believe he saw I did. If I felt for him, you may judge how much I am concerned that you have your share. I foresaw it was unavoidable, from the swarms of your countrymen that flock to Paris, and generally the worst part; boys and governors are woful exports. I saw a great deal of it when I lived with poor Sir Horace Mann at Florence—but you have the whole market. We are a wonderful people—I would not be our King,³ our minister, or our ambassador, for the Indies. One comfort, however, I can truly give you; I

supposed she is with child by him, for they used to pass many hours together, which she called teaching John the mathematics." *Gilly Williams to Selwyn*, November 10th 1764.—CUNNINGHAM.

¹ Lady Isabella Finch, lady of the bedchamber to Princess Amelia, was Lady Harriot's aunt. The Mr. Milbank here mentioned had married Lady Mary Wentworth, the elder sister of Lady Harriot.—CROKER.

² From being housekeeper at Kensington Palace, to the same office at Windsor Castle; but Mr. Walpole is mistaken as to the name of her successor: it was Miss Rachel Lloyd.—CROKER. "Horry told me last night, he intended to be at Paris in February. It is a d—d cold time for a patriot to leave us in, but take my word for it, Lady Mary's promotion to Windsor has had its due operation." *Gilly Williams to Selwyn*, November 13th 1764.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ It is due to the character of the King and the ministers, whom Mr. Walpole so often and so wantonly depreciates, to solicit the reader's attention to such passages as this, in which he imputes to others, and therefore implies in himself, an unfair disposition to criticise and censure.—CROKER.

have heard their complaints, if they have any, from nobody but yourself. Jesus! if they are not content now, I wish they knew how the English were received at Paris twenty years ago—why, you and I know they were not received at all. Ay, and when the fashion of admiring English is past, it will be just so again; and very reasonably—who would open their house to every staring booby from another country?

Arlington Street, Nov. 3.

I came to town to-day to meet your brother [Mr. Conway], who is going to Euston and Thetford,¹ and hope he will bring back a good account of the domestic history [of the Grafton family], of which we can learn nothing authentic. Fitzroy² knows nothing. The town says the Duchess is going thither.

We have been this evening with Duchess Hamilton,³ who is arrived from Scotland, visibly promising another Lord Campbell. I shall take this opportunity of seeing M. de Guerchy, and that opportunity of sending this letter, and one from your brother. Our politics are all at a stand. The Duke of Devonshire's death, I concluded, would make the Ministry all powerful, all triumphant, and all insolent. It does not appear to have done so. They are, I believe, extremely ill among themselves, and not better in their affairs foreign or domestic. The cider counties have instructed their members to join the minority. The *house of Yorke* seems to have laid aside their coldness and irresolution, and to look towards opposition. The unpopularity of the Court is very great indeed—still I shall not be surprised if they maintain their ground a little longer. There is nothing new in the way of publication: the town itself is still a desert. I have twice passed by Arthur's to-day, and not seen a chariot.

Hogarth is dead, and Mrs. Spence, who lived with the Duchess of Newcastle.⁴ She had saved 20,000*l.*, which she leaves to her

¹ He was member for Thetford.—CROKER.

² Colonel Charles Fitzroy.—CROKER.

³ "You will be glad to hear the Duchess of Hamilton is breeding again; so there is a chance for another *lusus nature*, and Gunning may still unite those great rival houses." *Gilly Williams to Selwyn*, November 13th, 1764.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ The Duke of Newcastle, in a letter to Mr. Pitt of the 19th of October, says, "The many great losses, both public and private, which we have had this summer, have very greatly affected the Duchess; and the last of all, of her old friend and companion of above forty-five years, poor Mrs. Spence, has added much to the melancholy situation in which she was before." *Chatham Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 295.—WRIGHT.

sister for life, and after her, to Tommy Pelham. Ned Finch¹ has got an estate from an old Mrs. Hatton of 1500*l.* a year, and takes her name.

Adieu ! my lord and lady, and your whole *et cetera*.

952. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 8, 1764.

I AM much disappointed, I own, dear Sir, at not seeing you : more so, as I fear it will be long before I shall, for I think of going to Paris early in February. I ought indeed to go directly, as the winter does not agree with me here. Without being positively ill, I am positively not well : about this time of year, I have little fevers every night, and pains in my breast and stomach, which bid me repair to a more flannel climate. These little complaints are already begun, and as soon as affairs will permit me, I mean to transport them southward.

I am sorry it is out of my power to make the addition you wish to Mr. Tuer's article : many of the following sheets are printed off, and there is no inserting anything now, without shoving the whole text forward, which you see is impossible. You promised to bring me a portrait of him : as I shall have four or five new plates, I can get his head into one of them : will you send it as soon as you can possibly to my house in Arlington-street ; I will take great care of it, and return it to you safe.

953. TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 9, 1764.

I DON'T know whether this letter will not reach you, my dear lord, before one that I sent to you last week by a private hand, along with one from your brother. I write this by my Lord Chamberlain's order—you may interpret it as you please, either as by some new connection of the Bedford squadron with the opposition, or as a commission to you, my lord ambassador. As yet, I believe you had better take it upon the latter foundation, though the Duke of Bedford has crossed the country from Bath to Woburn, without coming to town. Be that as it may, here is the negotiation

¹ Edward, fifth son of the sixth Earl of Winchelsea. Mrs. Hatton was his maternal aunt, sister of the last Viscount Hatton.—CROKER.

intrusted to you. You are desired by my Lord Gower to apply to the gentilhomme de la chambre for leave for Doberval¹ the dancer, who was here last year, to return and dance at our Opera forthwith. If the court of France will comply with this request, we will send them a discharge in full, for the Canada bills and the ransom of their prisoners, and we will permit Monsieur D'Estain to command in the West Indies, whether we will or not. The City of London must not know a word of this treaty, for they hate any mortal should be diverted but themselves, especially by anything relative to *harmony*. It is, I own, betraying my country, and my patriotism to be concerned in a job of this kind. I am sensible that there is not a weaver in Spitalfields but can dance better than the first performer in the French Opera; and yet, how could I refuse this commission? Mrs. George Pitt delivered it to me just now, at Lord Holderness's at Sion, and as my virtue has not yet been able to root out all my good-breeding—though I trust it will in time—I could not help promising that I would write to you—nay, and engaged that you would undertake it. When I venture, sure you may, who are out of the reach of a mob!

I believe this letter will go by Monsieur Beaumont. He breakfasted here t'other morning, and pleased me exceedingly: he has great spirit and good-humour.² It is incredible what pains he has taken to *see*. He has *seen* Oxford, Bath, Blenheim, Stowe, Jews, Quakers, Mr. Pitt, the Royal Society, the Robinhood,³ Lord Chief-Justice Pratt, the Arts-and-Sciences, has dined at Wildman's, and, I think, with my Lord Mayor, or is to do. Monsieur de Guerechy is full of your praises; I am to go to Park Place with him next week, to make your brother a visit.

You know how I hate telling you false news: all I can do, is to retract as fast as I can. I fear I was too hasty in an article I sent you in my last, though I then mentioned it only as a report. I doubt, what we wish in a private family [the Grafton family] will not be exactly the event.

¹ D'Auberval was not only a celebrated dancer, but a composer of ballets.—CROKER.

² "I spoke to Lord Holland at court last Sunday. He looks well in the face, but is weaker in his limbs than ever I saw him. Horry Walpole dined there yesterday, and says his stomach is totally gone. I find the present topic of abuse, instead of Ashton, Rigby, &c., is the Woburn family. De Beaumont has breakfasted with him at Strawberry. He [Walpole] is now as much a curiosity to all foreigners as the tombs and lions." *Gilly Williams to Selwyn*, November 13th, 1764.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ A club or society in Essex-street, Strand. See Walpole's *Memoires*, i. 36, ed. 4to, and 'Boswell by Croker,' p. 684.—CUNNINGHAM.

The Duke of Cumberland has had a dangerous sore-throat, but is recovered. In one of the bitterest days that could be felt, he would go upon the course at Newmarket with the windows of his landau down. Newmarket heath, at no time of the year, is placed under the torrid zone. I can conceive a hero welcoming death, or at least despising it; but if I was covered with more laurels than a boar's head at Christmas, I should hate pain, and Ranby, and an operation. His nephew of York has been at Blenheim, where they gave him a ball, but did not put themselves to much expense in dancers; the figurantes were the maid-servants. You will not doubt my authority, when I tell you my Lady Bute was my intelligence. I heard to-day, at Sion, of some bitter verses made at Bath, on both their graces of Bedford. I have not seen them, nor, if I had them, would I send them to you before they are in print, which I conclude they will be, for I am sorry to say, scandalous abuse is not the commodity which either side is sparing of. You can conceive nothing beyond the epigrams which have been in the papers, on a pair of doves and a parrot that Lord Bute has sent to the Princess [Dowager].

I hear—but this is another of my paragraphs that I am far from giving you for sterling—that Lord Sandwich is to have the Duke of Devonshire's garter; Lord Northumberland stands against Lord Morton¹ for president of the Royal Society, in the room of Lord Macclesfield. As this latter article will have no bad consequences if it should prove true, you may believe it.

Earl Poulet is dead, and Soame, who married Mrs. Naylor's sister.

You will wonder more at what I am going to tell you in the last place: I am preparing, in earnest, to make you a visit—not next week, but seriously in February. After postponing it for seven idle months, you will stare at my thinking of it just after the meeting of the Parliament. Why, that is just one of my principal reasons. I will stay and see the opening, and one or two divisions; the minority will be able to be the majority, or they will not: if they can, they will not want me, who want nothing of them: if they cannot, I am sure I can do them no good, and shall take my leave of them;—I mean always, to be sure, if things do not turn on a few votes: they shall not call me a deserter. In every other case, I am so sick of politics, which I have long detested, that I must bid adieu to them. I have acted the part by your brother that I thought right. He

¹ Lord Morton was elected.—CROKER.

approves what I have done, and what I mean to do ; so do the few I esteem, for I have notified my intention ; and for the rest of the world, they may think what they please. In truth, I have a better reason, which would prescribe my setting out directly, if it was consistent with my honour. I have a return of those nightly fevers and pains in my breast, which have come for the three last years at this season : change of air and a better climate are certainly necessary to me in winter. I shall thus indulge my inclinations every way. I long to see you and my Lady Hertford, and am woefully sick of the follies and distractions of this country, to which I see no end, come what changes will ! Now, do you wonder any longer at my resolution ? In the mean time adieu for the present !

954. TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

November 10, 1764.

SON ! Madam, you expect to be thanked, because you have done a very obliging thing !¹ But I won't thank you, and I won't be obliged. It is very hard one can't come into your house and commend anything, but you must recollect it and send it after one ! I will never dine in your house again ; and, when I do, I will like nothing ; and when I do, I will commend nothing ; and when I do, you shan't remember it. You are very grateful indeed to Providence that gave you so good a memory, to stuff it with nothing but bills of fare of what everybody likes to eat and drink ! I wonder you are not ashamed—I wonder you are not ashamed ! Do you think there is no such thing as gluttony of the memory ?—You a Christian ! A pretty account you will be able to give of yourself !—Your fine folks in France may call this friendship and attention, perhaps, but sure, if I was to go to the devil, it should be for thinking of nothing but myself, not of others, from morning to night. I would send back your temptations ; but, as I will not be obliged to you for them, verily I shall retain them to punish you ; ingratitude being a proper chastisement for sinful friendliness. Thine in the spirit,

PILCHARD WHITFIELD.

¹ Lady Hervey, it is supposed, had sent Mr. Walpole some potted pilchards.—BERRY. I have just returned from the Hôtel de Milady [Hervey] ; at dinner, Lord and Lady Stormont, Mrs. Dives, Stanley, Morris, Augustus [Hervey], and myself. Never was anything so French as her dinner, and the manner of its being served. It is a charming house, and as I have rather a partiality for the French, I am very glad to have the entré. Horace Walpole, who was in town yesterday, tells me I am in great favour, &c. *Earl of March to Selwyn*, 20th October 1762.—CUNNINGHAM.

955. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 15, 1764.

CHURCHILL the poet is dead,—to the great joy of the Ministry and the Scotch, and to the grief of very few indeed, I believe; for such a friend is not only a dangerous, but a ticklish possession. The next revolution would have introduced the other half of England into his satires, for no party could have promoted him, and woe had betided those who had left him to shift for himself on Parnassus! He had owned that his pen itched to attack Mr. Pitt and Charles Townshend; and neither of them are men to have escaped by their steadiness and uniformity. This meteor blazed scarce four years; for his ‘*Rosciad*’ was subsequent to the accession of the present King, before which his name was never heard of; and what is as remarkable, he died in nine days after his antagonist, Hogarth.¹ Were I Charon, I should, without scruple, give the best place in my boat to the latter, who was an original genius. Churchill had great powers; but, besides the facility of outrageous satire, almost all his compositions were wild and extravagant, executed on no plan, and void of the least correction. Many of his characters were obscure even to the present age; and some of the most known were so unknown to *him*, that he has missed all resemblance; of which Lord Sandwich is a striking instance. He died of a drunken debauch at Calais,² on a visit to his friend Wilkes, who is going to write notes to his Works. But he had lived long enough for himself, at least for his reputation and his want of it, for his works began to decrease considerably in vent. He has left some Sermons, for he wrote even sermons; but lest they should do any good, and for fear they should not do some hurt, he had prepared a Dedication of them to Bishop Warburton, whose arrogance and venom had found a proper corrector in Churchill. I don’t know whether this man’s fame had extended to Florence; but you may judge of the noise he made in this part of the world by the following trait, which is a pretty instance of that good breeding on which the French pique themselves. My sister³

¹ Mr. Hogarth is said to be dying and of a broken heart. It grieves me much. He says that he believes I wrote that paper [*The North Briton*], but he forgives me, for he must own I am a thorough good humoured fellow, only *Pitt-bitten*. *Wilkes to Earl Temple*, November 23rd, 1762.—CUNNINGHAM.

² A mistake for Boulogne.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Lady Maria Walpole, only child of Sir Robert Walpole Earl of Orford, by his second wife, and married to Charles, son [by Mrs. Oldfield] of General Charles Churchill.—WALPOLE.

and Mr. Churchill are in France; a Frenchman asked him if he was Churchill *le fameux poëte*? “Non”—“Ma foi, monsieur, tant pis pour vous!”

Wilkes and Churchill, you know, were father and mother of D'Eon. This madman has begotten another, or rather has transmuted his old enemy De Vergy into an ally. The latter having been ten months in prison for debt, has been redeemed by D'Eon, and in gratitude, or in concert, has printed (and sent about) a French *North Briton*, in which he pretends to confess that he was brought over by Monsieur de Guerchy to cut D'Eon's throat. This legend is so ill put together that, on the face of it, it confutes itself. However, he has tacked an affidavit or oath to it; and I hear within these three days he has deposed the same on oath before Judge Wilmot. I am not positive that the last is fact, or whether it does not grow out of the printed affidavit, which I have read. However, the whole embroil is vexatious enough to poor Guerchy, who is in a country where to have any scandal believed it is not necessary to swear to it. His very being a foreigner would induce half this good town to supply the affidavit, without knowing anything of the matter.

Strawberry Hill, November 25th.

I had locked up this letter in town and forgot it, when I went to Park-place. It does not signify; my news were of no consequence and may as well come a week later as not. D'Eon has been cited to receive his sentence in the King's Bench, but absconded. That Court issued a search-warrant for him, and a house was broken open, but he was not there. Thus that interlude is almost concluded. Wilkes is, I hear, going to Italy, so you will probably see one of these Sacheverells.

Sir Thomas Clarke, the Master of the Rolls, is dead, and makes some alteration in politics. Norton,¹ a man whom the world has heard of, and I suppose you too, succeeds him, and Charles Yorke reaccepts the Attorney-General's place. This will decrease our ill-starred minority by some votes; but England cannot pay its friends so well as the Ministers of England can pay theirs. Well, it all will expedite my journey to France, whither I have so long designed and wished to go, and for which I am in earnest preparing.

I have been in town to hear Manzoli.² He is not so great as I

¹ Sir Fletcher Norton, afterwards Speaker of the House of Commons, and [1782] Baron Grantley [died 1789].—WALPOLE.

² Giovanni Manzoli, having attained much celebrity in Italy and Spain, arrived

expected, nor has such pleasing tones as Elisi, though a very fine singer. The Duke of York came into our box, and said a thousand gracious and kind things to me of you, and how sorry he had been to disappoint you in not returning to Florence. I told him how very happy I should make you by this account of his Royal Highness's goodness. Prince William is Duke of Gloucester, with twelve thousand pounds a-year, like the Duke of York. The papers persisted in creating him Duke of Lancaster. I will tell you my reflection on this. What authority we should think it, if we *could* meet with a 'Daily Advertiser' printed in the reign of Edward I. ! if it told us he had created one of his sons Duke of Twickenham, should not we say, that must be true ; a paper printed in the capital could not assert a fact which every mortal could contradict ? Yet, how are our old Histories written ? By monks at fifty or an hundred miles perhaps from the metropolis, when there was no post, scarce a highway : those reverend fathers must have been excellently well-informed ! I scarcely believe even a battle they relate—never their details.

Adieu ! my dear sir ; it will not be three months before I am nearer to you by some miles, and with no sea betwixt us—but I fear we shall not meet yet ; I don't know.

P.S. I ought to tell you how excessively Manzoli was applauded.

956. TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

Strauberry Hill, Nov. 25, 1764.

How could you be so kind, my dear lord, as to recollect Dr. Blanchard, after so long an interval. It will make me still more cautious of giving recommendations to you, instead of drawing upon the credit you give me. I saw Mr. Stanley last night at the Opera, who made his court extremely to me by what he said of you. It was our first opera, and I went to town to hear Manzoli, who did not

here in 1764. Dr. Burney thus describes his *début* : " The expectations which the vast reputation of this performer had excited were so great, that at the opening of the theatre in November, with the *pasticcio* of Ezio, it was with much difficulty I obtained a place, after waiting two hours at the door. Manzoli's voice was the most powerful and voluminous soprano that had been heard on our stage since the time of Farinelli ; and his manner of singing was grand and full of dignity. The lovers of music in London were more unanimous in approving his voice and talents than those of any other singer within my memory." Manzoli remained in London only one season.—*Ed.*, 1843.

quite answer my expectation, though a very fine singer, but his voice *has been* younger, and wants the touching tones of Elisi. However, the audience was not so nice, but applauded him immoderately, and *encored* three of his songs. The first woman was advertised for a perfect beauty, with no voice; but her beauty and voice are by no means so unequally balanced: she has a pretty little small pipe, and only a pretty little small person, and share of beauty, and does not act ill. There is Tenducci,¹ a moderate tenor, and all the rest intolerable. If you don't make haste and send us Doberval, I don't know what we shall do. The dances were not only hissed, as truly they deserved to be, but the gallery, *à-la-Drury-Lane*, cried out, "Off! off!" The boxes were empty, for so is the town, to a degree. The person² who ordered me to write to you for Doberval, was reduced to languish in the Duchess of Hamilton's box. My Duchess [Grafton] does not appear yet—I fear.

Shall I tell you anything about D'Eon? it is sending coals to Paris: you must know his story better than me; so in two words: Vergy, his antagonist, is become his convert:³ has wrote for him, and sworn for him,—nay, has made an affidavit before Judge Wilmot, that Monsieur de Guerchy had hired him to stab or poison D'Eon. Did you ever see a man who had less of an assassin than your *pendant*, as Nivernois calls it! In short, the story is as clumsy as it is abominable. The King's Bench cited D'Eon to receive his sentence: he absconds: that court issued a warrant to search for him, and a house in Scotland-yard, where he lodged, was broken open, but in vain. If there is any thing more, you know it yourself. This law transaction is buried in another. The Master of the Rolls, Sir Thomas Clarke, is dead, and Norton succeeds. Who do you think succeeds him? his predecessor.⁴ The house of York is returned to the house of Lancaster: they could not keep their white roses pure. I have not a little suspicion that disappointment has contributed to this

¹ At Ranelagh I heard the famous Tenducci, a thing from Italy: it looks for all the world like a man, though they say it is not. The voice to be sure is neither man's nor woman's, but it is more melodious than either, and it warbled so divinely that while I listened, I really thought myself in paradise. *Smollett's Humphry Clinker*. Ed. 1771, vol. i. p. 194.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Probably Mrs. George Pitt.—CROKER.

³ This is altogether a very mysterious affair: M. de Vergy was the cause of D'Eon's violent behaviour at Lord Halifax's; he afterwards took D'Eon's part, and had the effrontery and the infamy to say, that he was suborned by the French ministry to quarrel with and ruin D'Eon.—CROKER.

⁴ Mr. Charles Yorke; but we shall see, in the next letter, that the fact on which all this imputation was built was false.—CROKER.

faux-pas. Sir Thomas made a new will the day before he died, and gave his vast fortune, not to Mr. Yorke, as was expected, but to Lord Macclesfield, to whom, it is come out, he was natural brother. Norton, besides the Rolls, which are for life, and near 3,000*l.* a-year, has a pension of 1,200*l.* Mrs. Anne Pitt, too, has got a third pension: so you see we are not quite such beggars as you imagined.¹

Prince William, you know, is Duke of Gloucester, with the same *appanage* as the Duke of York. Legrand² is his *Cadogan*; Clinton³ and Ligonier⁴ his grooms.

Colonel Crawford is dead at Minorca, and Colonel Burton has his regiment; the Primate [Stone] is better, but I suppose from his distemper, which is a dropsy in his breast, irrecoverable. Your Irish Queen [Countess of Northumberland] exceeds the English Queen, and follows her with seven footmen before her chair—well! what trumperies I tell you! but I cannot help it—Wilkes is outlawed, D'Eon run away, and Churchill dead—till some new genius arises, you must take up with operas, and pensions, and seven footmen.—But patience! your country is seldom sterile long.

George Selwyn has written hither his lamentations about that Cossack Princess. I am glad of it, for I did but hint it to my Lady Hervey, (though I give you my word, without quoting you, which I never do upon the most trifling occurrences), and I was cut very short, and told it was impossible. *A la bonne heure!* Pray, who is Lord March going to marry?⁵ We hear so, but nobody named. I had not heard of your losses at whisk; but if I had, should not have been terrified: you know whisk gives no fatal ideas to anybody that has been at Arthur's, and seen hazard, *Quinze*, and *Trente-et-Quarante*. I beg you will prevail on the King of France to let Monsieur de Richelieu give as many balls and fêtes as he pleases, if it is only for my diversion. This journey to Paris is the last colt's tooth I intend ever to cut, and I insist upon being prodigiously

¹ The town is as yet very empty, but the few of the *bon ton* who are here are entertained with balls once a-week at the *sensible* Mrs. Pitt's, who has had an additional pension given her of five hundred a-year. *Thomas Townshend to Selwyn*, 11th Dec., 1764. Compare 'Walpole's George III.,' vol. i. p. 85.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Edward Legrand, Esq., treasurer to the Duke of Gloucester; as the Hon. C. S. Cadogan was to the Duke of York.—CROKER.

³ Colonel Henry Clinton, afterwards commander-in-chief in America, and K.B.—CROKER.

⁴ Colonel Edward Ligonier, aid-de-camp to the King.—CROKER.

⁵ See vol. iv. p. 282. Whom do you think they have married Lord March to?—no less a person than Lady Anne Conway; and as she is fifteen, &c. *Gilly Williams to Selwyn*, November 18, 1764.—CUNNINGHAM.

entertained, like a *Sposa Monacha*, whom they cram with this world for a twelvemonth, before she bids adieu to it for ever. I think, when I shut myself up in my convent here, it will not be with the same regret. I have for some time been glutted with the world, and regret the friends that drop away every day; those, at least, with whom I came into the world, already begin to make it appear a great void. Lord Edgumbe, Lord Waldegrave, and the Duke of Devonshire leave a very perceptible chasm. At the Opera last night, I felt almost ashamed to be there. Except Lady Townshend, Lady Schaub, Lady Albemarle, and Lady Northumberland, I scarce saw a creature whose *début* there I could not remember: nay, the greater part were Maccaronies. You see I am not likely, like my brother Cholmondeley (who, by the way, was there too), to totter into a solitaire at three-score. The Duke de Richelieu¹ is one of the persons I am curious to see—oh! am I to find Madame de Boufflers, Princess of Conti? Your brother and Lady Aylesbury are to be in town the day after to-morrow to hear Manzoli, and on their way to Mrs. Cornwallis, who is acting *l'agonisante*; but that would be treason to Lady Aylesbury. I was at Park-place last week: the bridge is finished, and a noble object.

I shall come to you as soon as ever I have my *congé*, which I trust will be early in February. I will let you know the moment I can fix my time, because I shall beg you to order a small lodging to be taken for me at no great distance from your palace, and only for a short time, because, if I should like France enough to stay some months, I can afterwards accommodate myself to my mind. I should like to be so near you that I could see you whenever it would not be inconvenient to you, and without being obliged to that intercourse with my countrymen, which I by no means design to cultivate. If I leave the best company here, it shall not be for the worst. I am getting out of the world, not coming into it, and shall therefore be most indifferent about their acquaintance, or what they think of my avoiding it. I come to see you and my Lady Hertford, to escape

¹ The celebrated Mareschal Duc de Richelieu: he was born in 1696, and died in 1788. The whole of his long life was full of adventures so extraordinary as to justify Mr. Walpole's curiosity. The most remarkable, however, of all, had not at this period occurred. In the year 1780, and at the age of eighty-four, he married his third wife, and was severely afflicted that a *miscarriage* of the Duchess destroyed his hopes of another *Cardinal de Richelieu*; for to that eminence he destined the child of his age. His biographer adds, that the Duchess was an affectionate and attentive wife, notwithstanding that her octogenarian husband tried her patience by reiterated infidelities.—CROKER.

from politics, and to amuse myself with *seeing*, which I intend to do with all my eyes. I abhor show, am not passionately fond of literati, don't want to know people for a few months, and really think of nothing but some comfortable hours with you, and indulging my curiosity. Excuse almost a page about myself, but it was to tell you how little trouble I hope to give you.

957. TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

Arlington Street, Dec. 3, 1764.

I LOVE to contradict myself as fast as I can when I have told you a lie, lest you should take me for a chambermaid, or Charles Townshend. But how can I help it? Is this a consistent age? How should I know people's minds, if they don't know them themselves? In short, Charles Yorke is not Attorney-General, nor Norton Master of the Rolls. A qualm came across the first, and my Lord Chancellor across the second, who would not have Norton in his court. I cannot imagine why; it is so gentle, amiable, honest a being! But I think the Chancellor says, Norton does not understand *equity*, so he remains prosecutor-general. Yorke would have taken the Rolls, if they would have made it much more considerable; but as they would not, he has recollected that it will be clever for one Yorke to have the air of being disinterested, so he only disgraces himself,¹ and takes a patent of precedence over the Solicitor-General:—but do not depend

¹ We can venture to state, that there never was any idea of Mr. Yorke's accepting the Rolls; and it is believed that they never were offered to him; certainly, he himself never thought of taking that office. The patent of precedence which he did accept, was an arrangement, which, though convenient for the conduct of the business in court, could give no addition of either rank or profit to a person in Mr. Yorke's circumstances. The facts were as follow: when Mr. Yorke, in 1756, was made solicitor-general, he was not a King's counsel; he succeeded to be attorney-general, but on his resignation in October 1763, he lost the precedence which his offices had given him, and he returned to the outer bar and a stuff gown. It was a novel and anomalous sight to see a man who had led the Chancery bar so long, and filled the greatest offices of the law, retire to, comparatively, so humble a rank in the court in which he might be every day expected to preside; and accordingly, on his first appearance after his resignation, the Chancellor, with the concurrence (indeed, it has been said on the suggestion) of the bar, called to Mr. Yorke, out of his turn, next after the King's counsel: this irregular pre-audience had lasted above a year, when it was thought more proper and more convenient for the business of the court to give Mr. Yorke that formal patent of precedence, the value and circumstances of which Mr. Walpole so much misunderstands. We have heard from old lawyers, that Mr. Yorke's business at this period was more extensive and lucrative than any other man ever possessed in Chancery, and we find no less than four other barristers had at this time patents of precedence.—CROKER.

upon this—he was to have kissed hands on Friday, but has put it off till Wednesday next—between this and that, his virtue may have another fit. The Court ridicule him even more than the opposition. What diverts me most, is, that the pious and dutiful house of Yorke, who cried and roared over their father's memory, now throw all the blame on him, and say, he forced them into opposition—*amorem nummi expellas furcâ, licet usque recurret*.¹ Sewell² is Master of the Rolls.

Well! I may grow a little more explicit to you; besides, this letter goes to you by a private hand. I gave you little hints, to prepare you for the separation in the house of Grafton. It is so, and I am heartily sorry for it. Your brother is chosen by the Duke, and General Ellison by the Duchess, to adjust the terms, which are not yet settled. The Duke takes all on himself, and assigns no reasons but disagreement of tempers. He leaves Lady Georgiana with her mother, who, he says, is the properest person to educate her, and Lord Charles, till he is old enough to be taken from the women. This behaviour is noble and generous—still I wish they could have agreed!

This is not the only parting that makes a noise. His grace of Kingston⁴ has taken a pretty milliner from Cranborn-alley, and carried her to Thoresby. Miss Chudleigh, at the Princess's birth-day on Friday, beat her side till she could not help having a real pain in it, that people might inquire what was the matter; on which she notified a pleurisy, and that she is going to the baths of Carlsbad, in Bohemia. I hope she will not meet with the Bulgares that demolished the Castle of Thunderten-tronck.⁵ My Lady Harrington's robbery is

¹ The reader is requested to look back to p. 168, where he will find Mr. Walpole himself stating—long before Lord Hardwicke's death, and even before his illness—that “the old Chancellor was violent against the court, and that Mr. Charles Yorke had resigned, contrary to his own and Lord Royston's inclination.” The fact was in no way true: for it is well known that there never was the slightest difference of opinion between the old Lord Hardwicke and his son Charles upon their political conduct.—CROKER.

² Sir Thomas Sewell, Knight.—CROKER.

³ Nothing can be more complaisant and well-bred than the parting of the Duke and Duchess of Grafton. No lovers ever met with greater decorum; a correspondence is established, and they are to live in friendship till their death; the opposition are afraid of losing either, and therefore commend both. Horry Walpole told me he sat an hour with her yesterday, and nothing could be more sensible or unaffected than her conduct. I believe she is rather fatigued with her constant messmate, the old General Ellison, as it is the only thing in breeches she has as yet been familiar with. *Gilly Williams to the Earl of March*, December 18th, 1764.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ Evelyn, last Duke of Kingston: he soon after married Miss Chudleigh, who was supposed to have been already married to Mr. Augustus Hervey, afterwards Earl of Bristol.—CROKER.

⁵ An allusion to a loose incident in Voltaire's *Candide*.—CROKER.

at last come to light, and was committed by the porter, who is in Newgate.

Lady Northumberland (who, by the way, has added an eighth footman since I wrote to you last) told me this morning that the Queen is very impatient to receive an answer from Lady Hertford, about Prince George's letters coming through your hands, as she desired they might.

A correspondence between Legge and Lord Bute about the Hampshire election is published to-day, by the express desire of the former, when he was dying.¹ He showed the letters to me in the spring, and I then did not think them so strong or important as he did. I am very clear it does no honour to his memory to have them printed now. It implies want of resolution to publish them in his life-time, and that he died with more resentment than I think one should care to own. I would send them to you, but I know Dr. Hunter takes care of such things. I hope he will send you, too, the finest piece that I think has been written for liberty since Lord Somers. It is called 'An Inquiry into the late Doctrine on Libels,' and is said to be written by one Dunning,² a lawyer lately started up, who makes a great noise. He is a sharp thorn in the sides of Lord Mansfield and Norton, and, in truth, this book is no plaster to their pain. It is bitter, has much unaffected wit, and is the only tract that ever made me understand law.³ If Dr. Hunter does not send you these things, I suppose he will convey them himself, as I hear there will be a fourteenth occasion for him. Charles Fitzroy says, Lord Halifax told Mrs. Cosby that you are to go to Ireland. I said

¹ Mr. Legge had, in 1759, while chancellor of the exchequer to George II., been requested by Lord Bute, in the name of the Prince of Wales, to pledge himself to support a Mr. Stuart at the next election for Hampshire: this Mr. Legge, for very sufficient reasons, refused to do; and for this refusal (as he thought, and wished to persuade the public) he was turned out of office at the accession of the young King.—CROKER.

² Mr. Dunning soon rose into great practice and eminence; in 1767 he was made solicitor-general, which office he held till 1770. He then made a considerable figure in the opposition, till the accession to the ministry, in 1782, of his friend Lord Shelburne, when he was created Lord Ashburton; he died next year.—CROKER.

³ Mr. Dunning's pamphlet was intituled 'Inquiry into the Doctrine lately promulgated concerning Juries, Libels, &c. upon the principles of the Law and the Constitution.' Gray, in a letter to Walpole of the 30th, thus characterises it:—"Your canonical book I have been reading with great satisfaction. He speaketh as one having authority. If Englishmen have any feeling, methinks they must feel now; and if the ministry have any feeling (whom nobody will suspect of insensibility) they must cut off the author's ears; for it is in all the forms a most wicked libel. Is the old man and the lawyer put on, or is it real? or has some real lawyer furnished a good part of the materials, and another person employed them? This I guess." *Works, by Mitford*, vol. iv. p. 40.—WRIGHT.

he knows you are not the most communicative person in the world, and that you had not mentioned it—nor do I now, by way of asking impertinent questions; but I thought you would like to know what was said.

I return to Strawberry Hill to-morrow, but must return on Thursday, as there is to be something at the Duke of York's that evening, for which I have received a card. He and his brother are most exceedingly civil and good-humoured—but I assure you every place is like one of Shakspeare's plays:—Flourish, enter the Duke of York, Gloucester, and attendants. Lady Irwin¹ died yesterday.

Past eleven.

I am just come from a little impromptu ball at Mrs. Anne Pitt's. I told you she had a new pension, but did I tell you it was five hundred pounds a year? It was entertaining to see the Duchess of Bedford and Lady Bute with their respective forces, drawn up on different sides of the room: the latter's were most numerous. My Lord Gower seemed very willing to promote a parley between the two armies. It would have made you shrug up your shoulders at dirty humanity, to see the two Miss Pelhams sit neglected, without being asked to dance. You may imagine this could not escape me, who have passed through the several gradations in which Lady Jane Stuart and Miss Pelham are and have been; but I fear poor Miss Pelham feels hers a little more than ever I did.² The Duke of York's is to be a dinner and ball for Princess Amelia.

Lady Mary Bowlby³ gave me a commission, a genealogic one, from my Lady Hertford, which I will execute to the best of my power. I am glad my part is not to prove eighteen generations of nobility for the Bruces. I fear they have made some mesalliances since the days of King Robert—at least, the present Scotch nobility are not less apt to go into Lombard-street than the English.

My Lady Suffolk was at the ball; I asked the Prince of

¹ Anne Howard, daughter of the third Earl of Carlisle, and widow of the third Viscount Irwin. She was lady of the bedchamber to the Princess Dowager. Mr. Park has introduced her into his edition of the Noble Authors.—CROKER.

² Mr. Walpole means, that he was courted during his father's power, and neglected after his fall, as the daughters of a succeeding prime minister, Mr. Henry Pelham, now were: but as Lady Jane Stuart was but two-and-twenty years old, and Miss Pelham was thirty-six, we may account for the preference given to her ladyship at a ball, without any reference to the meanness and political time-serving of mankind. Both the Misses Pelham died unmarried.—CROKER.

³ Sister of the Duke of Montagu.—CROKER.

Masserano whom he thought the oldest woman in the room, as I concluded he would not guess she was. He did not know my reason for asking, and would not tell me. At last, he said very cleverly, his own wife.

Mr. Sarjent has sent me this evening from you, 'Les Considérations sur les Mœurs,' and 'Le Testament Politique,'¹ for which I give you, my dear lord, a thousand thanks. Good night!

P.S. Manzoli² is come a little too late, or I think he would have as many diamond watches and snuff-boxes as Farinelli had.

958. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Dec. 16, 1764.

As I have not read in the paper that you died lately at Greatworth, in Northamptonshire, nor have met with any Montagu or Trevor in mourning, I conclude you are living; I send this, however, to inquire, and if you should happen to be departed, hope your executor will be so kind as to burn it. Though you do not seem to have the same curiosity about my existence, you may gather from my handwriting that I am still in being; which being perhaps full as much as you want to know of me, I will trouble you with no farther particulars about myself—nay, nor about anybody else; your curiosity seeming to be pretty much the same about all the world. News there are certainly none, nobody is even dead, as the Bishop of Carlisle [Lyttelton] told me to-day, which I repeat to you in general, though I apprehend in his own mind he meant no possessor of a better bishopric.

If you like to know the state of the town, here it is. In the first place, it is very empty; in the next, there are more diversions than the week will hold. A charming Italian opera, with no dances and

¹ A French forgery called 'Le Testament Politique du Chevalier Robert Walpole,' of which Mr. Walpole drew up an exposure, which is to be found in the second volume of his Works.—CROKER.

² The enthusiasm, however, ran pretty high, as we learn from the following passage in one of the periodical papers of the day:—"Signor Manzoli, the Italian singer at the Haymarket, got no less, after paying all charges of every kind, by his benefit last week (March 1765), than 1000 guineas. This added to a sum of 1500 which he has already saved, and the remaining profits of the season, is surely an undoubted proof of British generosity. One particular lady complimented the singer with a 200*l.* bill for a single ticket on that occasion."—CROKER. Manzoli is ravishing; people with and without ears are dying for him. *Gilly Williams to Selwyn*, December 12, 1764. CUNNINGHAM.

no company, at least on Tuesdays; to supply which defect, the subscribers are to have a ball and supper—a plan that in my humble opinion will fill the Tuesdays and empty the Saturdays. At both playhouses are woful English operas; which, however, fill better than the Italian, patriotism being entirely confined to our ears: how long the sages of the law may leave us those I cannot say. Mrs. Cornelis,¹ apprehending the future assembly at Almack's, has enlarged her vast room, and hung it with blue satin, and another with yellow satin; but Almack's room, which is to be ninety feet long, proposes to swallow up both hers, as easily as Moses's rod gobbled down those of the magicians. Well, but there are more joys; a dinner and assembly every Tuesday at the Austrian minister's; ditto on Thursdays at the Spaniard's; ditto on Wednesdays and Sundays at the French ambassador's; besides Madame de Welderen's on Wednesdays, Lady Harrington's Sundays, and occasional private mobs at my Lady Northumberland's. Then for the mornings, there are levees and drawing-rooms without end. Not to mention the Maccaroni-Club, which has quite absorbed Arthur's; for you know old fools will hobble after young ones. Of all these pleasures, I prescribe myself a very small pittance,—my dark corner in my own box at the Opera, and now and then an ambassador, to keep my French going till my journey to Paris. Politics are gone to sleep, like a paroli at pharaoh, though there is the finest tract lately published that ever was written, called an 'Inquiry into the Doctrine of Libels.' It would warm your old Algernon blood;² but for what anybody cares, might as well have been written about the wars of York and Lancaster. The thing most in fashion is my edition of Lord Herbert's Life; people are mad after it, I believe because only two hundred were printed; and, by the numbers that admire it, I am convinced that if I had kept his lordship's counsel, very few would have found out the absurdity of it. The caution with which I hinted at its extravagance, has passed with several for approbation, and drawn on theirs. This is nothing new to me; it is when one laughs out at their idols that one angers people. I do not wonder now that Sir Philip Sidney was the darling hero, when Lord Herbert, who followed him so close and trod in his steps, is at this time of day

¹ Mrs. Teresa Cornelys, called by Walpole "the Heidegger of the age." She was a German by birth, and by profession a singer. Her house—Mrs. Cornelys'—was in Soho Square. Her improvidence reduced her to a vendor of asses' milk, and finally to the Fleet Prison, where she died in 1797.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Montagu's Algernon Sidney blood. See vol. iv. p. 250.—CUNNINGHAM.

within an ace of rivalling him. I wish I had let him ; it was contradicting one of my own maxims, which I hold to be very just ; that it is idle to endeavour to cure the world of any folly, unless we could cure it of being foolish.

Tell me whether I am likely to see you before I go to Paris, which will be early in February. I hate you for being so indifferent about me. I live in the world, and yet love nothing ; care a straw for nothing, but two or three old friends, that I have loved these thirty years. You have buried yourself with half-a-dozen parsons and 'squires, and yet never cast a thought upon those you have always lived with. You come to town for two months, grow tired in six weeks, hurry away, and then one hears no more of you till next winter. I don't want you to like the world, I like it no more than you ; but I stay awhile in it, because while one sees it one laughs at it, but when one gives it up one grows angry with it ; and I hold it much wiser to laugh than to be out of humour. You cannot imagine how much ill blood this perseverance has cured me of ; I used to say to myself, "Lord ! this person is so bad, that person is so bad, I hate them." I have now found out that they are all pretty much alike, and I hate nobody. Having never found you out, but for integrity and sincerity, I am much disposed to persist in a friendship with you ; but if I am to be at all the pains of keeping it up, I shall imitate my neighbours (I don't mean those at next door, but in the Scripture sense of neighbour, anybody,) and say, "That is a very good man, but I don't care a farthing for him." Till I have taken my final resolution on that head, I am yours most cordially.

959. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Dec. 20, 1764.

I TOLD you in my last that Mr. Yorke was to be Attorney-General, but it has ended in his accepting a patent of precedence over the Solicitor. Nothing can surpass the foolish figure he has made, which has exposed him to the derision of both sides—and the sum total is, that this is the first time that a Yorke ever did anything but for money, and yet has been in the wrong.

Yesterday died that man of bustle and noisy name, the Primate of Ireland [Stone] : a sacrifice to drunkenness, which, however, was but a libation to ambition, for he was forced to drown his own intellects that he might govern the no-understandings of the Irish—

indeed, he succeeded; and from the lowest state of unpopularity had raised himself to full power. You and I remember a primate¹ who had all the vices of this, and not much inferior parts, but who loved his vices as sages pretend to love virtue, for their own sakes. If Stone did not shine by his gratitude and moderation, at least he had unbounded charity and generosity, and whatever mischief he did, revenge was never the ingredient. I do not think the Administration will be disposed to place the Metropolitan mitre on an able head again in haste; and I am sure, in that case, they will have little difficulty to furnish themselves to their minds from the English bench, whence I hear the choice is to be made.

You will be concerned to hear, what perhaps will not surprise you more than it did me; the Duke and Duchess of Grafton are parted; on most honourable terms: he alleges nothing but disagreement of tempers, and she readily takes that blame on herself; though in truth, I never saw a case of less mutual complaisance. He gives her her jointure of three thousand pounds a-year, and an allowance for their daughter and youngest son; which last, however, is to remain with her but till he is old enough to be taken from the women. The affair has been transacted as a contention of civility and generosity, and yet I think the Duke has taken his final resolution.

I know nothing of the Duke of York's squadron going to the Mediterranean, nor should think that either love or politics would carry him thither again. He has just got an addition of three thousand pounds a-year on Ireland: his palace is delightful, and he has already given a ball there to Princess Amelie, at which I was, and where he again mentioned you fully, and with the greatest goodness.

My journey to Paris is fixed for some time in February, where I hear I may expect to find Madame de Boufflers,² Princess of Conti. Her husband is just dead; and you know the House of Bourbon have an alacrity at marrying their old mistresses.³ She was here last year, being extremely infected with the *Anglo-manie*, though I believe pretty well cured by her journey. She is past forty, and

¹ Monsieur de Beauvau, eldest son of the Prince de Craon, a Primate of Lorraine.—WALPOLE.

² This was not the Marquise de Boufflers, daughter of the Prince de Craon, and favourite of King Stanislaus, mentioned in a former letter, but the Comtesse de Boufflers, mistress of the Prince de Conti.—WALPOLE.

³ Louis XIV. married Madame de Maintenon, and his son was supposed to be married to Mademoiselle Chouin.—WALPOLE.

does not appear ever to have been handsome, but is one of the most agreeable and sensible women I ever saw; yet I must tell you a trait of her that will not prove my assertion. Lady Holland asked her how she liked Strawberry-Hill? She owned she did not approve of it, and that it was not *digne de la solidité Angloise*. It made me laugh for a quarter of an hour. They allot us a character we have not, and then draw consequences from that idea, which would be absurd, even if the idea were just. One must not build a Gothic house because the nation is *solide*. Perhaps, as everything now in France must be *à la Grecque*, she would have liked a hovel if it pretended to be built after Epictetus's—but Heaven forbid that I should be taken for a philosopher! Is it not amazing that the most sensible people in France can never help being domineered by sounds and general ideas? Now everybody must be a *géomètre*, now a *philosophe*, and the moment they are either, they are to take up a character and advertise it: as if one could not study geometry for one's amusement or for its utility, but one must be a geometrician at table, or at a visit! So the moment it is settled at Paris that the English are solid, every Englishman must be wise, and, if he has a good understanding, he must not be allowed to play the fool. As I happen to like both sense and nonsense, and the latter better than what generally passes for the former, I shall disclaim, even at Paris, the *profondeur*, for which they admire us; and I shall not cease to admire Madame de Boufflers, though her nonsense is not the result of nonsense, but of sense, and consequently not the genuine nonsense that I honour. When she was here, she read a tragedy in prose to me, of her own composition, taken from 'The Spectator:' the language is beautiful and so are the sentiments.

There is a Madame de Beaumont¹ who has lately written a very pretty novel, called 'Lettres du Marquis du Roselle.' It is imitated, too, from an English standard, and in my opinion a most woeful one; I mean the works of Richardson, who wrote those deplorably tedious lamentations, 'Clarissa' and 'Sir Charles Grandison,' which are pictures of high life as conceived by a bookseller,² and romances as

¹ Wife of Monsieur Elie de Beaumont, a celebrated lawyer.—WALPOLE.

² Richardson was not a bookseller but a printer.—WALPOLE. The following letter (printed for the first time) I owe to the courtesy of Mr. Murray, of Albemarle Street.

LORD CHESTERFIELD TO DAVID MALLET.

Bath, November 5th, 1753. —

"Richardson has sent me his 'History of Sir Charles Grandison,' in four volumes octavo, which amuses me. It is too long, and there is too much mere talk in it. Whenever he goes *Ultra crepidam*, into high life, he grossly mistakes the modes;

they would be spiritualised by a Methodist teacher : but Madame de Beaumont has almost avoided sermons, and almost reconciled sentiments and common sense. Read her novel—you will like it.

960. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Christmas-eve, 1764.

You are grown so good, and I delight so much in your letters when you please to write them, that though it is past midnight, and I am to go out of town to-morrow morning, I must thank you.

I shall put your letter to Rheims into the foreign post with a proper penny, and it will go much safer and quicker than if I sent it to Lord Hertford, for his letters lie very often till enough are assembled to compose a jolly caravan. I love your good brother John, as I always do, for keeping your birthday ; I, who hate ceremonious customs, approve of what I know comes so much from the heart as all he and you do and say. The General surely need not ask leave to enclose letters to me.

There is neither news, nor anybody to make it, but the clergy, who are all gaping after or about the Irish mitre, which your old antagonist has quitted. Keene has refused it ; Newton hesitates, and they think will not accept it ; Ewer pants for it, and many of the bench, I believe, do everything but pray for it. Goody Carlisle [Lyttelton] hopes for Worcester if it should be vacated, but I believe would not dislike to be *her Grace*.

This comes with your muff, my 'Anecdotes of Painting,' the fine pamphlet on 'Libels,' and the 'Castle of Otranto,' which came out to-day. All this will make some food for your fire-side. Since you will not come and see me before I go, I hope not to be gone before you come, though I am not quite in charity with you about it. Oh !

but, to do him justice, he never mistakes nature, and he has surely great knowledge and skill both in painting and in interesting the heart. He has even coined some expressions for those little secret movements that are admirable. He would well have deserved a higher education than he has had ; however, he deserves well of mankind, the object of all his writings being virtue. I shall insensibly fall into his small talk, without his merit, if I longer delay assuring you that I am with great truth and esteem,

Your most faithful,

Humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

Compare Richardson's letter to Mrs. Donnellan, asking her and Mr. Delany's assistance "in describing a scene or two in upper life." *Richardson's Correspondence*, iv. 61.—CUNNINGHAM.

I had forgot; don't lend your Lord Herbert, it will grow as dirty as the street; and as there are so few, and they have been so lent about, and so dirtied, the few clean copies will be very valuable. What signifies whether they read it or not? there will be a new fashion, or a new separation, or a new something or other, that will do just as well, before you can convey your copy to them; and, seriously, if you lose it, I have not another to give you; and I would fain have you keep my editions together, as you have had the complete set. As I want to make you an economist of my books, I will inform you that this second set of 'Anecdotes' sells for three guineas. Adieu!

P.S. I send you a decent smallish muff, that you may put in your pocket, and it costs but fourteen shillings.

961. TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

Arlington Street, Jan. 10, 1765.

I SHOULD prove a miserable prophet or almanac maker, for my predictions are seldom verified. I thought the present session likely to be a very supine one, but unless the evening varies extremely from the morning, it will be a tempestuous day—and yet it was a very southerly and calm wind that began the hurricane. The King's Speech was so tame, that, as George Montagu said of the earthquake, you might have stroked it.¹ Beckford (whom I certainly did not mean by the *gentle* gale) touched on Draper's² Letter about the Manilla money. George Grenville took up the defence of the Spaniards, though he said he only stated their arguments. This roused your brother,³ who told Grenville he had adopted the

¹ Gray, in a letter to Dr. Wharton, written in July 1764, in giving an account of an illness, says, "Towards the end of my confinement, during which I lived on nothing, came the gout in one foot, but so tame you might have stroked it."—WRIGHT.

² Sir William Draper, K.B., best known by his controversy with Junius.—CROKER. The letter here alluded to was entitled, "An answer to the Spanish Arguments for refusing the Payment of the Ransom Bills."—WRIGHT.

³ I was yesterday at the opening of Parliament, when Mr. Conway worked himself into a rage at his last year's dismissal, which produced some repartees from Mr. Grenville, not quite so warm, however, as the former. *Hon. Henry St. John to Selwyn*, 11th January, 1765. The session opened yesterday; Beckford was tedious and Conway violently passionate, but chiefly in his own cause, and called the removal of himself the most profligate measure that ever was attempted. *Gilly Williams to Selwyn*, 11th January, 1765.—CUNNINGHAM.

reasoning of Spain; and showed the fallacy of their pretensions. He exhorted everybody to support the King's government, "which I," said he, "ill-used as I have been, wish and mean to support—not that of ministers, when I see the laws and independence of Parliament struck at in the most *profligate* manner." You may guess how deeply this wounded. Grenville took it to himself, and asserted that his own life and character were as pure, uniform, and little profligate as your brother's. The silence of the House did not seem to ratify this declaration. Your brother replied with infinite spirit, that he certainly could not have meant Mr. Grenville, for he did not take him for the Minister—(I do not believe this was the least mortifying part)—that he spoke of public acts that were in everybody's mouth, as the Warrants, and the disgrace thrown on the army by dismissions for parliamentary reasons; that for himself he was an open enemy, and detested men who smiled in his face and stabbed him—(I do not believe he meant this personally, but unfortunately the whole House applied it to Mr. Grenville's grimace); that for his own disgrace, he did not know where to impute it, for every minister had disavowed it. It was to the Warrants, he said, he owed what had happened; he had fallen for voting against them, but had he had ten regiments, he would have parted with them all to obey his conscience; that he now could fall no lower, and would speak as he did then, and would not be hindered nor intimidated from speaking the language of Parliament. Grenville answered, that he had never avowed nor disavowed the measure of dismissing Mr. Conway—(he disavowed it to Mr. Harris¹), that he himself had been turned out for voting against German connexions; that he had never approved inquiring into the King's prerogative on that head—(I can name a person who can repeat volumes of what he has said on the subject), and that the King had as much right to dismiss military as civil officers, and then drew a ridiculous parallel betwixt the two, in which he seemed to give himself the rank of a civil lieutenant-general. This warmth was stopped by Augustus Hervey, who spoke to order, and called for the question; but young T. Townshend confirmed, that the term *profligacy* was applied by all mankind to the conduct on the Warrants. It was not the most agreeable circumstance to Grenville, that Lord Granby closed the debate, by declaring how much he disapproved the dismissal of officers for civil reasons, and the more, as he was persuaded it would not prevent officers from acting

¹ General Conway's brother-in-law.—CROKER.

according to their consciences; and he spoke of your brother with many encomiums. Sir W. Meredith then notified his intention of taking up the affair of the Warrants on Monday se'nnight. Mr. Pitt was not there, nor Lord Temple in the House of Lords; but the latter is ill. I should have told you that Lord Warkworth [Northumberland] and Thomas Pitt [Camelford] moved our addresses; as Lord Townshend and Lord Botetourt did those of the Lords. Lord Townshend said, though it was grown unpopular to praise the King, yet he should, and he was violent against libels; forgetting that the most ill-natured branch of them, caricaturas, his own invention, are left off. Nobody thought it worth while to answer him, at which he was much offended.

So much for the opening of the Parliament, which does not promise serenity. Your brother is likely to make a very great figure: they have given him the warmth he wanted, and may thank themselves for it. Had Mr. Grenville taken my advice, he had avoided an opponent that he will find a tough one, and must already repent having drawn upon him.

With regard to yourself, my dear lord, you may be sure I did not intend to ask you any impertinent question. You requested me to tell you whatever I heard said about you; you was talked of for Ireland, and are still; and Lord Holland within this week told me, that you had solicited it warmly. Don't think yourself under any obligation to reply to me on these occasions. It is to comply with your desires that I repeat anything I hear of you, not to make use of them to draw any explanation from you, to which I have no title; nor have I, you know, any troublesome curiosity. I mentioned Ireland with the same indifference that I tell you that the town here has bestowed Lady Anne, first on Lord March, and now on Stephen Fox—tattle not worth your answering.

You have lost another of your Lords Justices, Lord Shannon, of whose death an account came yesterday.

Lady Harrington's porter [John Wisket] was executed yesterday, and went to Tyburn with a white cockade in his hat, as an emblem of his innocence.

All the rest of my news I exhausted in my letter to Lady Hertford three days ago. The King's Speech, as I told her it was to do, announced the contract between Princess Caroline¹ and the Prince Royal of Denmark.

¹ The unhappy Queen of Denmark, who was afterwards divorced and exiled.—
CROKER.

I don't think the tone the session has taken will expedite my visit to you; however, I shall be able to judge when a few of the great questions are over. The American affairs are expected to occasion much discussion; but as I understand them no more than Hebrew, they will throw no impediment in my way. Adieu! my dear lord; you will probably hear no more politics these ten days. Yours ever.

Friday.

The debate on the Warrants is put off to the Tuesday; therefore, as it will probably be so long a day, I shall not be able to give you an account of it till this day fortnight.

962. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 13, 1765.

ARE not you growing impatient for news, now the Parliament is opened? Here is a new year begun, the twenty-fourth of our correspondence! Orestes and Pylades are not to be named with us; their friendship would have cooled in a quarter of the time. Well, what do you expect? that, having lost all our chiefs, we have laid down our arms, and been fined in the Starchamber, or what would come to much the same thing for the people, that we have sold our remnant of Opposition for half-a-dozen pensions? You are mistaken; there are a few drops of Mercian and Cambrian blood still left in our veins. The Address on Thursday went unanimously, in answer to a very tame speech; but not till after a very spirited dialogue between Mr. Conway and Mr. Grenville, in which the former shone greatly, painting in strong colours the scandalous treatment he had received from a *profligate* administration; the epithet was his, but I believe will remain theirs. Lord Granby declared warmly against dismissals of officers for their conduct in Parliament.¹ This prologue was brief, but smart. We shall probably have nothing particular till Tuesday se'nnight, which is fixed for a renewal of the great question on the Warrants, the subject of which has been revived by a large pamphlet, that is in the highest vogue, called 'An Inquiry into the Doctrine of Libels.' Though bulky, it is already at its

¹ Did Walpole remember that his father had dismissed Lord Cobham from his regiment, and Mr. Pitt from a cornetcy, "for their conduct in Parliament?"—CUNNINGHAM.

third edition; nor can all the court-lawyers, court-scribblers, or court-liars, hitherto frame an answer to it. They nibble at its heels, but cannot fix a tooth in it.

The King's Speech acquainted us with a future marriage between his youngest sister¹ and the Prince Royal of Denmark. Princess Louisa, who is older, and has a very pretty face, is of uncommonly small stature, and unhealthy.

There is another approaching wedding notified, between Lord Shelburne and Lady Sophia Carteret, the only child of our old friend Lady Sophia Fermor, by Lord Granville. Her face has the beauty of neither, and is like her half-sisters;² but her air and person would strike you from the strong resemblance to her mother. She has above thirty thousand pounds, and he two and twenty thousand a-year. Their children will have the seeds in them of some extraordinary qualities, look whither you will.

There has been a bustle in the Cabinet, more remarkable for its symptoms than its effects. That busy ambitious prelate, Stone, is dead, as I told you I think in my last. Mr. Grenville, believing himself possessed of power, because he runs all the risk of it, offered the Archiepiscopal mitre about the Town, without remembering to ask if it was in his disposal. Two English Bishops declined it. Lord Granby then solicited it for his tutor, Ewer of Llandaff, and was supported by the imaginary minister; but the *Lord Lieutenant* (the most acute commentators read *Lord Bute*) carried off the primacy for Robinson, Bishop of Kildare. The Duke of Bedford, still more a phantom than Grenville, imagined he could obtain the nomination, and demanded it for a Scoto-Hibernian, Bishop Carmichael; but the Scotch are too wise for many of them to embark in that channel.

Well, well! all this is paltry, and not in the great style of our country; these are such little cabals as happen in every nation. 'Tis the marvellous, the eccentric, that characterises Englishmen. Come, you shall have an event in the genuine taste, and before it has been pawed and vulgarised. It is fresh this very day. There is somebody dead somewhere—strong marks of novelty you see—in Somersetshire or Wiltshire, I think, who has left two hundred

¹ The Princess Matilda, born after the death of her father, Frederick Prince of Wales, married, 1st of October 1766, Christian, King of Denmark; died 10th March, 1775.—CUNNINGHAM.

² The Countess of Cowper and the Marchioness of Tweeddale younger daughters of Lord Granville by his first wife.—WALPOLE.

thousand pounds¹ to Mr. Pitt, to Mr. William Pitt, to *the* Pitt, the man who frightened the great Mogul so three years ago, and who had liked to have tossed the Kings of France and Spain in a blanket, if somebody had not cut a hole in it and let them slip through. Somebody the first, was called Pinsent or Vincent—the town and I are not sure of the name yet; but it is certain he never saw the said Mr. Pitt—I hope that was not the best reason for the legacy. The parson of the parish, who made the Will, has sent word to Hayes² that it is lodged in the housekeeper's hands, who has command from the defunct not to deliver it but to the legatee, or order. Unluckily, Mr. Pitt is in bed with the gout in his hand, and cannot even sign the order; however, Lady Chatham has sent for the Will, and it is supposed her order will suffice. You may depend on all this latter part; I had it but two hours ago from Lady Temple, whose lord has been to Hayes this morning on this affair. The deceased, it seems, had voted against the first Treaty of Utrecht, and had lived to see a second.³ I do believe now that this country will be saved at last, for we shall have real Patriots, when the Opposition pays better than the Court. Don't you think that Mr. Pitt would give half his legacy that he had never accepted a pension? It is very singular; ten thousand pounds from old Marlborough,⁴ a reversion of a great estate from Jack Spencer,⁵ and this fortune out of the clouds! Lord Bath indeed—but I never heard it was for his virtues or services—was in so many testaments, that they used to call him emphatically, *Will* Pulteney—it is more pleasant to be called *Will* Pitt from such tributes to his merit. Adieu till the next big event.

¹ Sir William Pynsent's legacy to Mr. Pitt was worth about forty thousand pounds. The "two hundred thousand," asserted by popular report, was in the usual style of exaggeration.—ED., 1843.

² Villa of Mr. Pitt, near Bromley, in Kent.—WALPOLE.

³ The treaty of Paris.—WALPOLE.

⁴ The Duchess Dowager of Marlborough left Mr. Pitt ten thousand pounds, and her grandson, John Spencer, entailed the Sunderland estate upon him after his own son; but that son, afterwards Earl Spencer, cut off that entail as soon as he came of age.—WALPOLE.

⁵ See vol. i. p. 191, and vol. ii. p. 30.—CUNNINGHAM.

963. TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

Sunday, Jan. 20, 1765.

Do you forgive me, if I write to you two or three days sooner than I said I would. Our important day on the Warrants is put off for a week, in compliment to Mr. Pitt's gout—can it resist such attention? I shall expect it in a prodigious quantity of black ribands. You have heard, to be sure, of the great fortune that is bequeathed to him by a Sir William Pynsent, an old man of near ninety, who quitted the world on the peace of Utrecht; and, luckily for Mr. Pitt, lived to be as angry with its *pendant*, the treaty of Paris. I did not send you the first report, which mounted it to an enormous sum: I think the medium account is two thousand pounds a-year, and thirty thousand pounds in money. This Sir William Pynsent, whose fame, like an aloe, did not blow till near an hundred, was a singularity. The scandalous chronicle of Somersetshire talks terribly of his morals¹ * * *. Lady North was nearly related to Lady Pynsent, which encouraged Lord North to flatter himself that Sir William's extreme propensity to him would recommend even his wife's parentage for heirs; but the uncomeliness of Lady North, and a vote my lord gave against the Cider-bill, offended the old gentleman so much, that he burnt his would-be heir in effigy. How will all these strange histories sound at Paris!

This post, I suppose, will rain letters to my Lady Hertford, on her death and revival. I was dreadfully alarmed at it for a moment; my servant was so absurd as to wake me, and bid me not be frightened—an excellent precaution! Of all moments, that between sleeping and waking is the most subject to terror. I started up, and my first thought was to send for Dr. Hunter; but, in two minutes, I recollected that it was impossible to be true, as your porter had the very day before been with me to tell me a courier was arrived from you, and was to return that evening. Your poor son Henry, whom you will doat upon for it, was not tranquillised so soon. He instantly sent away a courier to your brother, who arrived in the middle of the night. Lady Milton,² Lady George Sackville,³ and I, agreed

¹ The original contains an imputation against Sir W. Pynsent, which, if true, would induce us to suspect him of a disordered mind.—CROKER.

² Lady Caroline Sackville, daughter of the Duke of Dorset, married, in 1742, to the first Lord Milton.—CROKER.

³ Diana, second daughter of J. Sambrook, Esq.—CROKER.

this evening to tell my Lady Hertford, that we ought to have believed the news, and to have imputed it to the gaming rakehell life my lady leads at Paris, which scandalises all us prudes, her old friends. In truth, I have not much right to rail at anybody for living in a hurricane. I found myself with a violent cold on Wednesday, and till then had not once reflected on all the hot and cold climates I had passed through the day before: I had been at the Duke of Cumberland's levee: then at Princess Amalie's drawing-room; from thence to a crowded House of Commons; to dinner at your brother's; to the Opera; to Madame Seillern's; to Arthur's; and to supper at Mrs. George Pitt's; it is scandalous; but, who does less? The Duke looked much better than I expected; is gone to Windsor, and mends daily.

It was Lady Harcourt's¹ death that occasioned the confusion, and our dismay. She died at a Colonel Oughton's; such a small house, that Lord Harcourt has been forced to take their family into his own house. Poor Lady Digby² is dead too, of a fever, and was with child. They were extremely happy, and her own family adored her. My sister [Lady Mary Churchill] has begged me to ask a favour, that will put you to a little trouble, though only for a moment. It is, if you will be so good to order one of your servants when you have done with the English newspapers, to put them in a cover, and send them to Mr. Churchill, au Château de Nubecourt, près de Clermont, en Argone; they cannot get a Gazette that does not cost them six livres.

Monday evening.

We have had a sort of day in the House of Commons. The proposition for accepting the six hundred and seventy thousand pounds for the French prisoners passed easily. Then came the Navy: Dowdeswell, in a long and very sensible speech, proposed to reduce the number of sailors to ten thousand. He was answered by—Charles Townshend—oh! yes!—are you surprised? nobody here was: no, not even at his assertion, that he had always applauded the Peace, though the whole House and the whole town knew that, on the Preliminaries, he came down prepared to speak *against* them; but that on Pitt's retiring, he plucked up courage, and spoke *for* them. Well, you want to know what place

¹ Rebecca, daughter of Charles Le Bas, Esq., wife of the first Earl of Harcourt.—CROKER.

² Elizabeth Feilding, niece to the fourth Earl of Denbigh, and wife of Henry, first Lord Digby.—CROKER.

he is to have—so does he too. I don't want to know *what* place, but that he has some one; for I am sure he will always do most hurt to the side on which he professes to be; consequently, I wish him with the administration, and I wish so well to both sides, that I would have him more decried, if that be possible, than he is. Colonel Barré spoke against Dowdeswell's proposal, though not setting himself up at auction, like Charles, nor friendly to the ministry, but temperately and sensibly. There was no division. You know my opinion of Charles Townshend is neither new nor singular. When Charles Yorke left us, I hoped for this event, and my wish then slid into this couplet:

TO THE ADMINISTRATION.

One Charles, who ne'er was ours, you've got—'tis true:
To make the grace complete, take t'other too.

The favours I ask of them, are not difficult to grant. Adieu! my dear lord.

Yours ever, H. W.

Tuesday, 4 o'clock.

I had sealed my letter and given it to my sister, who sets out to-morrow, and will put it into the post at Calais; but having received yours by the courier from Spain, I must add a few words. You may be sure I shall not mention a tittle of what you say to me. Indeed, if you think it necessary to explain to me, I shall be more cautious of telling you what I hear. If I had any curiosity, I should have nothing to do but to pretend I had heard some report, and so draw from you what you might not have a mind to mention: I do tell you when I hear any, for your information, but insist on your not replying. The vice-admiral of America is a mere feather; but there is more substance in the notion of the Viceroy's quitting Ireland. Lord Bute and George Grenville are so ill together, that decency is scarce observed between their adherents; and the moment the former has an opportunity or resolution enough, he will remove the latter, and place his son-in-law¹ in the Treasury. This goes so

¹ It is remarkable enough, that the epigram which Mr. Walpole thus introduces, admits that Charles Yorke had never joined them, and therefore could not be said to have left them.—CROKER.

² There is some obscurity here: Lord Warkworth (afterwards Duke of Northumberland), who had lately married Lord Bute's third daughter, was, at this period, a very young man, little known but for his attachment to his profession—the army, and the idea of *his* being placed at the head of the Treasury must have been absurd. His father, Lord Northumberland, indeed, had been spoken of for that office; and,

far, that Charles Townshend, who is openly dedicated to Grenville, may possibly find himself disappointed, and get no place at last. However, I rejoice that we have got rid of him. It will tear up all connection between him and your brother, root and branch: a circumstance you will not be more sorry for than I am. In the mean time, the Opposition is so staunch that, I think, after the three questions on Warrants, Dismission of officers, and the Manilla-money, I shall be at liberty to come to you, when I shall have a great deal to tell you. If Charles Townshend gets a place, Lord George Sackville expects another, by the same channel, interest, and connection; but if Charles may be disappointed himself, what may a man be who trusts to him? Adieu!

964. TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

Arlington Street, Jan. 27, 1765.

THE brother of your brother's neighbour, Mr. Freeman, who is going to Paris, and I believe will not be sorry to be introduced to you, gives me an opportunity which I cannot resist, of sending you a private line or two, though I wrote you a long letter, which my sister was to put into the post at Calais two or three days ago.

We had a very remarkable day on Wednesday in the House of Commons,—very glorious for us, and very mortifying to the Administration, especially to the principal performer, who was severely galled by our troops, and abandoned by his own. The business of the day was the Army, and, as nothing was expected, the House was not full. The very circumstance of nothing being expected, had encouraged Charles Townshend to soften a little what had passed on Monday; he grew profuse of his whispers and promises to us, and offered your brother to move the question on the Dismission of officers: the debate began; Beckford fell foul on the dismissions, and dropped some words on America. Charles, who had placed himself again under the wing of Grenville, replied on American affairs; but totally *forgot* your brother. Beckford, in his boisterous Indian style, told Charles, that on a single idea he had poured forth a *diarrhœa* of words. He could not stand it, and in two minutes

perhaps, Mr. Walpole, in his epigrammatic way, has taken this mode of explaining the motive which might have induced Lord Bute to advance his *son-in-law's* father.—CROKER.

fairly stole out of the House. This battery being dismounted, the whole attack fell on Grenville, and would have put you in mind of former days. You never heard any minister worse treated than he was for two hours together, by Tommy Townshend, Sir George Saville, and George Onslow,—and what was worse, no soul stepped forth in his defence, but Rigby and Lord Strange, the latter of whom was almost as much abashed as Charles Townshend; conscience flew in his black face, and almost turned it red. T. Townshend was still more bitter on Sandwich, whom he called a profligate fellow,—hoped he was present,¹ and added, if he is not, I am ready to call him so to his face in any private company:—even Rigby, his accomplice, said not a word in behalf of his brother culprit. You will wonder how all this ended—what would be the most ridiculous conclusion to such a scene? as you cannot imagine, I will tell you. Lord Harry Paulet² telling Grenville, that if Lord Cobham was to rise from the dead, he would, if he could be ashamed of anything, be ashamed of him;—by the way, everybody believes he meant the apostrophe stronger than he expressed it: Grenville rose in a rage, like a basket-woman, and told Lord Harry that if he chose to use such language, he knew where to find him. Did you ever hear of a Prime Minister, even *soi-disant tel*, challenging an opponent, when he could not answer him? Poor Lord Harry, too, was an unfortunate subject to exercise his valour upon! The House interposed; Lord Harry declared he should have expected Grenville to breakfast with him next morning; Grenville explained off and on two or three times, the Scotch laughed, the Opposition roared, and the Treasury-bench sat as mute as fishes. Thus ended that wise Hudibrastic encounter. Grenville however, attended by every bad omen, provoked your brother, who had not intended to speak, by saying that some people had a good opinion of the dismissed officers, others had not. Your brother rose, and surpassed himself: he was very warm, though less so than on the first day; very decent in terms, but most severe in effect; he more than hinted at the threats that had been used to him,—said he would not reveal what was improper; yet left no mortal in the dark on that head. He called on the officers to assert their own freedom and independence. In short, made such a

¹ It seems, from a subsequent letter, that Lord Sandwich *was* present.—
CROKER.

² Lord Henry Paulet, member for Hampshire, vice-admiral of the White, brother of the Duke of Bolton; to which dignity he himself succeeded on the 5th July 1765.
—CROKER.

speech as silenced all his adversaries, but has filled the whole town with his praises: I believe, as soon as his speech reaches Hayes, it will contribute extremely to expel the gout, and bring Mr. Pitt to town, lest his presence should be no longer missed. Princess Amalie told me the next night, that if she had heard nothing of Mr. Conway's speech, she should have known how well he had done by my spirits. I was not sorry she made this reflection as I knew she would repeat it to Lady [Betty] Waldegrave; and as I was willing that the Duchess of Bedford, who, when your brother was dismissed, asked the Duchess of Grafton if she was not sorry for *poor Mr. Conway*, who had lost everything, should recollect that it is they who have cause to lament that dismissal, not we.

There was a paragraph in Rigby's speech, and taken up, and adopted by Goody Grenville, which makes much noise, and, I suppose, has not given less offence; they talked of "arbitrary *Stuart* principles," which are supposed to have been aimed at the *Stuart* favourite; that breach is wider than ever:—not one of Lord Bute's adherents have opened their lips this session. I conclude a few of them will be ordered to speak on Friday; but unless we go on too triumphantly and reconcile them, I think this session will terminate Mr. Grenville's reign, and that of the Bedfords too, unless they make great submissions.

Do you know that Sir W. Pynsent had your brother in his eye! He said to his lawyer, "I know Mr. Pitt is much younger than I am, but he has very bad health: as you will hear it before me, if he dies first, draw up another will with Mr. Conway's name instead of Mr. Pitt's, and bring it down to me directly." I beg Britannia's pardon, but I fear I could have supported the loss on these grounds.

A very unhappy affair happened last night at the Star and Garter; Lord Byron¹ killed a Mr. Chaworth there in a duel. I know none of the particulars, and never believe the first reports.

My Lady Townshend was arrested two days ago in the street at the suit of a house-painter, who, having brought her a bill double of the estimate he had given in, she would not pay it. As this is a breach of privilege, I should think the man would hear of it.²

There is no day yet fixed for our intended motion on the Dismission of officers; but, I believe, Lord John Cavendish and Fitzroy

¹ William, fifth Lord Byron, born in 1722 died in 1798. The Star and Garter was a tavern in Pall Mall.—CROKER.

² Her complaint was made in the House by old Lord Winchelsea. *Jesse's Selwyn*, i. 357 and 373.—CUNNINGHAM.

will be the movers and seconders. Charles Townshend, we conclude, will be very ill that day; if one could pity the poor toad, one should: there is jealousy of your brother,—fear of your brother,—fear of Mr. Pitt,—influence of his own brother,—connections entered into both with Lord Bute and Mr. Grenville, and a trimming plan concerted with Lord George Sackville and Charles Yorke, all tearing him or impelling him a thousand ways, with the addition of his own vanity and irresolution, and the contempt of everybody else. I dined with him yesterday at Mr. Mackinsy's [Lord Bute's brother], where his whole discourse was in ridicule of George Grenville.

The enclosed novel ["The Castle of Otranto"] is much in vogue; the author is not known, but if you should not happen to like it, I could give you a reason why you need not say so. There is nothing else new, but a play called 'The Platonic Wife,' written by an Irish Mrs. Griffiths, which in charity to her was suffered to run three nights.¹

Since I wrote my letter, the following is the account nearest the truth that I can learn of the fatal duel last night: a club of Nottinghamshire gentlemen had dined at the Star and Garter, and there had been a dispute between the combatants, whether Lord Byron, who took no care of his game, or Mr. Chaworth, who was active in the association, had most game on their manor. The company, however, had apprehended no consequences, and parted at eight o'clock; but Lord Byron stepping into an empty chamber, and sending the drawer for Mr. Chaworth, or calling him thither himself, took the candle from the waiter, and bidding Mr. Chaworth defend himself, drew his sword. Mr. Chaworth, who was an excellent fencer, ran Lord Byron through the sleeve of his coat, and then received a wound fourteen inches deep into his body. He was carried to his house in Berkeley-street,—made his will with the greatest composure, and dictated a paper, which, they say, allows it was a fair duel, and died at nine this morning. Lord Byron is not gone off, but says he will take his trial, which, if the Coroner brings in a verdict of manslaughter, may, according to precedent, be in the House of Lords, and without the ceremonial of Westminster Hall. George Selwyn is much missed on this occasion, but we conclude it will bring him over.² I feel for both families, though I know none of either, but poor Lady Carlisle,³ whom I am sure you will pity.

¹ It came out at Drury-lane, and was acted six nights. The hint of it was taken from Marmontel's "Heureux Divorce."—WRIGHT.

² Mr. Selwyn's morbid curiosity after trials and executions, is well known.—CROKER.

³ Isabella, only sister of Lord Byron, wife of the fourth Earl of Carlisle.—CROKER.

Our last three Saturdays at the Opera have been prodigious, and a new opera by Bach¹ last night was so crowded, that there were ladies standing behind the scenes during the whole performance. Adieu! my dear lord: as this goes by a private hand, you may possibly receive its successor before it.

965. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Feb. 11, 1765.

You have, no doubt, expected to hear from me for some time; but every week does not produce events, nor every session revolutions. We have had but one remarkable day since my last letter to you. It was on the old, but important question of General Warrants; and, if it is remembered, it will be owing more to the weight of the subject than to the discussion. We sat till near six in the morning; but as the debate had been so exhausted last year, and has been so agitated in print ever since, you cannot marvel if it produced little new. The numbers on the division were 224, to 185. I expected that we of the minority should be fewer, considering the deaths, accidents, and desertions that have happened. It is even comfortable to find that there are one hundred and eighty-five men who prefer anything to their interest; and though beaten, we extorted an universal confession that General Warrants are illegal; what excuse they who made this confession left to themselves for not going farther, let their posterity tell by their blushes! One man, indeed, there was who had the front not to condemn himself in the same manner, I mean Norton the Attorney-General—when he stabs a parent, he does not, like Brutus, cover his face. The hero of the day was the famous Colonel Barré²—a man, or I am mistaken, whose fame will not stop here. He spoke with infinite wit and humour, and with that first of merits to me, novelty: his manner is original. He spoke too with extreme bitterness, which is almost new again; so civil have Parliaments been of late. He commended the present Secretaries of State, but foresaw it possible that, if one of them should die, his successor might be the

¹ "Adriano in Siria." The expectations of the public the first night this drama was performed occasioned such a crowd at the King's theatre as had seldom been seen there before; but whether from heat or inconvenience, the unreasonableness of expectation, the composer being out of fancy, or too anxious to please, Dr. Burney says, the opera failed, and that every one came out of the theatre disappointed.—WRIGHT.

² Colonel Isaac Barré, one of the supposed authors of 'Junius.' *Ante*, p. 143.—CUNNINGHAM.

most dissolute and abandoned sad dog in the kingdom. There sat Sandwich under the gallery, while the whole House applied the picture to him ! not a word was offered in his defence. You will ask if he was thunderstruck ? yes, say those who were near him. Yet so well did he recover the blow that at three in the morning, he commenced an intrigue with a coffee-girl, who attends in the Speaker's chambers.

Mr. Pitt, whom we begin to know only by tradition, was laid up with the gout ; so he is still, which postpones any farther questions from the Opposition, as he has deigned to promise his countenance, if he can get to town. You have seen in all the papers the great fortune that has been left to him by Sir William Pynsent, an old Whig baronet, who quitted the world on the treaty of Utrecht, and lived to pass this just censure on its counterpart, the Treaty of Paris. 'Tis a noble testimonial ; and yet, if vice and virtue fight with the same weapon, gold, I fear the odds will be on the side of the former ! Few *sad dogs* will wait for last Wills and testaments.

We are likely to have another solemn puppet show, the trial of a peer. Lord Byron has killed a Mr. Chaworth in a duel at a tavern. I, who should like the trial of a Laud or a Strafford, as a wholesome spectacle now and then, am not interested about an obscure Lord, whose birth alone procures his being treated like an overgrown criminal. This quarrel was about game ; and the very topic should send it to the Quarter Sessions.

Lord Milton has desired me to make his and my lady's acknowledgments to you for your civilities to Mr. Damer. I was desired too, to mention to you the future arrival of Earl Berkeley ; but I do not know him, nor trouble my head about him. You are attention itself to everybody ; an Earl would naturally not escape you : that is full enough.

You will ask when I go to Paris ? It is the question I ask my friends every day. Probably now not till the Parliament rises, as the session is likely to end by Easter. At present I am confined with a bad cold, which I increased at our late day—and a fever ; but as I shall take James's powder to night, you may be sure that I shall be quite well to-morrow. Adieu !

966. TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

Arlington Street, Feb. 12, 1765.

A GREAT many letters pass between us, my dear lord, but I think they are almost all of my writing. I have not heard from you this age. I sent you two packets together by Mr. Freeman, with an account of our chief debates. Since the long day, I have been much out of order with a cold and cough, that turned to a fever: I am now taking James's powder, not without apprehensions of the gout, which it gave me two or three years ago.

There has been nothing of note in Parliament but one slight day on the American taxes,¹ which, Charles Townshend supporting, received a pretty heavy thump from Barré, who is the present Pitt, and the dread of all the vociferous Norths and Rigbys, on whose lungs depended so much of Mr. Grenville's power. Do you never hear them to Paris?

The operations of the Opposition are suspended in compliment to Mr. Pitt, who has declared himself so warmly for the question on the Dismission of officers, that that motion waits for his recovery. A call of the House is appointed for next Wednesday, but as he has had a relapse, the motion will probably be deferred. I should be very glad if it was to be dropped entirely for this session, but the young men are warm and not easily bridled.

If it was not too long to transcribe, I would send you an entertaining petition² of the perriwig-makers to the King, in which they complain that men will wear their own hair. Should one almost wonder if carpenters were to remonstrate, that since the peace their trade decays, and that there is no demand for wooden legs? Apropos my Lady Hertford's friend, Lady Harriot Vernon,³ has quarrelled with me for smiling at the enormous head-gear of her daughter, Lady Grosvenor. She came one night to Northumberland-house with such

¹ The resolutions which were the foundation of the famous Stamp-act.—WRIGHT.

² The substance of this petition, and the grave answer which the King was advised to give to such a ludicrous appeal, are preserved in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1765, p. 95; where also we learn that Mr. Walpole's idea of the Carpenters' petition was put in practice, and his Majesty was humbly entreated to wear a wooden leg himself, and to enjoin all his servants to do the same. It may, therefore be presumed, that this *jeu d'esprit* was from the pen of Mr. Walpole.—CROKER.

³ Lady Harriot Wentworth, sister of the last Lord Strafford, wife of Henry Vernon, Esq., and mother of Lady Grosvenor, whose intrigue with the Duke of Cumberland made so much noise.—CROKER.

display of friz, that it literally spread beyond her shoulders. I happened to say it looked as if her parents had stinted her in hair before marriage, and that she was determined to indulge her fancy now. This, among ten thousand things said by all the world, was reported to Lady Harriot, and has occasioned my disgrace. As she never found fault with anybody herself, I excuse her! You will be less surprised to hear that the Duchess of Queensberry has not yet done dressing herself marvellously: she was at Court on Sunday in a gown and petticoat of red flannel. The same day the Guerchys made a dinner for her, and invited Lord and Lady Hyde,¹ the Forbes's, and her other particular friends: in the morning she sent word she was to go out of town, but as soon as dinner was over, arrived at Madame de Guerchy's, and said she had been at Court.

Poor Madame de Seillern, the imperial ambassadress, has lost her only daughter and favourite child, a young widow of twenty-two, whom she was expecting from Vienna. The news came but this day se'nnight; and the ambassador, who is as brutal as she is gentle and amiable, has insisted on her having company at dinner to-day, and her assembly as usual.

The town says that Lord and Lady Abergavenny² are parted, and that he has not been much milder than Monsieur de Seillern on the chapter of a mistress he has taken. I don't know the truth of this; but his lordship's heart, I believe, is more inflammable than tender.

Lady Sophia Thomas³ has begged me to trouble you with a small commission. It is to send me for her twelve little bottles of "le Baume de Vie, composé par le Sieur Lievre, apoticaire distillateur

¹ Thomas Villiers, second son of Lord Jersey, first Lord Hyde of his family: his lady was Charlotte, daughter of Lady Jane Hyde, wife of William Earl of Essex, daughter of Henry, second Earl of Clarendon, and sister of the Duchess of Queensberry.—CROKER.

² George, fifteenth Lord Abergavenny; and his lady, Henrietta Pelham, sister of the first Earl Chichester: she died in 1768.—CROKER. Abergavenny's story is as much a mystery here as at Paris. He has been making love to my lady's maid, I believe, and her ladyship is gone out of town sulky, but I do not find they are parted. *Rigby to Selwyn*, 12th March, 1765. What say you to your friend Abergavenny? Did you think those turtles, that were always on the same perch, would have ever fought? I think he might have made love to his nursery-maid anywhere else, and his wife need not have run away from him to have told the whole town of it. In short, they have both acted like a couple of fools, and Jemmy Plum, by affecting the part of a mediator, has made the breach wider. *Gilly Williams to Selwyn*, March 1765.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Lady Sophia Keppel, daughter of the first Earl of Albemarle, and wife of Colonel Thomas.—CROKER.

du Roi." If George Selwyn or Lord March are not set out, they would bring it with pleasure, especially as she lives at the Duke of Queensberry's.

We have not a new book, play, intrigue, marriage, elopement, or quarrel; in short, we are very dull. For politics, unless the ministers wantonly thrust their hands into some fire, I think there will not even be a smoke. I am glad of it, for my heart is set on my journey to Paris, and I hate everything that stops me. Lord Byron's foolish trial is likely to protract the session a little; but unless there is any particular business, I shall not stay for a puppet-show. Indeed, I can defend my staying here by nothing but my ties to your brother. My health, I am sure, would be better in another climate in winter. Long days in the House kill me, and weary me into the bargain. The individuals of each party are alike indifferent to me; nor can I at this time of day grow to love men whom I have laughed at all my lifetime—no, I cannot alter;—Charles Yorke or a Charles Townshend are alike to me, whether ministers or patriots. Men do not change in my eyes, because they quit a black livery for a white one. When one has seen the whole scene shifted round and round so often, one only smiles, whoever is the present Polonius or the Gravedigger, whether they jeer the Prince, or flatter his phrenzy.

Thursday night, 14th.

The new Assembly Room at Almack's¹ was opened the night before last, and they say is very magnificent, but it was empty; half the town is ill with colds, and many were afraid to go, as the house is scarcely built yet. Almack advertised that it was built with hot bricks and boiling water—think what a rage there must be for public places, if this notice, instead of terrifying, could draw anybody thither. They tell me the ceilings were dropping with wet—but can you believe me, when I assure you the Duke of Cumberland was there?—Nay, had had a levee in the morning, and went to the Opera before the assembly! There is a vast flight of steps, and he was forced to rest two or three times. If he dies of it,—and how should he not?—it will sound very silly when Hercules or

¹ In King Street, St. James's, now (1857) known as Willis's Rooms; "Our female Almack's flourishes beyond description. If you had such a thing at Paris, you would fill half a quire of flourished paper with the description of it. Almack's Scotch face, in a bag-wig, waiting at supper, would divert you, as would his lady in a sack, making tea and curtsying to our duchesses.—*Gilly Williams to Selwyn*, March, 1765. Almack died 3rd January, 1781. Many of Walpole's letters to Montagu are written on *flourished* paper—paper with coloured borders.—CUNNINGHAM.

Theseus ask him what he died of, to reply, "I caught my death on a damp staircase at a new club-room."

Williams, the reprinter of the 'North Briton,' stood in the pillory to-day in Palace Yard. He went in a hackney-coach, the number of which was 45. The mob erected a gallows opposite to him, on which they hung a boot¹ with a bonnet of straw. Then a collection was made for Williams, which amounted to near 200l.² In short, every public event informs the Administration how thoroughly they are detested, and that they have not a friend whom they do not buy. Who can wonder, when every man of virtue is proscribed, and they have neither parts nor characters to impose even upon the mob! Think to what a government is sunk, when a Secretary of State is called in Parliament to his face "the most profligate sad dog in the kingdom," and not a man can open his lips in his defence. Sure power must have some strange unknown charm, when it can compensate for such contempt! I see many who triumph in these bitter pills which the Ministry are so often forced to swallow; I own I do not; it is more mortifying to me to reflect how great and respectable we were three years ago, than satisfactory to see those insulted who have brought such shame upon us. 'Tis poor amends to national honour to know, that if a printer is set in the pillory, his country wishes it was my Lord This, or Mr. That. They will be gathered to the Oxfords, and Bolingbroke, and ignominious³ of former days; but the wound they have inflicted is perhaps indelible. That goes to *my* heart, who had felt all the Roman pride of being one of the first nations upon earth!—Good night!—I will go to bed, and dream of Kings drawn in triumph; and then I will go to Paris, and dream I am proconsul there: pray, take care not to let me be awakened with an account of an invasion having taken place from Dunkirk!⁴ Yours ever, H. W.

¹ A Jack-boot, in allusion to the Christian name and title of Lord Bute.—CROKER.

² In a *blue* purse trimmed with *orange*, the colour of the Revolution, in opposition to the *Stuart*.—CROKER.

³ We might be surprised at finding a person of Mr. Walpole's taste and judgment, describing Harley and St. John as *ignominious*, if we did not recollect, that during their administration his father had been sent to the Tower, and expelled the House of Commons for alleged official corruptions.—CROKER.

⁴ The demolition of Dunkirk was one of the articles of the late treaty of peace, on which discussions were still depending.—CROKER.

967. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Feb. 19, 1765.

YOUR health and spirits and youth delight me; yet I think you make but a bad use of them, when you destine them to a triste house in a country solitude. If you were condemned to retirement, it would be fortunate to have spirits to support it; but great vivacity is not a cause for making it one's option.

Why waste your sweetness on the desert air? at least, why bestow so little of your cheerfulness on your friends? I do not wish you to parade your rubicundity and grey hairs through the mobs and assemblies of London; I should think you bestowed them as ill as on Greatworth; but you might find a few rational creatures here, who are heartily tired of what are called our pleasures, and who would be glad to have you in their chimney-corner. There you might have found *me* any time this fortnight; I have been dying of the worst and longest cold I ever had in my days, and have been blooded, and taken James's powder to no purpose. I look almost like the skeleton that Frederick found in the oratory:¹ my only comfort was, that I should have owed my death to the long day in the House of Commons, and have perished with our liberties; but I think I am getting the better of my martyrdom, and shall live to see you; nay, I shall not be gone to Paris. As I design that journey for the term of my figuring in the world, I would fain wind up my politics too, and quit all public ties together. As I am not old yet, and have an excellent though delicate constitution, I may promise myself some agreeable years, if I could detach myself from all connections, but with a very few persons that I value. Oh, with what joy I could bid adieu to loving and hating! to crowds, public places, great dinners, visits; and above all, to the House of Commons; but pray mind, when *I* retire, it shall only be to London and Strawberry Hill—in London one can live as one will, and at Strawberry I will live as I will. *Apropos*, my good old tenant Franklin² is dead, and I am in possession of his cottage, which will be a delightfully additional plaything at Strawberry. I shall be violently tempted to stick in a few cypresses and lilacs there, before I go to Paris. I don't know a jot of news: I have been a perfect hermit this fort-

¹ An allusion to the scene in the last chapter of his 'Castle of Otranto.'—WRIGHT.

² See vol. ii. p. 451.—CUNNINGHAM.

night, and buried in Runic poetry and Danish wars. In short, I have been deep in a late history of Denmark, written by one Mallet, a Frenchman,¹ a sensible man, but I cannot say he has the art of making a very tiresome subject agreeable. There are six volumes, and I am stuck fast in the fourth.

Lord Byron's trial I hear is to be in May. If you are curious about it, I can secure you a ticket for Lord Lincoln's gallery. The Antiquarian Society have got Goody Carlisle [Lyttelton] for their President, and I suppose she will sit upon a Saxon chalkstone till the return of King Arthur. Adieu!

968. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

DEAR SIR,

Strawberry Hill, Feb. 28, 1765.

As you do not deal with newspapers, nor trouble yourself with occurrences of modern times, you may perhaps conclude from what I have told you, and from my silence, that I am in France. This will tell you that I am not; though I have been long thinking of it, and still intend it, though not exactly yet. My silence I must lay on this uncertainty, and from having been much out of order above a month with a very bad cold and cough, for which I am come hither to try change of air. Your brother Apthorpe, who was so good as to call upon me about a fortnight ago in town, found me too hoarse to speak to him. We both asked one another the same question—news of you?

I have lately had an accession to my territory here, by the death of good old Franklin, to whom I had given for his life the lease of the cottage and garden cross the road. Besides a little pleasure in planting and in crowding it with flowers, I intend to make, what I am sure you are antiquarian enough to approve, a bower, though your friends the abbots did not indulge in such retreats, at least not under that appellation: but though we love the same ages, you must excuse worldly me for preferring the romantic scenes of antiquity. If you will tell me how to send it, and are partial enough to me to read a profane work in the style of former centuries, I shall convey to you a little story-book, which I published some time ago, though not boldly with my own name: but it has

¹ Paul Henry Mallet, born at Geneva in 1731. The introduction to his 'History of Denmark' was translated by Dr. Percy, under the title of 'Northern Antiquities, including the Edda.'—WRIGHT.

succeeded so well, that I do not any longer *entirely* keep the secret. Does the title 'The Castle of Otranto,' tempt you? I shall be glad to hear you are well and happy.

969. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

DEAR SIR,

Strawberry Hill, March 9, 1765.

I HAD time to write but a short note with the 'Castle of Otranto,' as your messenger called on me at four o'clock, as I was going to dine abroad. Your partiality to me and Strawberry have, I hope, inclined you to excuse the wildness of the story. You will even have found some traits to put you in mind of this place. When you read of the picture quitting its panel, did not you recollect the portrait of Lord Falkland,² all in white, in my Gallery? Shall I even confess to you, what was the origin of this romance! I waked one morning, in the beginning of last June, from a dream, of which, all I could recover was, that I had thought myself in an ancient castle (a very natural dream for a head filled like mine with Gothic story), and that on the uppermost bannister of a great staircase I saw a gigantic hand in armour. In the evening I sat down, and began to write, without knowing in the least what I intended to say or relate. The work grew on my hands, and I grew fond of it—add, that I was very glad to think of anything, rather than politics. In short, I was so engrossed with my tale, which I completed in less than two months, that one evening, I wrote from the time I had drunk my tea, about six o'clock, till half an hour after one in the morning, when my hand and fingers were so weary, that I could not hold the pen to finish the sentence, but left Matilda and Isabella talking, in the middle of a paragraph. You will laugh at my earnestness; but if I have amused you, by retracing with any fidelity the manners of ancient days, I am content, and give you leave to think me as idle as you please.

You are, as you have long been to me, exceedingly kind, and I should, with great satisfaction, embrace your offer of visiting the

¹ In the first edition of this work, of which but very few copies were printed, the title ran thus:—'The Castle of Otranto, a Story, translated by William Marshal, Gent. from the original Italian of Onuphrio Muralto, Canon of the Church of St. Nicholas at Otranto. London: printed for Thomas Lownds, in Fleet Street, 1765.'—WRIGHT.

² The whole length of Lord Deputy Falkland, bought at the Strawberry Hill sale in 1842, by John Tollemache, Esq., M.P. for 73*l.* 10*s.*, and now at Peckforton in Cheshire.—CUNNINGHAM.

solitude of Blechley, though my cold is in a manner gone, and my cough quite, if I was at liberty : but as I am preparing for my fresh journey, and have forty businesses upon my hands, and can only now and then purloin a day, or half a day, to come hither. You know I am not cordially disposed to *your* French journey, which is much more serious, as it is to be much more lasting. However, though I may suffer by your absence, I would not dissuade what may suit your inclination and circumstances. One thing, however, has struck me, which I must mention, though it would depend on a circumstance, that would give me the most real concern. It was suggested to me by that real fondness I have for your MSS. for your kindness about which I feel the utmost gratitude. You would not, I think, leave them behind you : and are you aware of the danger you would run, if you settled entirely in France ? Do you know that the King of France is heir to all strangers who die in his dominions, by what they call the *Droit d'Aubaine* ? Sometimes by great interest and favour, persons have obtained a remission of this right in their lifetime : and yet that, even that, has not secured their effects from being embezzled. Old Lady Sandwich¹ had obtained this remission, and yet, though she left everything to the present Lord, her grandson, a man for whose rank one should have thought they would have had regard, the King's officers forced themselves into her house, after her death, and plundered. You see, if you go, I shall expect to have your MSS. deposited with me. Seriously, you must leave them in safe custody behind you.

Lord Essex's trial is printed with the State Trials. In return for your obliging offer, I can acquaint you with a delightful publication of this winter, *A Collection of Old Ballads and Poetry*, in three volumes, many from Pepys's Collection at Cambridge. There were three such published between thirty and forty years ago,² but very carelessly, and wanting many in this set : indeed, there were others, of a looser sort, which the present editor [Dr. Percy], who is a clergyman, thought it decent to omit.

¹ Elizabeth Wilmot, daughter of the celebrated Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, wife of the third Earl of Sandwich (died 1729) and grandmother of the fourth earl, *Jemmy Twitcher*. She died in 1757.—CUNNINGHAM.

² 'A Collection of Old Ballads, collected from the best and most ancient copies extant, with Introductions, historical, critical, and illustrated with copper-plates.' This anonymous collection, first published in 1723, was so well received that it soon passed to a second edition, and two more volumes were added in 1723 and 1725. The third edition of the first volume is dated 1727.—CUNNINGHAM.

When you go into Cheshire, and upon your ramble, may I trouble you with a commission? but about which you must promise me not to go a step out of your way. Mr. Bateman¹ has got a cloister at Old Windsor, furnished with ancient wooden chairs, most of them triangular, but all of various patterns, and carved and turned in the most uncouth and whimsical forms. He picked them up one by one, for two, three, five, or six shillings a-piece from different farm-houses in Herefordshire. I have long envied and coveted them. There may be such in poor cottages, in so neighbouring a county as Cheshire. I should not grudge any expense for purchase or carriage; and should be glad even of a couple such for my cloister here. When you are copying inscriptions in a churchyard in any village, think of me, and step into the first cottage you see—but don't take further trouble than that.

I long to know what your bundle of manuscripts from Cheshire contains.

My bower is determined, but not at all what it is to be. Though I write romances, I cannot tell how to build all that belongs to them. Madame Danois, in the *Fairy Tales*, used to *tapestry* them with *jonquils*; but as that furniture will not last above a fortnight in the year, I shall prefer something more huckaback. I have decided that the outside shall be of *treillage*, which, however, I shall not commence, till I have again seen some of old Louis's old-fashioned *Galanteries* at Versailles. Rosamond's bower, you, and I, and Tom Hearne know, was a labyrinth: but as my territory will admit of a very short clew, I lay aside all thoughts of a mazy habitation: though a bower is very different from an arbour, and must have more chambers than one. In short, I both know, and don't know, what it should be. I am almost afraid I must go and read Spenser, and wade through his allegories, and drawling stanzas, to get at a picture. But, good night! you see how one gossips, when one is alone, and at quiet on one's own dunghill!—Well! it may be trifling; yet it is such trifling as Ambition never is happy enough to know! Ambition orders palaces, but it is Content that chats for a page or two over a bower.

¹ See vol. iii. p. 429, and vol. iv. p. 24, and p. 375.—CUNNINGHAM.

270. TO DR. JOSEPH WARTON.¹

SIR,

Arlington Street, March 16, 1765.

You have shown so much of what I fear I must call partiality to me, that I could not in conscience send you the trifle² that accompanies this till the unbiassed public, who knew not the author, told me that it was not quite unworthy of being offered to you. Still I am not quite sure whether its ambition of copying the manners of an age which you love, may not make you too favourable to it, or whether its awkward imitation of them may not subject it to your censure. In fact, it is but partially an imitation of ancient romances; being rather intended for an attempt to blend the marvellous of old story with the natural of modern novels. This was in great measure the plan of a work, which, to say the truth, was begun without any plan at all. But I will not trouble you, Sir, at present with enlarging on my design, which I have fully explained in a preface prepared for a second edition, which the sale of the former makes me in an hurry to send out. I do not doubt, Sir, but you have with pleasure looked over more genuine remains of ancient days, the three volumes of old Poems and Ballads: most of them are curious, and some charming. The dissertations too I think are sensible, concise, and unaffected. Let me recommend to you also the perusal of the Life of Petrarch, of which two large volumes in quarto are already published by the Abbé de Sade, with the promise of a third. Three quartos on Petrarch will not terrify a man of your curiosity, though without omitting the memoirs and anecdotes of Petrarch's age, the most valuable part of the work, they might have been comprised in much less compass: many of the sonnets might have been sunk, and almost all his translations of them. Though Petrarch appears to have been far from a genius, singly excepting the harmonious beauty of his words, yet one forgives the partiality of a biographer, though Monsieur de Sade seems so much enchanted with Petrarch as the age was in which he lived, whilst their ignorance of good authors excuses their bigotry to the restorer of taste. You will not, I believe, be so thoroughly convinced as the biographer seems to be, of the authentic discovery of Laura's body, and the sonnet placed on her bosom. When a lady dies of the plague in

¹ Now first collected.—CUNNINGHAM.² The 'Castle of Otranto.'—CUNNINGHAM.

the height of its ravages, it is not very probable that her family thought of interring poetry with her, or indeed of anything but burying her body as quickly as they could; nor is it more likely that a pestilential vault was opened afterwards for that purpose. I have no doubt but that the sonnet was prepared and slipped into the tomb when they were determined to find her corpse. When you read the notes to the second volume, you will grow very impatient for Mons. de St. Palaye's promised history of the Troubadours. Have we any manuscript that could throw light on that subject?

I cannot conclude, Sir, without reminding you of a hope you once gave me of seeing you in town or at Strawberry Hill. I go to Paris the end of May or beginning of June, for a few months, where I should be happy if I could execute any literary commission for you.

971. TO MONSIEUR ELIE DE BEAUMONT.²

SIR:

Strawberry Hill, March 18, 1765.

WHEN I had the honour of seeing you here, I believe I told you that I had written a novel, in which I was flattered to find that I had touched an effusion of the heart in a manner similar to a passage in the charming letters of the Marquis de Roselle.³ I have since that time published my little story, but was so diffident of its merit, that I gave it as a translation from the Italian. Still I should not have ventured to offer it to so great a mistress of the passions as Madame de Beaumont, if the approbation of London, that is, of a country to which she and you, Sir, are so good as to be partial, had not encouraged me to send it to you. After I have talked of the passions, and the natural effusions of the heart, how will you be

¹ Horry Walpole has now postponed his journey till May. He procrastinates as much on this side of the water as March [Queensberry] on the other. To tell you the truth, as I believe he has no great cordiality for his excellency [Hertford], he is not very impatient to see him. How do you think he has employed that leisure which his political frenzy has allowed of. In writing a novel, entitled the 'Castle of Otranto,' and such a novel that no boarding-school miss of thirteen could get through without yawning. It consists of ghosts and enchantments; pictures walk out of their frames, and are good company for half-an-hour together; helmets drop from the moon, and cover half a family. He says it was a dream, and I fancy one when he had some feverish disposition in him.—*Gilly Williams to Selwyn*, March 19th, 1765.—CUNNINGHAM.

² M. Elie de Beaumont was admitted an advocate at the French bar in 1762. He was born in 1732, and died in 1786.—WRIGHT.

³ A French epistolary novel written by Madame Elie de Beaumont. She was born at Caen in 1729, and died in 1783.—WRIGHT.

surprised to find a narrative of the most improbable and absurd adventures! How will you be amazed to hear that a country of whose good sense you have an opinion should have applauded so wild a tale! But you must remember, Sir, that whatever good sense we have, we are not yet in any light chained down to precepts and inviolable laws. All that Aristotle or his superior commentators, your authors, have taught us, has not yet subdued us to regularity: we still prefer the extravagant beauties of Shakspeare and Milton to the cold and well-disciplined merit of Addison, and even to the sober and correct march of Pope. Nay, it was but t'other day that we were transported to hear Churchill rave in numbers less chastised than Dryden's, but still in numbers like Dryden's. You will not, I hope, think I apply these mighty names to my own case with any vanity, when it is only their enormities that I quote, and that in defence, not of myself, but of my countrymen, who have had good-humour enough to approve the visionary scenes and actors in the 'Castle of Otranto.'

To tell you the truth, it was not so much my intention to recall the exploded marvels of ancient romance, as to blend the wonderful of old stories with the natural of modern novels. The world is apt to wear out any plan whatever; and if the Marquis de Roselle had not appeared, I should have been inclined to say, that that species *had* been exhausted. Madame de Beaumont must forgive me if I add, that Richardson¹ had, to me at least, made that kind of writing insupportable. I thought the *nodus* was become *dignus vindice*, and that a god, at least a ghost, was absolutely necessary to frighten us out of too much senses. When I had so wicked a design, no wonder if the execution was answerable. If I make you laugh, for I cannot flatter myself that I shall make you cry, I shall be content; at least I shall be satisfied, till I have the pleasure of seeing you, with putting you in mind of, Sir, your, &c.

P.S. The passage I alluded to in the beginning of my letter is where Matilda owns her passion to Hippolita. I mention it, as I fear so unequal a similitude would not strike Madame de Beaumont.

¹ "High as Richardson's reputation stood in his own country, it was even more exalted in those of France and Germany, whose imaginations are more easily excited, and their passions more easily moved, by tales of fictitious distress, than are the cold-blooded English. Foreigners of distinction have been known to visit Hampstead, and to inquire for the Flask Walk, distinguished as a scene in Clarissa's history, just as travellers visit the rocks of Meillerie to view the localities of Rousseau's tale of passion. Diderot vied with Rousseau in heaping incense upon the shrine of the

972. TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

Arlington Street, March 26, 1765.

THREE weeks are a great while, my dear lord, for me to have been without writing to you; but besides that I have passed many days at Strawberry, to cure my cold (which it has done), there has nothing happened worth sending across the sea. Politics have dozed, and common events been fast asleep. Of Guerchy's affair,¹ you probably know more than I do; it is now forgotten. I told him I had absolute proof of his innocence, for I was sure, that if he had offered money for assassination, the men who swear against him would have taken it.

The King has been very seriously ill, and in great danger. I would not alarm you, as there were hopes when he was at the worst. I doubt he is not free yet from his complaint, as the humour fallen on his breast still oppresses him. They talk of his having a levee next week, but he has not appeared in public, and the bills are passed by commission; but he rides out. The Royal Family have suffered like us mortals; the Duke of Gloucester has had a fever, but I believe his chief complaint is of a youthful kind. Prince Frederick is thought to be in a deep consumption; and for the Duke of Cumberland, next post will probably certify you of his death, as he is relapsed, and there are no hopes of him. He fell into his lethargy again, and when they waked him, he said he did not know whether he could call himself obliged to them.

I dined two days ago at Monsieur de Guerchy's, with the Count de Caraman,² who brought me your letter. He seems a very agreeable man, and you may be sure, for your sake, and Madame de Mirepoix's, no civilities in my power shall be wanting. I have not yet seen Schouvaloff,³ about whom one has more curiosity—it is an

English author. The former compares him to Homer, and predicts for his memory the same honours which are rendered to the father of epic poetry; and the last, besides his well-known burst of eloquent panegyric, records his opinion in a letter to D'Alembert:—"On n'a jamais fait encore, en quelque langue que ce soit, de roman égal à *Clarisse*, ni même approchant."—*Sir Walter Scott: Prose Works*, vol. iii. p. 49.—WRIGHT.

¹ This alludes, it is presumed, to a bill of indictment which was found in the beginning of March, at the sessions at Hicks's Hall, against the Count de Guerchy, for the absurd charge of a conspiracy to murder D'Eon.—CROKER.

² Probably Francois Joseph, Count de Caraman, who married a Princess de Chimay, heiress of the house of Henin, niece of Madame de Mirepoix.—CROKER.

³ He had been *favourite* to the Empress Catherine; and, as Mr. Walpole elsewhere says, "a favourite without an enemy."—CROKER.

opportunity of gratifying that passion which one can so seldom do in personages of his historic nature, especially remote foreigners. I wish M. de Caraman had brought the 'Siege of Calais,'¹ which he tells me is printed, though your account has a little abated my impatience. They tell us the French comedians are to act at Calais this summer—is it possible they can be so absurd, or think us so absurd as to go thither, if we would not go further? I remember, at Rheims, they believed that English ladies went to Calais to drink champagne—is this the suite of that belief? I was mightily pleased with the Duc de Choiseul's answer to the Clairon;² but when I hear of the French admiration of Garrick, it takes off something of my wonder at the prodigious adoration of him at home. I never could conceive the marvellous merit of repeating the works of others in one's own language with propriety, however well delivered. Shakespeare is not more admired for writing his plays, than Garrick for acting them. I think him a very good and very various player—but several have pleased me more, though I allow not in so many parts. Quin in Falstaff, was as excellent as Garrick in Lear. Old Johnson³ far more natural in everything he

¹ A tragedy by M. du Belloy, which, with little other merit than its anti-Anglicism, (which, in all times, has passed in France for patriotism,) "*faisait fureur*" at this time.—CROKER.

² Mademoiselle Clairon was at this moment in such vogue on the French stage, that her admirers struck a medal in honour of her, and wore it as a kind of order. A critic of the name of Fréron, however, did not partake these sentiments, and drew, in his journal, an injurious character of Mademoiselle Clairon. This insult so outraged the tragedy-queen, that she and her admirers moved heaven and earth to have Fréron sent to the Bastille, and, failing in her solicitation to the inferior departments, she at last had recourse to the prime-minister, the Duke of Choiseul, himself. His answer, which Lord Hertford, no doubt, had communicated to Mr. Walpole, was admired for its polite *persiflage* of her theatric Majesty. "I am," said the Duke, "like yourself, Mademoiselle, a public performer, with this difference in your favour, that you choose what parts you please, and are sure to be crowned with the applause of the public (for I reckon as nothing the bad taste of one or two wretched individuals who have the misfortune of not adoring you). I, on the other hand, am obliged to act the parts imposed on me by necessity. I am sure to please nobody; I am satirised, criticised, libelled, hissed,—and yet I continue to do my best. Let us both, then, sacrifice our little resentments and enmities to the public service, and serve our country each in our own station. Besides," he added, "the Queen has condescended to forgive Fréron, and you may, therefore, without *compromising your dignity*, imitate her Majesty's clemency."—*Mémoires de Bachaumont*, t. i. p. 61.—CROKER. Mademoiselle Clairon was born in 1723, and made her first appearance at Paris in 1743, in the character of Phédre. She died at Paris in 1803. Several of her letters to the British Roscius will be found in the Garrick Correspondence.—WRIGHT.

³ Ben Johnson, who died in 1742, aged 77. Johnson, that admirable old comedian, the most natural and of the least gesticulation I ever knew, so famous for playing the *Grave-digger* in 'Hamlet,' *Morose*, *Noll Bluff*, *Bishop Gardiner*, and a few other parts. *Walpole's Anecdotes* (by Dallaway) iii. 103; and iv. 54. The fine full length

attempted. Mrs. Porter and your Dumesnil surpassed him in passionate tragedy; Cibber and O'Brien were what Garrick could never reach, coxcombs, and men of fashion. Mrs. Clive is at least as perfect in low comedy—and yet to me, Ranger was the part that suited Garrick the best of all he ever performed. He was a poor Lothario, a ridiculous Othello, inferior to Quin in Sir John Brute and Macbeth, and to Cibber in Bayes, and a woful Lord Hastings and Lord Townley. Indeed, his Bayes was original, but not the true part: Cibber was the burlesque of a great poet, as the part was designed, but Garrick made it a Garretteer. The town did not like him in Hotspur, and yet I don't know whether he did not succeed in it beyond all the rest. Sir Charles Williams and Lord Holland thought so too, and they were no bad judges. I am impatient to see the Clairon, and certainly will, as I have promised, though I have not fixed my day. But do you know you alarm me! There was a time when I was a match for Madame de Mirepoix at pharaoh, to any hour of the night, and I believe did play with her five nights in a week till three and four in the morning—but till eleven o'clock to-morrow morning—Oh! that is a little too much, even at loo. Besides, I shall not go to Paris for pharaoh—if I play all night, how shall I see everything all day?

Lady Sophia Thomas has received the Baume de vie, for which she gives you a thousand thanks, and I ten thousand.

We are extremely amused with the wonderful histories of your hyena¹ in the Gevaudan; but our fox-hunters despise you: it is exactly the enchanted monster of old romances. If I had known its history a few months ago, I believe it would have appeared in the 'Castle of Otranto,'—the success of which has, at last, brought me to own it, though the wildness of it made me terribly afraid; but it was comfortable to have it please so much, before any mortal suspected the author: indeed, it met with too much honour far, for at first it was universally believed to be Mr. Gray's. As all the first impression is sold, I am hurrying out another, with a new preface, which I will send you.

There is not so much delicacy of wit as in M. de Choiseul's speech to the *Clairon*, but I think the story I am going to tell you in

of him with Griffin, so finely engraved by Van Bleek, is now at the Garrick Club, that hospital for old portraits of celebrated players.—CUNNINGHAM.

¹ A wolf of enormous size, and, in some respects, irregular conformation, which for a long time ravaged the Gevaudan; it was, soon after the date of this letter, killed, and Mr. Walpole saw it in Paris [See note, p. 338].—CROKER.

return, will divert you as much: there was a vast assembly at Marlborough House, and a throng in the doorway. My Lady Talbot said, "Bless me! I think this is like the *Straits* of Thermopylæ!" my Lady Northumberland replied, "I don't know what *Street* that is, but I wish I could get my —— through." I hope you admire the contrast. Adieu! my dear lord!

Yours ever.

973. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 26, 1765.

I DON'T remember the day when I was reduced to complain, in winter and Parliament-tide, of having nothing to say. Yet it is this kind of nothing that has occasioned my long silence. There has not been an event, from a debate to a wedding, capable of making a paragraph. Such calms often forerun storms: the worst fits of the gout befall those who are not subject to little fevers.

Our eyes have been lately turned to very serious danger; the King has been extremely ill, with a fever, violent cough, and a humour fallen on his breast. He was blooded four times, recovered enough to take the air, but caught new cold, and was cupped last Friday. However, he has been out in his chaise every day since, and we trust the danger is over; though I doubt he is not quite well. You will shudder at the idea of such a long minority at such a time, and not wonder if all parties were equally alarmed. The Duke of Cumberland's state is less precarious, his fate more certain, and verging fast to a conclusion; yet he has ordered his equipages for Newmarket, and persists in going thither if he is alive; he seems indifferent both where he dies, and when.

This is absolutely the whole of my public gazette. Nor have I anything private to tell you.

We have got the renowned Schoualoff¹ here; he does not answer my expectation, whatever he did the late Czarina's—that is, he is large, and not handsome. We expect Lord Buckingham every hour, who has been at the Hague some time, where he hovers on the wings of a husband, not of a lover. Perhaps you wonder more at my being still here: I have now fixed the first of June for my journey to Paris, for having advanced so far towards the spring,

¹ Count Schoualoff, favourite and supposed husband of the Czarina Elizabeth. He was a most worthy man, and though he enjoyed absolute power for twelve years, he did not do an injury or make an enemy.—WALPOLE.

I cannot resign Lilac-tide and the month of May at Strawberry Hill. I do not propose passing Paris, nor shall break a spear against the Wild Beast¹ in the Gevaudan, which the French seem as much afraid of as if the soul of Mr. Pitt had transmigrated into a hyena. The peasants believe it to be a sorcerer, and one of them swears that it said to him as it leaped a river, "*N'est-ce pas assez bien sauter pour un homme de quatre-vingt ans ?*"—Pray set this against our ghost in Cock Lane; then cast up the two accounts, and tell me how much this age is enlightened! How little Sir Isaac Newton thought that in little more than thirty years he should be less talked of than a second dragon of Wantley!

What part does Wilkes take at Rome? Does he condescend, like Lord Bolingbroke, to be first minister to the Pretender? or does he give the Pope the lie, and tell him that the Jesuits deserved to be annihilated? or will he, like Bonneval and Riperda, turn Mussulman at last? Lord Temple is a *caput mortuum* since Churchill died and Wilkes was banished. But this state of inaction cannot last; England must sail into another latitude, before it ceases to produce extraordinary head-pieces. I could comment at large on this text, but I may as well dismiss you, as write revelations instead of a letter. Good night!

974. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, April 5, 1765.

I SENT you two letters t'other day from your kin, and might as well have written then as now, for I have nothing to tell you. Mr. Chute has quitted his bed to-day the first time for above five weeks, but is still swathed like a mummy. He was near relapsing; for old Mildmay, whose lungs, and memory, and tongue, will never wear out, talked to him t'other night from eight till half an hour after ten, on the Poor-bill; but he has been more comfortable with Lord Daere and me this evening.

I have read the 'Siege of Calais,' and dislike it extremely, though there are fine lines, but the conduct is woful. The outrageous applause it has received at Paris was certainly political,

¹ Prodigious was the noise made about that beast, which was believed to be really some famished or mad wolves. At last, in the following summer, a very large one was killed by a peasant and carried to Versailles, where I saw it in the Queen's ante-chamber, and the peasant who killed it, as if it had been a public enemy!—
WALPOLE.

and intended to stir up their spirit and animosity against us, their good, merciful, and forgiving allies. They will have no occasion for this ardour; they may smite one cheek, and we shall turn t'other.

Though I have little to say, it is worth while to write, only to tell you two bon-mots of Quin, to that turn-coat hypocrite infidel, Bishop Warburton. That saucy priest was haranguing at Bath in behalf of prerogative: Quin said, "Pray, my lord, spare me, you are not acquainted with my principles, I am a republican; and perhaps I even think that the execution of Charles the First might be justified."—"Ay!" said Warburton, "by what law?" Quin replied, "By all the laws he had left them." The Bishop¹ would have got off upon judgments, and bade the player remember, that all the regicides came to violent ends; a lie, but no matter. "I would not advise your lordship," said Quin, "to make use of that inference; for, if I am not mistaken, that was the case of the twelve apostles." There was great wit *ad hominem* in the latter reply, but I think the former equal to anything I ever heard. It is the sum of the whole controversy couched in eight monosyllables, and comprehends at once the King's guilt and the justice of punishing it. The more one examines it, the finer it proves. One can say nothing after it: so good night!

Yours ever.

975. TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

Strawberry Hill, Easter Sunday, April 7, 1765.

Your first wish will be to know how the King does: he came to Richmond last Monday for a week; but appeared suddenly and unexpected at his levée at St. James's last Wednesday; this was managed to prevent a crowd. Next day he was at the drawing-room, and at chapel on Good Friday. They say, he looks pale;²

¹ Gray, in a letter of the 29th, relates the following anecdote:—"Now I am talking of bishops, I must tell you that, not long ago, Bishop Warburton, in a sermon at court, asserted that all preferments were bestowed on the most illiterate and worthless objects; and, in speaking, turned himself about and stared at the Bishop of London; he added, that if any one arose distinguished for merit and learning, there was a combination of dunces to keep him down. I need not tell you that he expected the bishoprick of London himself when Terriick got it; so ends my ecclesiastical history."—*Works, by Mitford*, vol. iv. p. 49.—WRIGHT.

² "In April 1765," says the Quarterly Review, for June 1840, "his Majesty had a serious illness; its particular character was then unknown, but we have the *best authority* for believing that it was of the nature of those which thrice after afflicted his Majesty, and finally incapacitated him for the duties of government."—WRIGHT.

but it is the fashion to call him very well :—I wish it may be true. The Duke of Cumberland is actually set out for Newmarket to-day : he too is called much better ; but it is often as true of the health of princes as of their prisons, that there is little distance between each and their graves.¹ There has been a fire at Gunnersbury, which burned four rooms : her servants announced it to Princess Amalie with that wise precaution of “Madam, don’t be frightened !—” accordingly, she was terrified. When they told her the truth, she said, “I am very glad ; I had concluded my brother was dead.”—So much for royalties !

Lord March and George Selwyn are arrived, after being wind-bound for nine days, at Calais. George is so charmed with my Lady Hertford, that I believe it was she detained him at Paris, not Lord March. I am full as much transported with Schouvaloff ; I never saw so amiable a man ! so much good breeding, humility, and modesty, with sense and dignity ! an air of melancholy, without anything abject. Monsieur de Caraman is agreeable too, informed and intelligent ; he supped at your brother’s t’other night, after being at Mrs. Anne Pitt’s. As the first curiosity of foreigners is to see Mr. Pitt, and as that curiosity is one of the most difficult points in the world to satisfy, he asked me if Mr. Pitt was like his sister ? I told him, “Qu’ils se ressembloient comme deux gouttes de feu.”

The Parliament is adjourned till after the holidays, and the trial [of Lord Byron]. There have been two very long days in our own House, on a complaint from Newfoundland merchants on French encroachments. The ministry made a woful piece of work of it the first day, and we the second. Your brother, Sir George Savile, and Barré shone ; but on the second night, they popped a sudden division upon us about nothing ; some went out, and some stayed in ; they were 161, we but 44, and then they flung pillows upon the question, and stifled it,—and *so* the French have *not* encroached.

There has been more serious work in the Lords, upon much less important matter ; a bill for regulating the poor,—(don’t ask me how, for you know I am a perfect goose about details of business,) formed by one Gilbert,² a member, and steward to the Duke of

¹ The French express this thought very dramatically ; “ Monseigneur est malade—Monseigneur est mieux—Monseigneur est mort ! ”—CROKER.

² Thomas Gilbert, Esq., at this time member for Newcastle-under-Line, and comptroller of the King’s wardrobe.—CROKER.

of Bridgewater, or Lord Gower, or both,—had passed pacifically through the Commons, but Lord Egmont set fire to it in the Lords. On the second reading he opposed it again, and made a most admired speech; however it passed on. But again, last Tuesday, when it was to be in the committee, such forces were mustered against the bill, that behold all the world regarded it as a pitched battle between Lord Bute and Lord Holland on one side, and the Bedfords and Grenville on the other. You may guess if it grew a day of expectation. When it arrived, Lord Bute was not present, Lord Northumberland voted *for* the bill, and Lord Holland went away. Still politicians do not give up the mystery. Lord Denbigh and Lord Pomfret, especially the latter, were the most personal against his Grace of Bedford. He and his friends, they say (for I was not there, as you will find presently), kept their temper well. At ten at night the House divided, and, to be sure, the minority was dignified; it consisted of the Dukes of York and Gloucester, the Chancellor, Chief Justice, Lord President, Privy Seal, Lord Chamberlain, Chamberlain to the Queen, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and a Secretary of State. Lord Halifax, the other Secretary, was ill. The numbers were 44 to 58. Lord Pomfret then moved to put off the bill for four months; but the cabinet rallied, and rejected the motion by a majority of one. So it is to come on again after the holidays. The Duke of Newcastle, Lord Temple, and the Opposition, had once more the pleasure, which, I believe, they don't dislike, of being in a majority.

Now, for my disaster; you will laugh at it, though it was woful to me. I was to dine at Northumberland-house, and went a little after hour: there I found the Countess, Lady Betty Mackenzie, Lady Strafford; my Lady Finlater,¹ who was never out of Scotland before; a tall lad of fifteen, her son; Lord Drogheda, and Mr. Worseley.² At five,³ arrived Mr. Mitchell,⁴ who said the Lords had begun to read the Poor-bill, which would take at least two hours, and perhaps would debate it afterwards. We concluded dinner would be called for, it not being very precedented for ladies to wait

¹ Lady Mary Murray, daughter of John, first Duke of Athol, and wife of James, sixth Earl of Finlater; her son, afterwards seventh Earl, was born in 1750.—CROKER.

² Probably Thomas Worseley, Esq., member for Oxford, and surveyor-general of the board of works.—CROKER.

³ This was probably the hour of extreme fashion at this time.—CROKER.

⁴ Afterwards Sir Andrew Mitchell, K.B. He was at this time our minister at Berlin, and also member for the burghs of Elgin, &c.—WRIGHT.

for gentlemen:—no such thing. Six o'clock came,—seven o'clock came,—our coaches came,—well! we sent them away, and excuses were we were engaged. Still the Countess's heart did not relent, nor uttered a syllable of apology. We wore out the wind and the weather, the Opera and the Play, Mrs. Cornelys's and Almack's, and every topic that would do in a formal circle. We hinted, represented—in vain. The clock struck eight: my Lady, at last, said, she would go and order dinner; but it was a good half-hour before it appeared. We then sat down to a table for fourteen covers: but instead of substantials, there was nothing but a profusion of plates striped red, green, and yellow, gilt plate, blacks and uniforms! My Lady Finlater, who had never seen these embroidered dinners, nor dined after three, was famished. The first course stayed as long as possible, in hopes of the Lords: so did the second. The dessert at last arrived, and the middle dish was actually set on when Lord Finlater and Mr. Mackay¹ arrived!—would you believe it?—the dessert was remanded, and the whole first course brought back again!—Stay, I have not done:—just as this second first course had done its duty, Lord Northumberland, Lord Strafford, and Mackenzie came in, and the whole began a third time! Then the second course and the dessert! I thought we should have dropped*from our chairs with fatigue and fumes! When the clock struck eleven, we were asked to return to the drawing-room, and drink tea and coffee, but I said I was engaged to supper, and came home to bed. My dear lord, think of four hours and a half in a circle of mixed company, and three great dinners, one after another, without interruption;—no, it exceeded our day at Lord Archer's! Mrs. Armiger,² and Mrs. Southwell,³ Lady Gower's⁴ niece, are dead, and old Dr. Young, the poet. Good night!

¹ Probably J. Ross Mackie, member for Kirkcudbright, treasurer of the ordnance.—CROKER.

² The lady of Major-General Robert Armiger, who had been aide-de-camp to George II.—CROKER.

³ Catherine, heiress of Edward Watson, Viscount Sondes, and wife of Edward Southwell, Esq., member for Gloucestershire.—CROKER.

⁴ Mary, another daughter and coheiress of the sixth Earl Thanet, widow of Anthony Grey, Earl of Harold, and third wife of John, first Earl Gower.—CROKER.

976. TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

SIR :

Arlington Street, April 17, 1765.

THE unexpected and obliging favour of your letter 'I own gave me great satisfaction ; I published the 'Castle of Otranto' with the utmost diffidence and doubt of its success. Yet though it has been received much more favourably than I could flatter myself it would be, I must say your approbation is of another sort than general opinion. The first run for or against a new work is what, I am sorry to say, ought not much to flatter or discourage an author. Accordingly, self-love hitherto had not blinded me: I will not answer now but it may get a little hold on me. Your praise is so likely to make me vain, that I oblige myself to recollect all the circumstances that can abate it, such as, the fear I had of producing it at all (for it is not every body that may in this country play the fool with impunity);—the hurry in which it was composed, and its being begun without any plan at all; for though in the short course of its progress, I did conceive some views, it was so far from being sketched out with any design at all, that it was actually commenced one evening, from the very imperfect recollection of a dream with which I had waked in the morning. It was begun and finished in less than two months, and then I showed it to Mr. Gray,

¹ TO THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE.

SIR :

Aston, April 14, 1765.

THOUGH I neglected returning you my thanks for the present you made me of Lord Herbert's Life, and of which, as you favoured me with a view of the proof sheets, I before gave you my sentiments; yet I will not omit thanking you for a more extraordinary thing in its kind, which though it comes not from your press, yet I have episcopal evidence is written by your hand. And indeed less than such evidence would scarce have contented me, for when a friend of mine to whom I had recommended the 'Castle of Otranto' returned it me with some doubts of its originality: I laught him to scorn, "and wondered he could be so absurd as to think that anybody now-a-days had imagination enough to invent such a story." He replied that his suspicion arose merely from some parts of familiar dialogue in it, which he thought of too modern a cast. Still sure of my point, I affirmed this objection, if there was anything in it, was merely owing to its not being translated a century ago. All this I make it a point of conscience to tell you, for though it proves me your dupe, I should be glad to-be so duped again every year of my life.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

W. MASON.

—CUNNINGHAM.

who encouraged me to print it. This is the true history of it; and I cannot but be happy, Sir, that he and you have been pleased with it, yet it is as true, if you will give me leave to say so, that I think your friend judged rightly in pronouncing part of the dialogue too modern. I had the same idea of it, and I could, but such a trifle does not deserve it, point out other defects, besides some to which most probably I am not insensible. You must forgive me, if your commendation has already drawn me in to talk too much of a thing of my own; but I am vain of its pleasing *you*, Sir, and what would have fully comforted me if I had miscarried with most readers, is not likely to make me think worse of their judgment when confirmed by your taste.

I am, Sir, &c.

PS. It is not my interest to recommend it, but in justice to what I owe to your amusement, I must advise you to read the *Lettres du Marquis de Roselle*, if you have not yet seen them. They are written by the wife of Monsieur Beaumont, who has got so much credit by defending the family of Calas. I do not recommend the boasted "*Siege of Calais*" to you, though it contains some good lines, but the conduct is woful.

977. TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

Arlington Street, April 18, 1765.

LADY HOLLAND carries this, which enables me to write a little more explicitly than I have been able to do lately. The King has been in the utmost danger; the humour in his face having fallen upon his breast. He now appears constantly; yet, I fear, his life is very precarious, and that there is even apprehension of a consumption. After many difficulties from different quarters, a Regency-bill is determined; the King named it first to the ministers, who said, they intended to mention it to him as soon as he was well: yet they are not thought to be fond of it. The King is to come to the House on Tuesday, and recommend the provision to the Parliament.¹ Yet,

¹ In a letter to his son, of the 22nd of April, Lord Chesterfield says: "*À propos* of a minority; the King is to come to the House to-morrow, to recommend a bill to settle a regency, in case of his demise while his successor is a minor. Upon his late illness, which was no trifling one, the whole nation cried out aloud for such a bill, for

if what is whispered proves true, that the nomination of the Regent is to be reserved to the King's will, it is likely to cause great uneasiness. If the ministers propose such a clause, it is strong evidence of their own instability, and, I should think, would not save them, at least, some of them. The world expects changes soon, though not a thorough alteration; yet, if any takes place shortly, I should think it would be a material one than not. The enmity between Lord Bute and Mr. Grenville is not denied on either side. There is a notion, and I am inclined to think not ill founded, that the former and Mr. Pitt are treating. It is certain that the last has expressed wishes that the opposition may lie still for the remainder of the session. This, at least, puts an end to the question on your brother,¹ of which I am glad, for the present. The common town-talk is, that Lord Northumberland does not care to return to Ireland,—that you are to succeed him there, Lord Rochford you, and that Sandwich is to go to Spain. My belief is, that there will be no change, except, perhaps, a single one for Lord Northumberland, unless there are capital removals indeed.

The Chancellor, Grenville, the Bedfords, and the two Secretaries, are one body; at least, they pass for such: yet it is very lately, if one of them has dropped his prudent management with Lord Bute. There seems an unwillingness to discard the Bedfords, though their graces themselves keep little terms of civility to Lord Bute, none to the Princess (Dowager). Lord Gower is a better courtier, and Rigby would do anything to save his place.

This is the present state, which every day may alter: even to-morrow is a day of expectation, as the last struggle of the Poor-bill. If the Bedfords carry it, either by force or sufferance, (though Lord Bute has constantly denied being the author of the opposition to it,) I shall less expect any great change soon. In those less important, I shall not wonder to find the Duke of Richmond come upon the scene, perhaps for Ireland, though he is not talked of.

Your brother is out of town, not troubling himself, though the time seems so critical. I am not so philosophic; as I almost wish for anything that may put an end to my being concerned in the

reasons which will readily occur to you, who know situations, persons, and characters here. I do not know the provisions of this intended bill; but I wish it may be copied exactly from that which was passed in the late King's reign, when the present King was a minor. I am sure there cannot be a better."—WRIGHT.

¹ As to his dismissal.—CROKER.

mêlée—for any end to a most gloomy prospect for the country: alas! I see it not.

Lord Byron's trial lasted two days, and he was acquitted totally by four Lords, Beaulieu, Falmouth, Despenser, and Orford, and found guilty of manslaughter by one hundred and twenty. The Dukes of York and Gloucester were present in their places. The prisoner behaved with great decorum, and seemed thoroughly shocked and mortified. Indeed, the bitterness of the world against him has been great, and the stories they have revived or invented to load him, very grievous. The Chancellor behaved with his usual, or, rather greater vulgarness and blunders. Lord Pomfret kept away decently, from the similitude of his own story.¹

I have been to wait on Messrs. Choiseul² and De Lauragais,³ as you desired, but have not seen them yet. The former is lodged with my Lord Pembroke, and the Guerehys are in terrible apprehensions of his exhibiting some scene.

The Duke of Cumberland bore the journey to Newmarket extremely well, but has been lethargic since; yet they have found out that Daffy's Elixir agrees with, and does him good. Prince Frederick is very bad. There is no private news at all. As I shall not deliver this till the day after to-morrow, I shall be able to give you an account of the fate of the Poor-bill.

The medals that came for me from Geneva, I forgot to mention to you, and to beg you to be troubled with them till I see you. I had desired Lord Stanhope to send them; and will beg you too, if any bill is sent, to pay it for me, and I will repay it you. I say nothing of my journey, which the unsettled state of affairs makes it impossible for me to fix. I long for every reason upon earth to be with you.

¹ See vol. ii. p. 280.—CUNNINGHAM.

² The son, it is supposed, of the Duc de Praslin.—CROKER.

³ Louis Léon de Brancas, the eldest son of the Duc de Villars Brancas: he was, during his father's life, known as the Comte, and afterwards Duc, de Lauragais, and was a very singular and eccentric person. He was a great *Anglomane*, and was the first introducer into France of horse-races *à l'Anglaise*; it was to him that Louis XV.—not pleased at his insolent *Anglomanie*—made so excellent a retort. The King had asked him, after one of his journeys, what he had learned in England? Lauragais answered, with a kind of republican dignity, "*À panser*" (*penser*).—"Les chevaux?" inquired the King. He died in 1823, at the age of ninety-one—his youthful name and follies forgotten in the respectable old age of the Duc de Brancas.—CROKER.

April 20th, Saturday.

The Poor-bill is put off till Monday; is then to be amended, and then dropped: a confession of weakness, in a set of people not famous for being moderate! I was assured, last night, that Ireland had been twice offered to you, and that it hung on their insisting upon giving you a secretary, either Wood or Bunbury. I replied very truly that I knew nothing of it, that you had never mentioned it to me, and I believed not even to your brother. The answer was, Oh! his particular friends are always the last that know anything about him. Princess Amalie loves this topic, and is for ever teasing us about your mystery. I defend myself by pleading that I have desired you never to tell me anything till it was in the Gazette.

They say there is to be a new alliance in the house of Montagu; that Lord Hinchinbrook¹ is to marry the sole remaining daughter of Lord Halifax; that her fortune is to be divided into three shares, of which each father is to take one, and the third is to be the provision for the victims. I don't think this the most unlikely part of the story. Adieu! my dear lord.

978. TO SIR DAVID DALRYMPLE.

SIR:

Strawberry Hill, April 21, 1765.

EXCEPT the mass of Conway papers, on which I have not yet had time to enter seriously, I am sorry I have nothing at present that would answer your purpose. Lately, indeed, I have had little leisure to attend to literary pursuits. I have been much out of order with a violent cold and cough for great part of the winter; and the distractions of this country, which reach even those who mean the least to profit by their country, have not left even me, who hate politics, without some share in them. Yet as what one does not love, cannot engross one entirely, I have amused myself a little with writing. Our friend Lord Finlater will perhaps show you the fruit of that trifling, though I had not the confidence to trouble you with such a strange thing as a miraculous story, of which I fear the greatest merit is the novelty.

I have lately perused with much pleasure a collection of old

¹ Afterwards fifth Earl of Sandwich. [died 1814]. The match with Lady Eliza Savile took place on the 1st of March, 1766.—CROKER.

Ballads [Percy's], to which I see, Sir, you have contributed with your usual benevolence. Continue this kindness to the public, and smile as I do, when the pains you take for them are misunderstood or perverted. Authors must content themselves with hoping that two or three intelligent persons in an age will understand the merit of their writings, and those authors are bound in good breeding to suppose that the public in general is enlightened. They who are in the secret know how few of that public they have any reason to wish should read their works. I beg pardon of my masters the public, and am confident, Sir, you will not betray me; but let me beg you not to defraud the few that deserve your information, in compliment to those who are not capable of receiving it. Do as I do about my small house here. Everybody that comes to see it or me, are so good as to wonder that I don't make this or that alteration. I never haggle with them; but always say I intend it. They are satisfied with the attention and themselves, and I remain with the enjoyment of my house as I like it. Adieu! dear Sir.

979. TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

Arlington Street, May 5, 1765.

THE plot thickens; at least, it does not clear up. I don't know how to tell you in the compass of a letter, what is matter for a history, and it is the more difficult, as we are but just in the middle.

During the recess, the King acquainted the Ministry that he would have a Bill of Regency, and told them the particulars of his intention. The town gives Lord Holland the honour of the measure;¹ certain it is, the Ministry, who are not the court, did not taste some of the items: such as the Regent to be in petto, the Princes² to be omitted, and four secret nominations to which the Princes *might* be applied. However, thinking it was better to lose their share of future power than their present places, the ministers gave a gulp and swallowed the whole potion; still it lay so heavy at their stomachs, that they brought up part of it again, and obtained the Queen's name to be placed as one that might be Regent. Mankind laughed, and proclaimed their Wisdoms bit. Upon this,

¹ It was certainly the result of his Majesty's own good sense, directed to the subject by his late serious indisposition; but the details, and the mismanagement of these details, were, no doubt, the acts of the ministers.—CROKER.

² The King's uncle and brothers.—WRIGHT.

their Wisdoms beat up for opponents, and set fire to the old stubble of the Princess and Lord Bute. Everybody took the alarm; and such uneasiness was raised, that after the King had notified the bill to both Houses, a new message was sent, and instead of four secret nominations, the five Princes were named, with power to the crown of supplying their places if they died off.

Last Tuesday the bill was read a second time in the Lords. Lord Lyttelton opposed an unknown Regent, Lord Temple the whole bill, seconded by Lord Shelburne. The first division came on the commitment of the whole bill. The Duke of Newcastle and almost all the Opposition were with the majority, for his grace could not decently oppose so great a likeness of his own child, the former bill, and so they were one hundred and twenty. Lord Temple, Lord Shelburne, the Duke of Grafton, and six more, composed the minority; the slenderness of which so enraged Lord Temple, though he had declared himself of no party, and connected with no party, that he and the Duke of Bolton came no more to the House. Next day Lord Lyttelton moved an address to the King, to name the person he would recommend for Regent. In the midst of this debate, the Duke of Richmond started two questions; whether the Queen was naturalised, and if not, whether capable of being Regent: and he added a third much more puzzling; who are the Royal Family? Lord Denbigh answered flippantly, all who are prayed for: the Duke of Bedford, more significantly, those *only* who are in the order of succession—a *direct exclusion of the Princess*; for the Queen is named in the bill. The Duke of Richmond moved to consult the judges; Lord Mansfield fought this off, declared he had his opinion, but would not tell it—and stayed away next day! They then proceeded on Lord Lyttelton's motion, which was rejected by eighty-nine to thirty-one; after which, the Duke of Newcastle came no more; and Grafton, Rockingham, and many others, went to Newmarket; for that rage is so strong, that I cease to wonder at the gentleman who was going out to hunt as the battle of Edgehill began.

The third day was a scene of folly and confusion, for when Lord Mansfield is absent,

Lost is the nation's sense, nor can be found.

The Duke of Richmond moved an amendment, that the persons capable of the Regency should be the Queen, the Princess Dowager, and all the descendants of the late King usually resident in England.

Lord Halifax endeavoured to jockey this, by a previous amendment of *now* for *usually*. The Duke persisted with great firmness and cleverness; Lord Halifax, with as much peevishness and absurdity; in truth, he made a woful figure. The Duke of Bedford supported t'other Duke against the Secretary, but would not yield to name the Princess, though the Chancellor declared her of the Royal Family. This droll personage is exactly what Woodward would be, if there was such a farce as Trappolin Chancellor. You will want a key to all this, but who has a key to chaos? After puzzling on for two hours how to adjust these motions, while the spectators stood laughing around, Lord Folkestone rose, and said, why not say *now and usually*? They adopted this amendment at once, and then rejected the Duke of Richmond's motion, but ordered the judges to attend next day on the question of naturalisation.

Now comes the marvellous transaction, and I defy Mr. Hume, all historian as he is, to parallel it. The judges had decided for the Queen's capability, when Lord Halifax rose, by the King's permission, desired to have the bill recommitted, and then moved the Duke of Richmond's own words, with the single omission of the Princess Dowager's name, and thus she alone is rendered incapable of the Regency—and stigmatised by Act of Parliament! The astonishment of the world is not to be described. Lord Bute's friends are thunderstruck. The Duke of Bedford almost danced about the House for joy. Comments there are, various; and some palliate it, by saying it was done at the Princess's desire; but the most inquisitive say, the King was taken by surprise, that Lord Halifax proposed the amendment to him, and hurried with it to the House of Lords, before it could be recalled; and they even surmise that he did not observe to the King the omission of his mother's name. Be that as it may, open war seems to be declared between the court and the administration, and men are gazing to see which side will be victorious.

To-morrow the bill comes to us, and Mr. Pitt, too, violent against the whole bill, unless this wonderful event has altered his tone. For my part I shall not be surprised, if he affects to be in astonishment at missing "a great and most respectable name!"¹ This is the sum total—but what a sum total! It is the worst of 'North Britons' published by act of parliament!

I took the liberty, in my last, of telling you what I heard about

¹ This was Mr. Pitt's expression on not finding Lord Anson's name in the list of

your going to Ireland. It was from one you know very well, and one I thought well informed, or I should not have mentioned it. Positive as the information was, I find nothing to confirm it. On the contrary, Lord Harcourt seems the most probable, if anything is probable at this strange juncture. You will scarce believe me when I tell you, what I know is true, that the Bedfords pressed strongly for Lord Weymouth—Yes, for Lord Weymouth. Is anything extraordinary in them?

Will it be presuming too much upon your friendship and indulgence, if I hint another point to you, which, I own, seems to me right to mention to you? You know how eagerly the Ministry have laboured to deprive Mr. Thomas Walpole of the French commerce of tobacco. His correspondent sends him word, that you was so persuaded it was taken away, that you had recommended another person. You know enough, my dear lord, of the little connection I have with that part of my family, though we do visit again; and therefore will, I hope, be convinced, that it is for your sake that I principally mention it. If Mr. Walpole loses this vast branch of trade, he and Sir Joshua Vanneck must shut up shop. Judge the noise that would make in the city! Mr. Walpole's¹ alliance with the Cavendishes (for I will say nothing of our family) would interest them deeply in his cause, and I think you would be sorry to have them think you instrumental to his ruin. Your brother knows of my writing to you and giving you this information, and we are both solicitous that your name should not appear in this transaction. This letter goes to you by a private hand, or I would not have spoken so plainly throughout. Whenever you please to recal your positive order, that I should always tell you whatever I hear that relates to you, I shall willingly forbear, for I am sensible this is not the most agreeable province of friendship; yet, as it is certainly due when demanded, I don't consider myself, but sacrifice the more agreeable task of pleasing you, to that of serving you, that I may show myself

Yours most sincerely, H. W.

the Ministry formed in 1757. Mr. Walpole disliked Lord Anson, and on more than one occasion amuses himself with allusions to this phrase.—CROKER.

¹ Mr. Thomas Walpole's elder brother (second Lord Walpole, and first Lord Orford of his branch) married the youngest daughter of the third Duke of Devonshire.—CROKER.

980. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, May 11, 1765.

MR. STANLEY, one of the Lords of the Admiralty, has done me the honour of desiring a letter of recommendation to you, as he is going to pass the summer in Italy. His character and abilities must be too well known to you to make my interest in your friendship necessary, even if he should wish for greater share in your acquaintance than your constant attention and good nature direct you to offer to your countrymen in general: yet it is so flattering to me to seem to contribute to your connection, that when I beg you to exceed your common civilities on his account, I am determined to please myself with thinking that you do it on mine.

981. TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

Arlington Street, Sunday, May 12, 1765.

THE clouds and mists that I raised by my last letter will not be dispersed by this; nor will the Bill of Regency, as long as it has a day's breath left (and it has but one to come), cease, I suppose, to produce extraordinary events. For agreeable events, it has not produced one to any set or side, except in gratifying malice; every other passion has received, or probably will receive, a box on the ear.

In my last I left the Princess Dowager in the mire. The next incident was of a negative kind. Mr. Pitt, who, if he had been wise, would have come to help her out, chose to wait to see if she was to be left there, and gave himself a terrible fit of the gout. As nobody was ready to *read his part to the audience* (though, I assure you, we do not want a genius or two who think themselves born to dictate), the first day in our House did not last two minutes. The next, which was Tuesday, we rallied our understandings (mine, indeed, did not go beyond being quiet, when the administration had done for us what we could not do for ourselves), and combated the bill till nine at night. Barré, who will very soon be our first orator, especially as some¹ are a little *afraid* to dispute with him, attacked it admirably, and your brother ridiculed the House of

¹ It seems, from the next letter, that this alludes to Charles Townshend.—CROKER.

Lords delightfully, who, he said, *had deliberated without concluding, and concluded without deliberating*. However, we broke up without a division.

Can you devise what happened next? A buzz spread itself, that the Tories would move to reinstate the Princess. You will perhaps be so absurd as to think with me, that when the administration had excluded her, it was our business to pay her a compliment. Alas! that was my opinion, but I was soon given to understand, that Patriots must be men of virtue, must be Pharisees, and not countenance naughty women: and that when the Duchess of Bedford had thrown the first stone, we had nothing to do but continue pelting. Unluckily I was not convinced; I could neither see the morality nor prudence of branding the King's mother upon no other authority than public fame: yet, willing to get something when I could not get all, I endeavoured to obtain that we should stay away. Even this was warmly contested with me, and, though I persuaded several, particularly the two oldest Cavendishes,¹ the Townshends,² and your nephew Fitzroy,³ whom I trust you will thank me for saving, I could not convince Lord John [Cavendish], who, I am sorry to say, is the most obstinate, conceited young man I ever saw; George Onslow, and that old simpleton the Duke of Newcastle, who had the impudence to talk to me of *character*, and that we should be ruined with the public, if we did not divide against the Princess. You will be impatient, and wonder I do not name your brother. You know how much he respects virtue and honour, even in their names; Lord John, who, I really believe, respects them too, has got cunning enough to see their empire over your brother, and had fascinated him to agree to this outrageous, provoking, and most unjustifiable of all acts. Still Mr. Conway was so good as to yield to my earnest and vehement entreaties, and it was at last agreed to propose the name of the Queen; and when we did not carry it, as we did not expect to do, to retire before the question came on the Princess. But even this measure was not strictly observed. We divided 67 for the nomination of the Queen, against 157. Then Morton⁴ moved to reinstate

¹ Lord George and Lord Frederick.—CROKER.

² Probably Messrs. Thomas Townshend, senior and junior, and Charles Townshend, a cousin of the great Charles Townshend's, who sat with Sir Edward Walpole for North Yarmouth.—CROKER.

³ Colonel Charles Fitzroy, afterwards Lord Southampton.—WRIGHT.

⁴ John Morton, Esq., member for Abingdon, and chief-justice of Chester.—CROKER.

the Princess. Martin, her treasurer, made a most indiscreet and offensive speech in her behalf; said she had been stigmatised by the House of Lords, and had lived long enough in this country to know the hearts and falsehood of those who had professed the most to her. Grenville vows publicly he will never forgive this, and was not more discreet, declaring, though he agreed to the restoration of her name, that he thought the omission would have been universally *acceptable*. George Onslow and all the Cavendishes, gained over by Lord John, and the most attached of the Newcastle band, opposed the motion; but your brother, Sir William Meredith, and I, and others, came away, which reduced the numbers so much, that there was no division.¹ But now to unfold all this black scene;² it comes out as I had guessed, and very plainly told them, that the Bedfords had stirred up our fools to do what they did not dare to do themselves. Old Newcastle had even told me, that unless we opposed the Princess, the Duke of Bedford would not. It was sedulously given out, that Forrester,³ the latter Duke's lawyer, would speak against her; and after the question had passed, he told our people, that we had given up the game when it was in our hands, for there had been many more noes than ayes. It was very true, many did not wish well enough to the Princess to roar for her; and many will say *no* when the question is put, who will vote *ay* if it comes to a division, and of this I do not doubt but the Bedfords

¹ The following is Lord Temple's account of this debate, in a letter of the 10th, to his sister, Lady Chatham.—"Inability and meanness are the characteristics of this whole proceeding. I shall pass over the very uninteresting parts of this matter, and relate only the phenomenon of Morton's motion yesterday, seconded by Kynaston, without a speech, and thirded by the illustrious Sam Martin. The speech of the first was dull, and of the latter, very injudicious; saying that the House of Lords had passed a stigma on the Princess of Wales; disclaiming all knowledge of her wishes, but concluding with a strong affirmative. George Onslow opposed the motion, with very bad reasons; Lord Palmerston, with much better. George Grenville seemed to convey, that the alteration made in the Lords was not without the King's knowledge; but that, to be sure, in his opinion, such a testimony of zeal and affection which now manifested itself in the House of Commons in favour of his royal mother, could not but prove agreeable to his Majesty, and that therefore he should concur in it. The Cocoa-tree have thus capacitated her Royal Highness to be regent: it is well they have not given us a king, if they have not; for many think Lord Bute is king. No division: many noes." *Chatham Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 309.—WRIGHT.

² It was, indeed, a black and scandalous intrigue, by which the character of the Sovereign's mother, and the peace and comfort of the Royal Family, were thus made the counters with which contending factions played their game; and if we may believe Mr. Walpole himself, the motives which actuated those who attacked, and those who seemed to defend the Princess Dowager, were equally selfish and unworthy.—CROKER.

³ Probably Brooke Forrester, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, member for Great Wenlock, a barrister-at-law.—CROKER. Compare *Bedford Correspondence*, vol. iii. p. 54.—CUNNINGHAM.

had taken care—well! duped by these gross arts, the Cavendishes and Pelhams determined to divide the next day on the report. I did not learn this mad resolution till four o'clock, when it was too late, and your brother in the House, and the report actually made; so I turned back and came away, learning afterwards, to my great mortification, that he had voted with them. If anything could comfort me, it would be, that even so early as last night, and only this happened on Friday night, it was generally allowed how much I had been in the right, and foretold exactly all that had happened. They had vaunted to me how strong they should be. I had replied, "When you were but 76 on the most inoffensive question, do you think you will be half that number on the most personal and indecent that can be devised?" Accordingly, they were but 37 to 167; and to show how much the Bedfords were at the bottom of all, Rigby, Forrester, and Lord Charles Spencer, went up into the Speaker's chamber, and would not vote for the Princess! At first I was not quite so well treated. Sir William Meredith, who, by the way, voted in the second question against his opinion, told me Onslow had said that he, Sir William, your brother, and Lord Townshend, had stayed away from conscience, but all the others from interest. I replied, "Then I am included in the latter predicament:¹ but you may tell Mr. Onslow that he will take a place before I shall, and that I had rather be suspected of being mercenary, than stand up in my place and call God to witness that I meant nothing personal, when I was doing the most personal thing in the world."—I beg your pardon, my dear lord, for talking so much about myself, but the detail was necessary and important to you; who I wish should see that I can act with a little common sense, and will not be governed by all the frenzy of party.

The rest of the Bill was contested inch by inch, and by division on division, till eleven at night, after our wise leaders had whittled down the minority to twenty-four.² Charles Townshend, they say, surpassed all he had ever done, in a wrangle with Onslow, and was

¹ It certainly does seem, from the foregoing account of his own motives, that conscience had little to do with Mr. Walpole's conduct on this affair: as to his pledge, that Mr. Onslow would take a place before him, we must observe, that it is not quite so generous as it may seem; for Mr. Walpole was already, by the provident care of his father, supplied with three sinecure places, and two rent-charges on two others, producing him altogether about 6300*l.* per annum. See 'Quarterly Review,' vol. xxvii. p. 198.—CHOKER.

² On the question for the third reading of the bill, the numbers were 150 and 24.—WRIGHT.

so lucky as to have Barré absent, who has long lain in wait for him. When they told me how well Charles had spoken *on himself*, I replied, "That is conformable to what I always thought of his parts, that he speaks best on what he understands the least."

We have done with the Bill, and to-morrow our correction goes to the Lords. It will be a day of wonderful expectation, to see in what manner they will swallow their vomit. The Duke of Bedford, it is conjectured, will stay away:—but what will that scape-goose, Lord Halifax, do, who is already convicted of having told the King a most notorious lie, that if the Princess was not given up by the Lords, she would be unanimously excluded by the Commons? The Duke of Bedford, who had broke the ground, is little less blameable; but Sandwich, who was present, has, with his usual address, contrived not to be talked of, since the first hour.

When the Bill shall be passed, the eyes of mankind will turn to see what will be the consequence. The Princess, and Lord Bute, and the Scotch, do not affect to conceal their indignation. If Lord Halifax is even reprieved, the King is more enslaved to a cabal than ever his Grandfather was: yet how replace them? Newcastle and the most desirable of the Opposition have rendered themselves more obnoxious than ever, and even seem, or must seem to Lord Bute, in league with those he wishes to remove. The want of a proper person for Chancellor of the Exchequer is another difficulty, though I think easily removable by clapping a tied wig on Ellis, Barrington, or any other block, and calling it George Grenville. One remedy is obvious, and at which, after such insults and provocations, were I Lord Bute, I should not stick; I would deliver myself up, bound hand and foot, to Mr. Pitt, rather than not punish such traitors and wretches, who murmur, submit, affront, and swallow in the most ignominious manner,—"*Oh! il faudra qu'il y vienne,*"—as Léonor says in the Marquis de Roselle,—"*il y viendra.*" For myself, I have another little comfort, which is seeing that when the Ministry encourage the Opposition, they do but lessen our numbers.

You may be easy about this letter, for Monsieur de Guerchy sends it for me by a private hand, as I did the last. I wish, by some such conveyance, you would tell me a little of your mind on all this embroil, and whether you approve or disapprove my conduct. After the liberties you have permitted me to take with you, my dear lord, and without them, as you know my openness, and how much I am accustomed to hear of my faults, I think you cannot hesitate. Indeed, I trust, I have done, or tried to do, just what you would

have wished. Could I, who have at least some experience and knowledge of the world, have directed, our party had not been in the contemptible and ridiculous situation it is. Had I had more weight, things still more agreeable to you had happened. Now, I could almost despair; but I have still perseverance, and some resources left. Whenever I can get to you, I will unfold a great deal; but in this critical situation, I cannot trust what I can leave to no management but my own.

Your brother would have writ, if I had not: he is gone to Park-place to-day, with his usual phlegm, but returns to-morrow. What would I give you were here yourself; perhaps you do not thank me for the wish.

Do not wonder if, except thanking you for D'Alembert's book,¹ I say not a word of anything but politics. I have not had a single other thought these three weeks. Though in all the bloom of my passion, lilac-tide, I have not been at Strawberry this fortnight. I saw things arrived at the point² I wished, and to which I had singularly contributed to bring them, as you shall know hereafter, and then I saw all my work kicked down by two or three frantic boys, and I see what I most dread, likely to happen, unless I can prevent it,—but I have said enough for you to understand me. I think we agree. However, this is for no ear or breast but your own. Remember Monsieur de Nivernois,³ and take care of the letters you receive. Adieu!

982. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, May 14, 1765.

You must be surprised at my silence: it has been of longer duration than I ever practised with regard to you, my dear sir, except in the most inactive months of summer. It commenced indeed for want of matter—it has continued from incessant occupation. For some time I had nothing to tell you, but the trial of Lord Byron, a solemn scene for a worthless man, but whose former faults had given handle to ill-nature to represent him as guilty of

¹ "De la Destruction des Jésuites."—WRIGHT.

² This seems to imply that Mr. Walpole thought, that if the Opposition had taken up the cause of the Princess Dowager when she had been abandoned by the Ministers, the latter might have been removed, and the former brought into power.—CROKER.

³ He alludes to the infidelity of D'Eon to the Duke of Nivernois.—CROKER.

an event, which truly it had been very difficult for him to avoid. He escaped with life; and recovered some portion of honour, if that can comfort him, after the publicity made of his character, and the misfortune of killing an amiable man, but one not blameless in the late instance.

This whole history has, however, been totally swallowed up and forgotten for some weeks in a memorable discussion, in which, though the generality of the world has been much more indifferent to it than I could possibly have expected, the political agents and spectators have been deeply interested; and which, if it should not suddenly produce the consequences that ought naturally to attend it, may give birth to very serious events sooner or later. It has occupied me so much, that for above a month I have totally neglected every other avocation. The detail I could not give under many voluminous pages: I will endeavour to sketch out enough of the great lines to give you some insight into the present strange situation of affairs; and as I mean to send this by a private hand to Paris, though it may retard its journey, I shall speak to you more openly than I have chosen to do for these two or three years, more from attention to your interest than to my own, which I have plainly not considered, and of which you know I have never been very careful.

My Lady Denbigh¹ told me, at the very beginning of this winter, that when Monsieur Chavigny was minister here from France several years ago, he said to her, "I have observed, that when the warmest sessions have been expected in Parliament, they have proved the most inactive; and then when all was thought to be over, somebody has cried out, '*Voilà un lièvre!*' Another has replied, '*Il n'y a point de lièvre;*' and at last everybody has run to see if there was a hare or not." This I have known to be a very just remark, twice at least in my memory; formerly, on the Marriage Act, and the Bill of Regency in 1751; and now it tallies to the occasion, as if drawn from it.

The King's late illness, and the precariousness of his health, naturally pointed to a provision for a Regency; but many secret causes seem to impede the necessary steps. The propriety of the Queen being Regent was combated by the jealousy such a declaration might give the Princess; and the known and almost avowed hatred between Lord Bute and the present Ministry, made both

¹ Isabella de Jonghe, a Dutchwoman.—WALPOLE.

sides averse to the measure. *They* hoped to secure their power if the King should die without such a provision; and *he* could not wish to declare a council of regency, which would either confirm his enemies in their station or oblige him to remove them immediately, to which the irresolution of his nature, and the difficulty of supplying their places, did not incline him; for the Scotch he did not dare to bring more forward. The Tories are too contemptible to be raised, and the Opposition seem more hostile to him than to the Ministers. The measure was, however, so pressed upon him that he yielded, and the King himself notified his intention to the Cabinet-council, of which the five chieftains were in strict union, that is, the Chancellor [Northington], the Duke of Bedford, Grenville, and the two Secretaries [Sandwich and Halifax]. Judge of their surprise, in this situation of things, when they learned that the Regent was to be reserved, *in petto*, to the King's secret nomination; that *any one* of the Royal Family might be the person; and that the King's four brothers and uncle were to be left out of the Council, but with a civil intimation that four of the five might be admitted by the four nominations which the King had reserved to himself, as his Grandfather had done. Nothing could have been devised less palatable to the princes, to the ministers, or to the people. From the first band, however, there were heard few murmurs except from the Duke of Cumberland, who determined in person to oppose the Bill. The people, who have little affection for any one person concerned, waited both for the event and its consequences with much indifference; and though egged on a little by some of the Opposition, and more by the Administration, have taken little or no part in the affair. But the Ministers have not been so neutral. Their first step was, to be disgusted; their next, to swallow their disgusts, and keep their places. Then they grumbled, and prevailed to have the Queen's name inserted, though merely as one that might be Regent. Then came the Bill itself in the House of Lords. There Lord Lyttelton moved to address the King to name the person he would recommend for Regent; but the motion was rejected by a great majority, after Lord Temple and eight more lords had divided against the whole Bill (after which Lord Temple attended it no more). I should have told you, that after the Bill had been read the first time, the King gave up the four secret nominations, and recommended the five Princes, reserving only a power of filling up their places, if any of them should die, by a secret act. On this the Duke of Cumberland went to Newmarket.

On the second reading, a doubt was started whether the Princess Dowager is of the Royal Family. The Chancellor, who had been of the contrary opinion in council, declared she was; Lord Mansfield, who had in council agreed with the Chancellor, would not tell his opinion in the house, and absented himself. In this uncertainty, the Duke of Richmond proposed to insert the name of the Princess in the Bill; but the motion was rejected. The very next day, to the astonishment of mankind, Lord Halifax,¹ by the King's order, as was understood, moved the specific words of the Duke of Richmond (which, I should have mentioned, restrained the persons capable of being Regent to the Princess and the descendants of the late King, resident in England), singly omitting the Princess of Wales—and it passed. The consternation of the Princess's and Lord Bute's friends soon informed the world how little they approved, or had been acquainted with, a stroke that stigmatised the King's mother by Act of Parliament! The truth I believe is, that the Duke of Bedford and the two Secretaries had surprised the King into an acquiescence with this most indecent and outrageous measure, and had not given him time to consider, communicate, or retract it.

From the Lords then came the Bill to us. In the mean time Mr. Pitt, who has not once honoured us with his presence this session, and who was announced as a determined opposer of the whole Bill, was opportunely seized with a fit of the gout—and probably waits the event of this amazing confusion. Men of common sense concluded, that when so popular a point was gained, the Bill would run its course without interruption: but my friends,² who are not exquisite in distinguishing between little objects and great, and who did not see, what every mortal else saw, the disunion between the Court and the Administration, and transported at being delivered from their apprehensions of being checked or traversed by Mr. Pitt, who will not connect with them, went on haggling about, and squabbling for or against every trifle in the Bill, and succeeding in none. Those

¹ Lord Halifax, and some said Lord Sandwich too, went suddenly to the Queen's House, and taking the King by surprise, told him that the House of Commons would certainly exclude the Princess Dowager from the bill, which would be such a disgrace, that his Majesty had better propose himself to omit her name. He consented; and Lord Halifax drove as fast as possible to the House of Lords, where very few were yet assembled, and made the motion, whispering, that it was by his Majesty's command, and then immediately moved to adjourn the house, before any of the Princess's and Lord Bute's friends were arrived.—WALPOLE.

² The Opposition.—WALPOLE.

very impediments, like a turnstile which hinders you, but does not stop you, gave time to the Court to rally their spirits and assume their indignation; the consequence of which was, that the Tories actually moved to reinstate the name of the Princess. Nor were the Ministers idle; but by every gross art and encouragement plied the Opposition to reject the motion, giving them room to expect their support. The Duke of Cumberland's resentment, the Duke of Newcastle's folly, and the violence of some of the young men, joined in this senseless and provoking insult: but the greater part, from unwillingness to make themselves desperate, from more temper, or from more experience, or from a sensible desire of widening and profiting by so unexpected a breach, refused to concur in this phrenzy; accordingly the motion passed, with slight opposition and no division—yet the next day, on the report, the Duke of Bedford's friends openly, and Grenville more covertly, drew the senseless zealots into a division, which at last proved but 39 to 169: the Duke of Bedford's friends retiring rather than vote *for* the Princess.

Still the great difficulty remained, to make the Lords eat their words,—but it proved no difficulty at all. Sandwich moved to agree to our amendment, and Bedford and Halifax sat silent, the latter making the most abject and contemptible figure one can conceive.

Well! I have contrived to crowd this transaction, so fruitful of events and revolutions, into one sheet of paper. You will be curious to know the consequences; and so am I; yet I much question whether any material will follow. If they do not, the Opposition may thank themselves. Lord Bute may affect to be satisfied with having set aside a mark, that will remain indelible; and the mean part the Ministers have acted, may make him think he can nowhere find tools who will submit to greater indignities. If he doubts the King's life, he may fear to show his resentment. Yet the affront is so glaring, while at least Lord Halifax remains unpunished, that one can scarce conceive no vengeance being exercised. Still it remains to be seen if Mr. Pitt will not once more be sent for. His terms may be high, and yet surely it is worth while to grant any! But I will reason no farther,—remember this letter is for no eye but your own.

Mr. Stanley, who has negotiated so much at Paris, where he is in the highest vogue, has desired me to give him a letter to you, as he is going to Italy for the summer. I am very well acquainted with him, but have no friendship; yet I should wish you to be particularly

attentive to him, and for your own sake. He has very good parts, much knowledge, and good-breeding, but his manner is not agreeable. I only warn you to be upon your guard: don't talk of *me* more than is necessary, nor of politics more than you can help. In these distractions, I do not know which way he particularly leans, and you had better seem willing to be informed by him, than already instructed.

The papers tell me your nephew and Lady Lucy are married, on which I congratulate you; but I know no more of it. Indeed, as I told you in the outset, all my late ideas have been absorbed in politics—not to get deeper into them, but to spy an opportunity of retreating: it is terrible to have to do with many fools, and not with enough! Adieu!

983. TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

Arlington Street, Monday evening, May 20, 1765.

I SCARCE know where to begin, and I am sure not where I shall end. I had comforted myself with getting over all my difficulties: my friends opened their eyes, and were ready, nay, some of them eager, to list under Mr. Pitt; for I must tell you, that by a fatal precipitation,¹ the King,—when his Ministers went to him last Thursday, 16th, to receive his commands for his speech at the end of the session, which was to have been the day after to-morrow, the 22nd,—forbad the Parliament to be prorogued, which he said he would only have adjourned: they were thunderstruck, and asked if he intended to make any change in his Administration? he replied, certainly; he could not bear it as it was. His uncle² was sent for, was ordered to form a new administration, and treat with Mr. Pitt.

¹ This must mean, that the King acted injudiciously in announcing to the Ministers his intention to change them before he had arranged who were to be their successors. In a letter of Mr. Burke to Mr. Flood, dated 18th May 1765, he thus states his view of the political prospect of this period:—"There is a strong probability that new men will come in, and not improbably with new ideas; at this very instant, the causes productive of such a change are strongly at work. The Regency Bill has shown such a want of concert and want of capacity in Ministers—such an inattention to the honour of the Crown, if not a design *against* it—such imposition and suspicion upon the King, and such a misrepresentation of the disposition of Parliament to the Sovereign, that there is no doubt a fixed resolution to get rid of them all, (except, perhaps, Grenville,) but principally of the Duke of Bedford. So that you will have more reason to be surprised to find the Ministry standing by the end of the next week than to hear of their entire removal."—*Prior's Life of Burke*, p. 81.—CROKER.

² The Duke of Cumberland.—CROKER.

This negotiation proceeded for four days, and got wind in two. The town, more accommodating than Mr. Pitt, settled the whole list of employments. The facilities, however, were so few, that yesterday the Hero of Culloden went down in person to the Conqueror of America, at Hayes, and though tendering almost *carte blanche*,—*blanchissime* for the constitution, and little short of it for the whole red-book of places,—brought back nothing but a flat refusal.¹ Words cannot paint the confusion into which everything is thrown. The four ministers, I mean the Duke of Bedford, Grenville, and the two Secretaries, acquainted their master yesterday, that they adhere to one another, and shall all resign to-morrow, and, perhaps, must be recalled on Wednesday,—must have a *carte noire*, not *blanche*, and will certainly not expect any stipulations to be offered for the constitution, by no means the object of their care!

You are not likely to tell in Gath, nor publish in Ascalon, the alternative of humiliation to which the Crown is reduced. But, alas! this is far from being the lightest evil to which we are at the eve of being exposed. I mentioned the mob of weavers which had besieged the Parliament, and attacked the Duke of Bedford, and I thought no more of it; but on Friday, a well disciplined, and, I fear, too well conducted a multitude, repaired again to Westminster with red and black flags; the House of Lords, where not thirty were present, acted with no spirit;—examined Justice Fielding, and the magistrates, and adjourned till to-day. At seven that evening, a prodigious multitude assaulted Bedford-house, and began to pull down the walls, and another party surrounded the garden, where there were but fifty men on guard, and had forced their way, if another party of Guards that had been sent for had arrived five minutes later. At last, after reading the proclamation, the gates of the court were thrown open, and sixty foot-soldiers marched out; the mob fled, but, being met by a party of horse, were much cut and trampled, but no lives lost. Lady Tavistock, and everything valuable in the house, have been sent out of town. On Saturday, all was pretty quiet; the Duchess was blooded, and everybody went to visit them. I hesitated, being afraid of an air of triumph; however, lest it should be construed the other way, I went last night at eight o'clock; in the square I found a great multitude, not of Weavers, but seemingly of Sunday-passengers. At the gate guarded by

¹ This is not quite correct. Compare the Duke of Cumberland's own written statement, printed by Lord Albemarle in his 'Memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham,' vol. i. pp. 185—203. The meeting at Hayes was on Sunday, May 12.—CUNNINGHAM.

grenadiers, I found so large a throng, that I had not only difficulty to make my way, though in my chariot, but was hissed and pelted; and in two minutes after, the glass of Lady Grosvenor's coach was broken, as those of Lady Cork's chair were entirely demolished afterwards. I found Bedford-house a perfect garrison, sustaining a siege, the court full of horse-guards, constables, and gentlemen. I told the Duke, that, however I might happen to differ with him in politics, this was a common cause, and that everybody must feel equal indignation at it. In the mean time the mob grew so riotous, that they were forced to make both horse and foot parade the square before the tumult was dispersed.

To-morrow we expect much worse. The Weavers have declared they will come down to the House of Lords for redress, which they say they have been promised. A body of five hundred sailors were on the road from Portsmouth to join them, but luckily the Admiralty had notice of their intention, and stopped them.¹ A large body of Weavers are on the road from Norwich, and it is said have been joined by numbers in Essex; guards are posted to prevent, if possible, their approaching the city. Another troop of manufacturers are coming from Manchester; and what is worst of all, there is such a general spirit of mutiny and dissatisfaction in the lower people, that I think we are in danger of a rebellion in the heart of the capital in a week. In the mean time, there is neither administration nor government. The King is out of town, and this is the crisis in which Mr. Pitt, who could stop every evil, chooses to be more unreasonable than ever.²

Mr. Crawford,³ whom you have seen at the Duchess of Grafton's, carries this, or I should not venture being so explicit. Wherever the storm may break out at first, I think Lord Bute cannot escape his share of it. The Bedfords may triumph over him, the Princess,

¹ We find nowhere else any trace of this pretended mutiny of the sailors; it was, probably, a falsehood invented by the disaffected to keep up the spirits of the rioters.—CROKER.

² The letter of Mr. Burke, before alluded to, describes in a striking manner Mr. Pitt's conduct at this crisis:—"Nothing but an intractable temper in your friend Pitt can prevent a most admirable and lasting system from being put together, and this crisis will show whether pride or patriotism be predominant in his character; for, you may be assured, he has it now in his power to come into the service of his country upon any plan of politics he may choose to dictate, with great and honourable terms to himself, and every friend he has in the world, and with such a strength of power as will be equal to anything but absolute despotism over King and kingdom. A few days will show whether he will take this part, or continue on his back at Hayes, talking fustian!" *Prior's Life of Burke*.—CROKER.

³ James Crawford, of Auchinames in Renfrewshire, the correspondent of Hume and (as we shall see for the first time) of Walpole.—CUNNINGHAM.

and still higher, if they are fortunate enough to avoid the present ugly appearances; and yet how the load of odium will be increased, if they return to power! One can name many in whose situation one would not be,—not one who is not situated unpleasantly.

Adieu! my dear lord; you shall hear as often as I can find a conveyance; but these are not topics for the post! Poor Mrs. Fitzroy has lost her eldest girl. I forgot to tell you that the young Duke of Devonshire goes to Court to-morrow. Yours ever.

Wednesday evening.

I am forced to send you journals rather than letters. Mr. Crawford, who was to carry this, has put off his journey till Saturday, and I choose rather to defer my despatch than trust it to Guerchy's courier, though he offered me that conveyance yesterday, but it is too serious to venture to their inspection.

Such precautions have been taken, and so many troops brought into town, that there has been no rising, though the Sheriffs of London acquainted the Lords on Monday that a very formidable one was preparing for five o'clock the next morning. There was another tumult, indeed, at three o'clock yesterday, at Bedford-house, but it was dispersed by reading the Riot Act. In the mean time, the revolution has turned round again. The Ministers desired the King to commission Lord Granby, the Duke of Richmond, and Lord Waldegrave, to suppress the riots, which, in truth, was little short of asking for the power of the sword against himself. On this, his Majesty determined to name the Duke of Cumberland Captain-General; but the tranquillity of the rioters happily gave H. R. H. occasion to persuade the King to suspend that resolution. Thank God! From eleven o'clock yesterday, when I heard it, till nine at night, when I learned that the resolution had dropped, I think I never passed such anxious hours! nay, I heard it was done, and looked upon the civil war as commenced. During these events, the Duke was endeavouring to form a Ministry, but, luckily, nobody would undertake it when Mr. Pitt had refused; so the King is reduced to the mortification, and it is extreme, of taking his old Ministers again. They are insolent enough, you may believe; Grenville has treated his Master in the most impertinent manner, and they are now actually digesting the terms that they mean to impose on their captive, and Lord Bute is the chief object of their rage; though I think Lord Holland will not escape, nor Lord Northumberland, whom they treat as an encourager of the rioters.

Both he and my lady went on Monday night to Bedford-house, and were received with every mark of insult.¹ The Duke turned his back on the Earl, without speaking to him, and he was kept standing an hour exposed to all their raillery. Still I have a more extraordinary event to tell you than all I have related. Lord Temple and George Grenville were reconciled yesterday morning, by the intervention of Augustus Hervey; and, perhaps, the next thing you will hear, may be, that Lord Temple is sent by this Ministry to Ireland, though Lord Weymouth is again much talked of for it.

The report of Norwich and Manchester weavers on the road is now doubted. If Lord Bute is banished, I suppose the Duke of Bedford will become the hero of this very mob, and every act of power which they [the Ministers] have executed, let who will have been the adviser, will be forgotten. It will be entertaining to see Lord Temple supporting Lord Halifax on general Warrants!

You have more than once seen your old master [George II.] reduced to surrender up his closet to a cabal—but never with such circumstances of insult, indignity, and humiliation! For our little party, it is more humble than ever. Still I prefer that state to what I dread; I mean, seeing your brother embarked in a desperate administration. It was proposed first to make him Secretary at War, then Secretary of State, but he declined both. Yet I trembled, lest he should think himself bound in honour to obey the commands of the King and Duke of Cumberland; but, to my great joy, that alarm is over, unless the triumphant faction exact more than the King can possibly suffer. It will rejoice you, however, my dear lord, to hear that Mr. Conway is perfectly restored to the King's favour; and that if he continues in opposition, it will not be against the King, but a most abominable faction, who, having raged against the constitution and their country to pay court to Lord Bute, have even thrown off that paltry mask, and avowedly hoisted the standard of their own power. Till the King has signed their demands, one cannot look upon this scene as closed.

Friday evening.

You will think, my dear lord, and it is natural you should, that I write my letters at once, and compose one part with my prophecies, and the other with the completion of them; but you must recollect that I understand this country pretty well,—attend closely to what passes,—have very good intelligence,—and know the characters of

¹ From the family, not from the rioters.—CROKER.

the actors thoroughly. A little sagacity added to such foundation, easily carries one's sight a good way; but you will care for my narrative more than my reflections, so I proceed.

On Wednesday, the Ministers dictated their terms; you will not expect much moderation, and, accordingly, there was not a grain: they demanded a royal promise of never consulting Lord Bute; secondly, the dismissal of Mr. Mekinsy from the direction of Scotland; thirdly, and lastly, for they could go no further, the Crown itself—or, in their words, the immediate nomination of Lord Granby to be Captain-General. You may figure the King's indignation—for himself, for his favourite, for his uncle. In my own opinion, the proposal of grounds for taxing his Majesty himself hereafter with breaking his word,¹ was the bitterest affront of all. He expressed his anger and astonishment, and bade them return at ten at night for his answer; but, before that, he sent the Chancellor to the junto, consenting to displace Mekinsy,² refusing to promise not to consult Lord Bute, though acquiescing to his not interfering in business, but with a peremptory refusal to the article of Lord Granby. The rebels took till next morning to advise on their answer; when they gave up the point of Lord Granby, and contented themselves with the modification on the chapter of Lord Bute. However, not to be too complimentary, they demanded Mackenzie's place for Lord Lorn,³

¹ This alludes to the required promise not to consult Lord Bute.—CROKER.

² The following is from Mr. Stuart Mackenzie's own account of his removal, in the Mitchell MSS.:—"They demanded certain terms, without which they declined coming in; the principal of which was, that I should be dismissed from the administration of the affairs of Scotland, and likewise from the office of privy-seal. His Majesty answered, that as to the first, it would be no great punishment, he believed to me, as I had never been very fond of the employment; but as to the second, I had his promise to continue it for life. Grenville replied to this purpose: 'In that case, Sir, we must decline coming in.'—'No,' says the King, 'I will not, on that account, put the whole kingdom in confusion, and leave it without a government at all; but I will tell you how that matter stands,—that he has my royal word to continue in the office; and if you force me, from the situation of things, to violate my royal word, remember you are responsible for it, and not I.' Upon that very solemn charge, Grenville answered, 'Sir, we must make some arrangement for Mr. Mackenzie.' The King answered, 'If I know anything of him, he will give himself very little trouble about your arrangements for him.' His Majesty afterwards sent for me to his closet, where I was a very considerable time with him; and if it were possible for me to love my excellent prince now better than I ever did before, I should certainly do it; for I have every reason that can induce a generous mind to feel his goodness for me; but such was his Majesty's situation at this time, that, had he absolutely rejected my dismissal, he would have put me in the most disagreeable situation in the world; and, what was of much higher consequence, he would have greatly distressed his affairs."—WRIGHT.

³ John, Marquis of Lorn, afterwards fifth Duke of Argyle; a lieutenant-general in the army: he was brother of General Conway's lady.—CROKER.

and the instant removal of Lord Holland ; both which have been granted. Charles Townshend is Paymaster, and Lord Weymouth Viceroy of Ireland ; so Lord Northumberland remains on the *paré*, which, as there is no place vacant for him, it was not necessary to stipulate. The Duchess of Bedford, with colours flying, issued out of her garrison yesterday, and took possession of the drawing-room. To-day their *Majesty-Graces* are gone to Woburn ; but as the Duchess is a perfect Methodist against all suspicious characters, it is said, to-day, that Lord Talbot is to be added to the list of proscriptions, and now they think themselves established for ever.—Do they so ?

Lord Temple declares himself the warmest friend of the present Administration ;—there is a mystery still to be cleared up,—and, perhaps, a little to the mortification of Bedford-house.—We shall see.

The Duke of Cumberland is retired to Windsor: your brother gone to Park-place: I go to Strawberry to-morrow, lest people should not think me a great man too. I don't know whether I shall not even think it necessary to order myself a fit of the gout.¹

I have received your short letter of the 16th, with the memorial of the family of Brebeuf;—now my head will have a little leisure, I will examine it, and see if I can do anything in the affair. In that letter you say, you have been a month without hearing from any of your friends. I little expected to be taxed on that head: I have written you volumes almost every day; my last dates have been of April 11th, 20th, May 5th, 12th, and 16th. I beg you will look over them, and send me word exactly, and I beg you not to omit it, whether any of these are missing. Three of them I trusted to Guerchy, but took care they should contain nothing which it signified whether seen or not on t'other side of the water, though I did not care they should be perused on this. I had the caution not to let him have this, though; by the eagerness with which he proffered both to-day and yesterday, to send anything by his couriers, I suspected he wished to help them to better intelligence than he could give them himself. He even told me he should have another courier depart on Tuesday next; but I excused myself, on pretence of having too much to write at once, and shall send this, and a letter your brother has left me, by Mr. Crawford, though he does not set out till Sunday; but you had better

¹ An allusion to Mr. Pitt.—CHOKER.

wait for it from him, than from the Duc de Choiseul. Pray commend my discretion—you see I grow a consummate politician ; but don't approve of it too much, lest I only send you letters as prudent as your own.

You may acquaint Lady Holland with the dismissal of her lord, if she has not heard it, he being at Kingsgate¹. Your secretary² is likely to be prime minister in Ireland. Two months ago the new Viceroy himself was going to France for debt, leaving his wife and children to be maintained by her mother³.

I will be much obliged to you, my dear lord, if you will contrive to pay Lady Stanhope for the medals ; they cost, I think, but 4*l.* 7*s.*, or thereabout—but I have lost the note.

Adieu ! here ends volume the first. *Omnia mutantur, sed non mutamur in illis*. Princess Amelia, who has a little veered round to north-west, and by Bedford, does not speak tenderly of her brother—but if some families are reconciled, others are disunited. The Keppels are at open war with the Keppels, and Lady Mary Cope weeps with one eye over Lady Betty Mackinsy, and smiles with t'other on Lady Dalkeith ;⁴ but the first eye is the sincerest. The Duke of Richmond, in exactly the same proportion, is divided between his sisters, Holland and Bunbury.

Thank you much for your kindness about Mr. T. Walpole—I have not had a moment's time to see him, but will do full justice to your goodness. Yours ever, H. W.

Pray remember the dates of my letters—you will be strangely puzzled for a clue, if one of them has miscarried. Sir Charles Bunbury is not to be Secretary for Ireland, but Thurlow the lawyer :⁵ they are to stay five years without returning. Lord Lorn has declined, and Lord Frederic Campbell is to be Lord Privy Seal for Scotland. Lord Waldegrave, they say, Chamberlain to the Queen.⁶

¹ On the coast between Margate and Ramsgate.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Sir Charles Bunbury, secretary of embassy at Paris, was nominated secretary to Lord Weymouth, and held that office for about two months.—CROKER.

³ The straitened circumstances of Lord Weymouth made his nomination very unpopular in Ireland : he never went over.—CROKER.

⁴ In the recent arrangement, Lady Betty's husband was, as we have seen, dismissed from, and Lady Dalkeith's (Charles Townshend) acceded to, office.—CROKER.

⁵ This was a mistake.—CROKER.

⁶ "The state of the administration, as described in the foregoing letters [to Lord Hertford], could evidently not last ; and after the failure of several attempts to induce Mr. Pitt to take the government on terms which the King could grant, the Duke of Cumberland, at his Majesty's desire, succeeded in forming the Rockingham administration, in which General Conway was secretary of state and leader of the House of Commons, and Lord Hertford, lord lieutenant of Ireland. There can be little doubt, that during these transactions, Mr. Walpole (although he had in the

984. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, May 25, 1765, sent by way of Paris.

MY last I think was of the 16th. Since that we have had events of almost every sort. A whole administration dismissed, taken again, suspended, confirmed; an insurrection; and we have been at the eve of a civil war. Many thousand Weavers rose, on a bill for their relief being thrown out of the House of Lords by the Duke of Bedford. For four days they were suffered to march about the town with colours displayed, petitioning the King, surrounding the House of Lords, mobbing and wounding the Duke of Bedford, and at last besieging his house, which, with his family, was narrowly saved from destruction. At last it grew a regular siege and blockade; but by garrisoning it with horse and foot literally, and calling in several regiments, the tumult is appeased. Lord Bute rashly taking advantage of this unpopularity of his enemies, advised the King to notify to his Ministers that he intended to dismiss them,—and by this step, no succedaneum being prepared, reduced his Majesty to the alternative of laying his crown at the foot of Mr. Pitt, or of the Duke of Bedford; and as it proved at last, of both. The Duke of Cumberland was sent for, and was sent to Mr. Pitt, from whom, though offering almost *carte blanche*, he received a peremptory refusal. The next measure was to form a Ministry from the Opposition. Willing were they, but timid. Without Mr. Pitt nobody would engage. The King was forced to desire his old Ministers to stay where they were. They, who had rallied their very dejected courage, demanded terms, and hard ones indeed—*promise* of never consulting Lord Bute, dismissal of his brother, and the appointment of Lord Granby to be Captain-

interval a severe fit of the gout) wrote to Lord Hertford, but no other letter of this series has been discovered; which is the more to be regretted, as the state of parties was at that moment particularly interesting. The refusal of Mr. Pitt raised the Ministers to a pitch of confidence (perhaps we might say, arrogance), which, as Mr. Walpole foresaw, accelerated their fall. So blind were they to their true situation, that Mr. Rigby, who was as deep as any man in the ministerial councils, writes to a private friend—'I never thought, to tell you the truth, that we were in any danger from this last political cloud. The Duke of Cumberland's political system, grafted upon the Earl of Bute's stock, seems, of all others, the least capable of succeeding.' This letter was written on the 7th of July, and on the 10th the new Ministry was formed."—CROKER.

General—so soon did those tools of prerogative talk to their exalted sovereign in the language of the Parliament to Charles I.

The King, rather than resign his sceptre on the first summons, determined to name his uncle Captain-General. Thus the commanders at least were ready on each side; but the Ministers, who by the Treaty of Paris showed how little military glory was the object of their ambition, have contented themselves with seizing St. James's without bloodshed. They gave up their General, upon condition Mr. Mackenzie¹ and Lord Holland were sacrificed to them, and, tacitly, Lord Northumberland,² whose government they bestow on Lord Weymouth without furnishing another place to the earl, as was intended for him. All this is granted. Still there are inexplicable riddles. In the height of negotiation, Lord Temple was reconciled to his brother George, and declares himself a fast friend to the late and present Ministry. What part Mr. Pitt will act is not yet known—probably not a hostile one; but here are fine seeds of division and animosity sown!

I have thus in six words told you the matter of volumes. You must analyze them yourself, unless you have patience to wait till the consequences are the comment. Don't you recollect very similar passages in the time of Mr. Pelham, the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Granville, and Mr. Fox? But those wounds did not penetrate so deep as these! Here are all the great, and opulent noble families engaged on one side or the other. Here is the King insulted and prisoner, his Mother stigmatised, his Uncle affronted, his Favourite persecuted. It is again a scene of Bohuns, Montforts, and Plantagenets.

While I am writing, I received yours of the 4th, containing the revolutions in the fabric and pictures of the palace Pitti.³ My dear sir, make no excuse; we each write what we have to write; and if our letters remain, posterity will read the catastrophes of St. James's and the Palace Pitti with equal indifference, however differently they affect you and me now. For my part, though agitated like Ludlow or my Lord Clarendon on the events of the day, I have more curiosity about Havering in the Bower, the jointure house of ancient royal dowagers, than about Queen Isabella herself. Mr. Wilkes, whom you mention, will be still more interested,

¹ Brother of Lord Bute.—WALPOLE.

² The Lord Northumberland's son was married to Lord Bute's daughter.—WALPOLE.

³ The Palace of the Great Duke at Florence.—WALPOLE.

when he hears that his friend Lord Temple has shaken hands with his foes Halifax and Sandwich ; and I don't believe that any amnesty is stipulated for the exile. Churchill, Wilkes's poet, used to wish that he was at liberty to attack Mr. Pitt and Charles Townshend,—the moment is come, but Churchill is gone ! Charles Townshend has got Lord Holland's place¹—and yet the people will again and again believe that nothing is intended but their interest !

When I recollect all I have seen and known, I seem to be as old as Methuselah : indeed I was born in politics,—but I hope not to die in them. With all my experience, these last five weeks have taught me more than any other ten years ; accordingly, a retreat is the whole scope of my wishes ; but not yet arrived.

Your amiable sister, Mrs. Foote, is settled in town ; I saw her last night at the Opera with Lady Ailesbury. She is enchanted with Manzuoli—and you know her approbation is a test, who has heard all the great singers, learnt of all, and sings with as much taste as any of them. Adieu !

985. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, May 26, 1765.

IF one of the one hundred events, and one hundredth part of the one hundred thousand reports that have passed, and been spread in this last month, have reached your solitary hill, you must be surprised at not a single word from me during that period. The number of events is my excuse. Though mine is the pen of a pretty ready writer, I could not keep pace with the revolutions of each day, each hour. I had not time to begin the narrative, much less to finish it : no, I must keep the whole to tell you at once, or to read it to you, for I think I shall write the history, which, let me tell you, Buckinger himself could not have crowded into a nut-shell.

For your part, you will be content though the house of Montagu has not made an advantageous figure in this political warfare ; yet it is crowned with victory, and laurels you know compensate for every scar. You went out of town frightened out of your senses at the giant prerogative : alack ! he is grown so tame, that, as you said of our earthquake, you may stroke him. George III is the true

¹ Paymaster of the Forces.—WALPOLE.

successor of George II, and inherits all his grandfather's humiliations—indeed, they are attended with circumstances a little more cutting. The Regency-bill, not quite calculated with that intent, has produced four regents, king Bedford, king Grenville, king Halifax, and king Twitcher [Sandwich]. Lord Holland is turned out, and Stuart Mackenzie. Charles Townshend is Paymaster, and Lord Bute annihilated; and all done without the help of the Whigs. You love to guess what one is going to say; now you may guess what I am not going to say. Your newspapers perhaps have given you a long roll of opposition names, who were coming into place, and so all the world thought; but the wind turned quite round, and left them on the strand, and just where they were, except in opposition, which is declared to be at an end. Enigma as all this may sound, the key would open it all to you in the twinkling of an administration. In the mean time, we have family reconciliations without end. The King and the Duke of Cumberland have been shut up together day and night; Lord Temple and George Grenville are sworn brothers: well, but Mr. Pitt, where is he? In the clouds, for aught I know; in one of which he may descend like the kings of Bantam, and take quiet possession of the throne again.

As a thorough-bass to these squabbles, we have had an insurrection and a siege. Bedford-house, though garrisoned by horse and foot guards, was on the point of being taken. The besieged are in their turn triumphant; and, if anybody now was to publish '*Droit le Duc*,' I do not think the House of Lords would censure his book. Indeed the regents may do what they please, and turn out whom they will; I see nothing to resist them. Lord Bute will not easily be tempted to rebel when the last struggle has cost him so dear.

I am sorry for some of my friends, to whom I wished more fortune. For myself, I am but just where I should have been had they succeeded. It is satisfaction enough to me to be delivered from politics; which you know I have long detested. When I was tranquil enough to write *Castles of Otranto* in the midst of grave nonsense and foolish councils of war, I am not likely to disturb myself with the diversions of the Court where I am not connected with a soul. As it has proved to be the interest of the present ministers, however contrary to their former views, to lower the Crown, they will scarce be in a hurry to aggrandise it again. That will satisfy you; and I, you know, am satisfied if I have

anything to laugh at—'tis a lucky age for a man who is so easily contented.

The poor Chute has had another relapse, but is out of bed again. I am thinking of my journey to France; but, as Mr. Conway has a mind I should wait for him, I don't know whether it will take place before the autumn. I will by no means release you from your promise of making me a visit here before I go.

Poor Mr. Bentley, I doubt, is under the greatest difficulties of anybody. His poem, which he modestly delivered over to immortality, must be cut and turned; for Lord Halifax and Lord Bute cannot sit in the same canto together; then the horns and hoofs that he had bestowed on Lord Temple must be pared away, and beams of glory distributed over his whole person. 'Tis a dangerous thing to write political panegyrics or satires; it draws the unhappy bard into a thousand scrapes and contradictions. The edifices and inscriptions at Stowe should be a lesson not to erect monuments to the living. I will not place an ossuary in my garden for my cat, before her bones are ready to be placed in it. I hold contradictions to be as essential to the definition of a political man, as any visible or featherless quality can be to man in general. Good night!

28th.

I shall send this by the coach; so whatever comes with it is only to make bundle. Here are some lines that came into my head yesterday in the post-chaise, as I was reading in the 'Annual Register' an account of a fountain-tree in one of the Canary Islands, which never dies, and supplies the inhabitants with water. I don't warrant the longevity; though the hypostatic union of a fountain may eternize the tree.

In climes adust, where rivers never flow,
Where constant suns repel approaching snow,
How Nature's various and inventive hand
Can pour unheard-of moisture o'er the land!
Immortal plants she bids on rocks arise,
And from the dropping branches streams supplies,
The thirsty native sucks the falling shower,
Nor asks for juicy fruit or blooming flower;
But haply doubts, when travellers maintain,
That Europe's forests melt not into rain.

936. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, June 10, 1765. Eleven at night.

I AM just come out of the garden in the most oriental of all evenings, and from breathing odours beyond those of Araby. The acacias, which the Arabians have the sense to worship, are covered with blossoms, the honeysuckles dangle from every tree in festoons, the seringas are thickets of sweets, and the new-cut hay in the field tempers the balmy gales with simple freshness; while a thousand sky-rockets launched into the air at Ranelagh or Marybone illuminate the scene, and give it an air of Haroun Alraschid's paradise. I was not quite so content by daylight; some foreigners dined here, and, though they admired our verdure, it mortified me by its brownness—we have not had a drop of rain this month to cool the tip of our daisies. My company was Lady Lyttelton, Lady Schaub, a Madame de Juliac from the Pyreneans, very handsome, not a girl, and of Lady Schaub's mould; the Comte de Caraman, nephew of Madame de Mirepoix, a Monsieur de Clausonnette, and General Schouallow,¹ the favourite of the late Czarina; absolute favourite for a dozen years, without making an enemy. In truth, he is very amiable, humble, and modest. Had he been ambitious, he might have mounted the throne: as he was not, you may imagine they have plucked his plumes a good deal. There is a little air of melancholy about him, and, if I am not mistaken, some secret wishes for the fall of the present murderess; which, if it were civil to suppose, I could heartily join with him in hoping for. As we have still liberty enough left to dazzle a Russian, he seems charmed with England, and perhaps liked even this place the more as belonging to the son of one that, like himself, had been prime minister. If he has no more ambition left than I have, he must taste the felicity of being a private man. What has Lord Bute gained, but the knowledge of how many ungrateful sycophants favour and power can create?

If you have received the parcel that I consigned to Richard Brown

¹ The Comte de Schouwaloff. Walpole says, in a note to Madame du Deffand's letter to him of the 19th of April, 1766, "Il fut le favori, l'on croit le mari, de la Czarine Elizabeth de Russie, et pendant douze ans de faveur il ne se fit point un ennemi."—WARBURTON.

for you, you will have found an explanation of my long silence. Thank you for being alarmed for my health.

The day after to-morrow I go to Park-place for four or five days, and soon after to Goodwood. My French journey is still in suspense; Lord Hertford talks of coming over for a fortnight; perhaps I may go back with him; but I have determined nothing yet, till I see farther into the present chaos, that somehow or other I may take my leave of politics for ever; for can anything be so wearisome as politics on the account of others? Good night! shall I not see you here? Yours ever.

937. TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Strawberry Hill, June 11, 1765.

I AM almost as much ashamed, Madam, to plead the true cause of my faults towards your ladyship, as to have been guilty of any neglect. It is scandalous, at my age, to have been carried backwards and forwards to balls and suppers and parties by very young people, as I was all last week. My resolutions of growing old and staid are admirable: I wake with a sober plan, and intend to pass the day with my friends—then comes the Duke of Richmond, and hurries me down to Whitehall to dinner—then the Duchess of Grafton sends for me to loo in Upper Grosvenor-street—before I can get thither, I am begged to step to Kensington, to give Mrs. Anne Pitt¹ my opinion about a bow-window—after the loo, I am to march back to Whitehall to supper—and after that, am to walk with Miss Pelham on the terrace till two in the morning, because it is moonlight and her chair is not come. All this does not help my morning laziness; and, by the time I have breakfasted, fed my birds and my squirrels, and dressed, there is an auction ready. In short, Madam, this was my life last week, and is I think every week, with the addition of forty episodes.—Yet, ridiculous as it is, I send it your ladyship, because I had rather you should laugh at me than be angry. I cannot offend you in intention, but I fear my sins of omission are equal to many a good Christian's. Pray forgive me. I really will begin to be between forty and fifty by the time I am fourscore: and I truly believe I shall bring my resolutions within compass; for I have not chalked out any particular business that

¹ Mrs. Anne Pitt died at her house in Pitt Place, Kensington Gravel Pits, on the 9th Feb. 1780.—CUNNINGHAM.

will take me above forty years more ; so that, if I do not get acquainted with the grandchildren of all the present age, I shall lead a quiet sober life yet before I die.

As Mr. Bateman's¹ is the kingdom of flowers, I must not wish to send you any ; else, Madam, I could load waggons with acacias, honeysuckles, and seringas. Madame de Juliac, who dined here yesterday, owned that the climate and odours equalled Languedoc. I fear the want of rain made the turf put her in mind of it, too. Monsieur de Caraman entered into the gothic spirit of the place, and really seemed pleased, which was more than I expected ; for, between you and me, Madam, our friends the French have seldom eyes for anything they have not been used to see all their lives. I beg my warmest compliments to your host and Lord Ilchester. I wish your ladyship all pleasure and health, and am, notwithstanding my idleness, your most faithful and devoted humble servant.

988. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, June 26, 1765.

You have known your country, my dear Sir, in more perilous situations, but you never knew it in a more distracted one in time of peace than it is in at present. Nor had I ever more difficulty to describe its position to you. Times of party have their great outlines, which even such historians as Hollingshed or Smollett can seize. But a season of faction is another guess thing. It depends on personal characters, intrigues, and minute circumstances, which make little noise, and escape the eyes of the generality. The details are as much too numerous for a letter, as, when the moment is past, they become too trifling and uninteresting for history. I can only endeavour to preserve the thread, but it is impossible to develope all its windings.

After the King had been obliged to take back his old Ministers, the hard terms they imposed upon him, added to their late insults, made him treat them with the greatest coldness. He not only smiled on the Opposition, but bestowed every employment that fell on the Duke of Cumberland's or Lord Bute's friends. This situation was not likely to last. Accordingly, this day fortnight, the

¹ Dicky Bateman's at Old Windsor. See vol. iv., p. 330.—CUNNINGHAM.

Duke of Bedford, in the name of himself and his three colleagues,¹ *prescribed a month* to his Majesty, in which he *must* determine whether he would take a new Administration, or keeping his old Ministers, smile on them and frown on their adversaries—a hard lesson to a prince, whom these very men had complimented with so much prerogative! He made no answer, but on the following Monday sent the Duke of Grafton to invite Mr. Pitt to Court. He went, and in four audiences found such facilities to all his demands, that a change was believed infallible. This day was even marked in the general expectation as the era of a new Administration. I, who am not in the list of *aspirants*, had stayed in the country till this very day, wishing for the event, but content to know it when it happened. When I arrived, at four o'clock, to my surprise I heard that Lord Temple, who was to have the Treasury, had been yesterday with the King, and declared he could not take it, giving no other reason than that *he had a delicacy which he could not mention, and which must ever remain a secret*. The extraordinariness of the declaration, after Mr. Pitt had gone so far, amazes everybody, though this is the third negotiation of individually the same sort that has been broken off thus abruptly. The mysterious words are commonly supposed to allude to Lord Temple's reconciliation with his brother; yet why he should not plead *that*, is not easily solved, unless he has connected with the Duke of Bedford too. Mr. Pitt's declarations and conduct seem not to tally with such a league. In this very transaction he has declared himself hostilely against the Duke of Bedford's people; and in an audience of the King this very morning, expressed himself still ready to come in, if Lord Temple would—but it is an intrigue which time alone can explain.

Thus you see all is afloat again. Whether a new Administration can or will be formed without Mr. Pitt; whether the King must submit again to his old Ministers, what new terms they will exact, or whether he will grant them, is yet uncertain. Should he bend to all they demand, it can but aggravate the wound, not close it. Consequently no such system can be looked upon as permanent. My own opinion is, that after some more convulsions, it will end in an Administration of Mr. Pitt, Lord Temple, and George Grenville, unless one or more of them should die.

You know, my dear Sir, I never expect you to answer me on

¹ George Grenville, Lord Halifax, and Lord Sandwich.—WALPOLE.

these delicate subjects. I even send this by a safe conveyance to Lord Hertford at Paris, as I did a former one, which I hope you received.

How I envy you who hear nothing but the distant rumour of these unpleasant scenes! How vexatious to me to be engaged in them! When men are involved in politics from ambition, interest, or inclination, they must take the bitter with the sweet; I, who have been forced into them by principle and friendship, lament the tranquillity I have lost, and for which nothing can pay me but the restoration of it. I sigh for the moment of recovering my liberty, and fervently vow to myself never to be in a situation more in which even duty can call upon me to take a part. I could explain and justify this determination in the most ample manner; but the time is not yet come for doing it. Adieu!

989. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Saturday night.

I MUST scrawl a line to you, though with the utmost difficulty, for I am in my bed; but I see they have foolishly put it into the 'Chronicle' that I am dangerously ill; and as I know you take in that paper, and are one of the very, very few, of whose tenderness and friendship I have not the smallest doubt, I give myself pain, rather than let you feel a moment's unnecessarily. It is true, I have had a terrible attack of gout in the stomach, head, and both feet, but have truly never been in danger any more than one must be in such a situation. My head and stomach are perfectly well; my feet far from it. I have kept my room since this day se'nnight, and my bed these three days, but hope to get up to-morrow. You know my writing and my veracity, and that I would not deceive you. As to my person, it will not be so easy to reconnoitre it, for I question whether any of it will remain; it was easy to annihilate so airy a substance. Adieu!

990. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Wednesday noon, July 8, 1765.

THE footing part of my dance with my shocking partner the gout is almost over. I had little pain there this last night, and got, at twice, about three hours' sleep; but, whenever I waked, found my

head very bad, which Mr. Graham thinks gouty too. The fever is still very high ; but the same sage is of opinion, with my Lady Londonderry, that if it was a fever from death, I should die ; but as it is only a fever from the gout, I shall live. I think so too, and hope that, like the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, they are so inseparable, that when one goes t'other will.

Tell Lady Ailesbury, I fear it will be long before I shall be able to compass all your terraces again. The weather is very hot, and I have the comfort of a window open all day. I have got a bushel of roses too, and a new scarlet nightingale, which does *not* sing ' Nancy Dawson ' from morning to night. Perhaps you think all these poor pleasures ; but you are ignorant what a provocative the gout is, and what charms it can bestow on a moment's amusement ! Oh ! it beats all the refinements of a Roman sensualist. It has made even my watch a darling plaything ; I strike it as often as a child does. Then the disorder of my sleep diverts me when I am awake. I dreamt that I went to see Madame de Bentheim at Paris, and that she had the prettiest palace in the world, built like a pavilion, of yellow laced with blue ; that I made love to her daughter, whom I called *Mademoiselle Bleüe et Jaune*, and thought it very clever.

My next reverie was very serious, and lasted half an hour after I was awake ; which you will perhaps think a little light-headed, and so do I. I thought Mr. Pitt had had a conference with Madame de Bentheim, and granted all her demands. I rung for Louis at six in the morning, and wanted to get up and inform myself of what had been kept so secret from me. You must know, that all these visions of Madame de Bentheim flowed from George Selwyn telling me last night, that she had carried most of her points, and was returning. What stuff I tell you ! But, alas ! I have nothing better to do, sitting on my bed, and wishing to forget how brightly the sun shines, when I cannot be at Strawberry. Yours ever.

991. TO THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.

[London], July 3, 1765.

YOUR ladyship's goodness to me on all occasions makes me flatter myself that I am not doing an impertinence in telling you I am alive ; though, after what I have suffered, you may be sure there cannot be much of me left. The gout has been a little in my stomach, much more in my head, but luckily never out of my right

foot, and for twelve, thirteen, and seventeen hours together, insisting upon having its way as absolutely as ever my Lady Blandford¹ did. The extremity of pain seems to be over, though I sometimes think my tyrant puts in his claim to t'other foot; and surely he is, like most tyrants, mean as well as cruel, or he could never have thought the leg of a lark such a prize. The fever, the tyrant's first minister, has been as vexatious as his master, and makes use of this hot day to plague me more; yet, as I was sending a servant to Twickenham, I could not help scrawling out a few lines to ask how your ladyship does, to tell you how I am, and to lament the roses, strawberries, and banks of the river. I know nothing, Madam, of any kings or ministers but those I have mentioned; and this administration I fervently hope will be changed soon, and for all others I shall be very indifferent. Had a great prince come to my bedside yesterday, I should have begged that the honour might last a very few minutes.

I am, &c.

992. TO THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.

MADAM :

Arlington Street, July 9, 1765.

THOUGH instead of getting better, as I flattered myself I should, I have gone through two very painful and sleepless nights, yet as I give audience here in my bed to new ministers and foreign ministers, I think it full as much my duty to give an account of myself to those who are so good as to wish me well. I am reduced to nothing but bones and spirits; but the latter make me bear the inconvenience of the former, though they (I mean my bones) lie in a heap over one another like the bits of ivory at the game of straws.

It is very melancholy, at the instant I was getting quit of politics,² to be visited with the only thing that is still more plaguing. However, I believe the fit of politics going off makes me support the new-comer better. Neither of them indeed will leave me plumper; but if they will both leave me at peace, your ladyship knows it is all I have ever desired. The chiefs of the new Ministry were to have kissed hands to-day; but Mr. Charles Townshend, who, besides not knowing either of his own minds, has his brother's minds to know

¹ Lady Blandford was somewhat impatient in her temper.—CROKER.

² "I beg my love to Hor. Walpole: I cannot wish him joy of the gout; I am very sorry he is afflicted with it. Politics seem to be taking the turn he would choose."
—Lord Holland to Selwyn, Calais, July 9th, 1765.—CUNNINGHAM.

too, could not determine last night. Both brothers are gone to the King to-day. I was much concerned to hear so bad an account of your ladyship's health. Other people would wish you a severe fit, which is a very cheap wish to them who do not feel it: I, who do, advise you to be content with it in detail. Adieu! Madam. Pray keep a little summer for me. I will give you a bushel of politics, when I come to Marble Hill, for a tea-cup of strawberries and cream.

Mr. Chetwynd, I suppose, is making the utmost advantage of my absence, frisking and cutting capers before Miss Hotham, and advising her not to throw herself away on a decrepit old man. Well, well; fifty years hence he may begin to be an old man too; and then I shall not pity him, though I own he is the best-humoured *lad* in the world now.

Yours, &c.

993. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, July 11, 1765.

You are so good, I must write you a few lines, and you will excuse my not writing many, my posture is so uncomfortable, lying on a couch by the side of my bed, and writing on the bed. I have in this manner been what they call out of bed for two days, but I mend very slowly, and get no strength in my feet at all; however, I must have patience.

Thank you for your kind offer; but, my dear Sir, you can do me no good but what you always do me, in coming to see me. I should hope that would be before I go to France, whither I certainly go the beginning of September, if not sooner. The great and happy change—happy, I hope, for this country,—is actually begun. The Duke of Bedford, George Grenville, and the two Secretaries are discarded. Lord Rockingham is First Lord of the Treasury, Dowdeswell Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Duke of Grafton and Mr. Conway Secretaries of State. You need not wish me joy, for I know you do. There is a good deal more to come,¹ and what is

¹ "There has been pretty clean sweeping already," writes Lord Chesterfield on the 15th; "and I do not remember, in my time, to have seen so much at once, as an entire new board of treasury, and two new secretaries, &c. Here is a new political arch built; but of materials of so different a nature, and without a key-stone, that it does not, in my opinion, indicate either strength or duration. It will certainly require repairs and a key-stone next winter, and that key-stone will and must necessarily be Mr. Pitt."—WRIGHT.

"The confidence Pitt has in himself, has done more for him than his parts or

better, regulation of general Warrants, and undoing of at least some of the mischiefs these wretches have been committing ; some, indeed, is past recovery ! I long to talk it all over with you ; though it is hard that when I *may* write what I will, I am not able. The poor Chute is relapsed again, and we are no comfort to one another but by messages. An offer from Ireland was sent to Lord Hertford last night *from his brother's office*. Adieu !

Yours ever.

994. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, July 12, 1765.

IF you knew with what difficulty and pain I write to you, you would allow, my dear sir, that I have some zeal for your satisfaction. I have been extremely ill for these last sixteen days with the gout all over me, in head, stomach, and both feet ; but as it never budged from the latter, it soon attracted all the venom from the upper parts. Oh ! it is a venomous devil ! I have lain upon a couch for two days, but I question whether I shall be so alert to-day, as I have had a great deal of pain in the night, and little sleep. Still, I must write to you, as it is both for your satisfaction and my own, and as this is the first moment that I have enjoyed *the liberty of the post* for these three years. We may say what we will ; I may launch out, and even *you* need not be discreet, when our letters pass through *Mr. Conway's office*. He has already himself told you in form that he is your principal, and I repeat how glad of it I am for your sake, as well as for all others. I told him last night that I believed the Duke of York had obtained the promise of a Red Riband for you, and begged *that* promise at least of the late odious Ministers might be fulfilled, and that none of our new aspirants might be thrust in before you. He readily, with most kind expressions towards you, promised me his interest.

Well ! at last the four tyrants are gone ! undone by their own insolence, and unpitied. Their arrogance to the King, and proscriptions of everybody but their own crew, forced his Majesty to

eloquence. The excessive self-conceit of Grenville, that could make his writers call him (if he did not write it himself) the greatest minister this country ever saw, as well as his pride and obstinacy, established him. It did not hurt him that he had a better opinion of himself than he, or perhaps any body else, ever deserved ; on the contrary, it helped him : but when the fool said upon that, 'the King cannot do without me,' *hoc nocuit*."—*Lord Holland to Selwyn, Aug. 4, 1765.*—CUNNINGHAM.

try anything rather than submit to such task-masters. Mr. Pitt, who was ready and willing to have assumed the burthen, was disappointed by the treachery of Lord Temple, who has reconciled and leagued himself with his brother George. In this distress, the Duke of Cumberland has persuaded the Opposition to accept and form a ministry. Without Mr. Pitt, they were unwilling; but pressed and encouraged by Mr. Pitt, and fearing the Crown should be reduced to worse shifts rather than again bend to the yoke, they have submitted, and everything promises fairer than could be expected. The Duke of Bedford, Grenville, and the two Secretaries are already dismissed, and their places filled by Lord Winchelsea, Lord Rockingham and Mr. Dowdeswell, as First Commissioners of the Admiralty; and Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Duke of Grafton and Mr. Conway. The list of *ins* and *outs* will be much more considerable by degrees, though not rapidly, nor executed with the merciless hand of late years, for the present system is composed of men as much more virtuous in that respect as in every other than their predecessors. Nobody has resigned yet but those immediately connected with the fallen, as Lord Gower, Lord Thomond,¹ and Lord Weymouth, and who would not have been suffered to stay if they had desired it.

The crown of Ireland is offered to Lord Hertford. All this sets my family in an illustrious light enough: yet it does not dazzle me. My wishes and intentions are just the same as they were. Moderation, privacy, and quiet, sum up all my future views; and having seen my friends landed, my little cock-boat shall waft me to Strawberry, as soon as I am able to get into it. The gout, they tell me, is to ensure me a length of years and health, but as I fear I must now and then renew the patent at the original expense, I am not much flattered by so dear an annuity. You may judge of my sensations when I tell you I reckon the greatest miracle ever performed was that of bidding the cripple take up his bed and walk—I could as soon do the former as the latter.

Since I began to write, I hear that this morning have kissed hands, Lord Ashburnham for the Great Wardrobe, in room of Lord Despencher; Lord Besborough and Lord Grantham Postmasters, in the places of Lord Hyde and Lord Trevor; Lord Villiers² as Vice-Chamberlain, instead of old Will Finch, who I believe has

¹ Percy Windham O'Brien, Earl of Thomond, brother of Lord Egremont and of Mrs. George Grenville.—WALPOLE.

² Only son of the Earl of Jersey.—WALPOLE.

a pension; and Lord Scarborough, who succeeds Lord Thomond in the Cofferer's office. You will say that all this is strongly tinged with peerage—it is true, but the House of Commons will have its dole, though not yet, as folks do not like a re-election depending for six months.

The Duke of Bolton¹ the other morning—nobody knows why or wherefore, except that there is a good deal of madness in the blood, sat himself down upon the floor in his dressing-room, and shot himself through the head. What is more remarkable is, that it is the same house and same chamber in which [1741] Lord Scarborough² performed the same exploit. I do not believe that shooting one's self through the head is catching, or that any contagion lies in a wainscot that makes one pull a suicide-trigger, but very possibly the idea might revert and operate on the brain of a splenetic man. I am glad he had not a Blue Garter but a Red one, as the more plenty the sooner one gets to Florence.

This is a long epistle, in my condition. Pray, unseal and decypher your lips now; the Tower has no longer the least air of the Bastille: Halifax, Sandwich, and General Warrants are sent to the devil, though I believe Sandwich will contrive to return like Belphegor, even though he should be obliged to marry his own wife³ again, but he can never get rid of the smell of brimstone. Adieu!

995. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, July 28, 1765.

THE less one is disposed, if one has any sense, to talk of oneself to people that inquire only out of compliment, and do not listen to the answer, the more satisfaction one feels in indulging a self-complacency, by sighing to those that really sympathise with our griefs. Do not think it is pain that makes me give this low-spirited air to my letter. No, it is the prospect of what is to come, not the sensation of what is passing, that affects me. The loss of youth is melancholy enough; but to enter into old age through the gate of infirmity most disheartening. My health and spirits make me take but slight notice of the transition, and, under the persuasion of

¹ Charles Poulett, Duke of Bolton.—WALPOLE.

² Richard Lumley, Earl of Scarborough, shot himself in 1741.—WALPOLE.

³ Lord Sandwich was parted from his wife [a Faue], who was out of her senses.—WALPOLE.

temperance being a talisman, I marched boldly on towards the descent of the hill, knowing I must fall at last, but not suspecting that I should stumble by the way. This confession explains the mortification I feel. A month's confinement to one who never kept his bed a day, is a stinging lesson, and has humbled my insolence to almost indifference. Judge, then, how little I interest myself about public events. I know nothing of them since I came hither, where I had not only the disappointment of not growing better, but a bad return in one of my feet, so that I am still wrapped up and upon a couch. It was the more unlucky as Lord Hertford is come to England for a very few days. He has offered to come to me; but as I then should see him only for some minutes, I propose being carried to town to-morrow. It will be so long before I can expect to be able to travel, that my French journey will certainly not take place so soon as I intended, and if Lord Hertford goes to Ireland, I shall be still more fluctuating; for though the Duke and Duchess of Richmond will replace them at Paris, and are as eager to have me with them, I have had so many more years heaped upon me within this month, that I have not the conscience to trouble young people, when I can no longer be as juvenile as they are. Indeed I shall think myself decrepit, till I again saunter into the garden in my slippers and without my hat in all weathers,—a point I am determined to regain, if possible; for even this experience cannot make me resign my temperance and my hardiness. I am tired of the world, its politics, its pursuits, and its pleasures; but it will cost me some struggles before I submit to be tender and careful. Christ! can I ever stoop to the regimen of old age? I do not wish to dress up a withered person, nor drag it about to public places; but to sit in one's room, clothed warmly, expecting visits from folks I don't wish to see, and tended and flattered by relations impatient for one's death! let the gout do its worst as expeditiously as it can; it would be more welcome in my stomach than in my limbs. I am not made to bear a course of nonsense and advice, but must play the fool in my own way to the last, alone with all my heart, if I cannot be with the very few I wish to see: but, to depend for comfort on others, who would be no comfort to me; this surely is not a state to be preferred to death: and nobody can have truly enjoyed the advantages of youth, health, and spirits, who is content to exist without the two last, which alone bear any resemblance to the first.

You see how difficult it is to conquer my proud spirit: low and

weak as I am, I think my resolution and perseverance will get the better, and that I shall still be a gay shadow; at least, I will impose any severity upon myself, rather than humour the gout, and sink into that indulgence with which most people treat it. Bodily liberty is as dear to me as mental, and I would as soon flatter any other tyrant as the gout, my Whiggism extending as much to my health as to my principles, and being as willing to part with life, when I cannot preserve it, as your uncle Algernon when his freedom was at stake. Adieu!

996. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, July 30, 1765.

I DID not think of writing to you to-day, my dear sir, both as I have very little to tell you, and as I am much fatigued with coming to town to-day from Strawberry Hill, where I have been these ten days, though with bad success, having had a severe return of my disorder, which I have as much superstitious aversion to name as the Romans had to pronounce the word Death. But let us talk of you, not me. Why, wherefore, or whence, the newspapers have taken it into their paper heads to recall you from Florence, I cannot tell. There never was a worse time for supposing so than when you are Mr. Conway's provincial. The instant I arrived and saw him, I named you first of all things. He stared, and had not even heard the report. However, I write, that an authentic contradiction may arrive at the same moment with the falsehood; and as I trust you have partiality enough to read my letter before the Chronicle, (and indeed I have a title to such distinction, even as a senior Gazette,) the moment the paragraph perks up its ears, you may give it the lie, and I wish you could give it to the person that invented it. Whoever he is, he will not soon be resident at Florence.

The changes go on leisurely, as I told you they would; and you must only believe in those who you see by the Gazette have kissed hands. The rest are like the removal of Sir Horace Mann; reported by the ambitious themselves, coined by the enemy, or invented to amuse a public impatient of daily novelty. The new Opposition is as abusive as it was clamorous, rather rigorous against abuse; and having stabbed the Liberty of the Press in a thousand places, they now write libels upon every rag of its old clothes.

Lord Hertford's arrival brought me to town, though so little fit to be moved. He came for only a few days, to make his option

between Ireland and Paris. He takes the former, not very gladly, but to accommodate his brother and his nephew Grafton. This is a great blow to my long-meditated French journey. At present I am not able to undertake it, nor shall be probably for some time; yet go I think I must. Travelling is the best medicine to my shattered frame, and will be still more sovereign to my mind, that has been harassed and worn out with politics, and for which the successful event is by no means an adequate remedy. I built no castle in that prospect, nor like the soil a jot better than the view. My heart is set on retreat, and the decency of retiring so early charms me. I feel the sort of pleasure that I suppose christian heroes did formerly in abstaining from their virgin brides and embracing the life of hermits. Stay, I am not going to turn anchoret. Perhaps my recess from politics is more like a divorce; it is to get rid of that scold the House of Commons.

Short as this letter is, consider it written by an invalid, and that I have even pain in my wrist while I am writing. I am carried to bed by two servants, and have not attempted to revive my walking these six days. Adieu!

997. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 12, 1765.

MR. CONWAY, who came to dine with me here to-day with the Duke of Richmond, brought me your letter of the 27th of last month. I was a little disappointed to find you had not then received my history of the total change of Administration in this country; much more vexed to hear that you have been suffering with the gout like me. I am, all the world will tell you, very ill-founded to preach on that text; but if I read lectures on chastity, and keep a mistress, yet I am not a Methodist, and may therefore with propriety say, for heaven's sake don't act like a madman. Dip your feet in cold water to prevent the gout! no, I never was quite so distracted. If it would prevent it, *à la bonne heure*; but all it can possibly do is to send it into your head or stomach, and you out of the world. The only thing I know of the gout is, that it is the only distemper in the world which insists upon curing itself. It is a monster and a mystery, and though I have felt so much of it lately, I have not even a guess at its nature left. I have fancied it wind or a conformation of the blood, or the Lord knows what;—in short, from minding not a word of what anybody said about it, I

am now grown not to mind even my own opinion. I have tried hot medicines and cold, warmth and air, humouring it, and contradicting it; water, ice, wine, brandy, fruit; and have thought by turns that all of them did me good and did me hurt. I have had half-a-dozen returns, and sometimes been sick with Morello cherries, and sometimes with venison pasty. It is within two days of seven weeks that I have had this fit; it is but two days that I have been without pain, put on shoes, and crawled about the house; and at the end of all this torment, contrary to the doctrine of sages and nurses, I find my spirits and my stomach worse than they were a month ago; I don't mean my appetite, but the pain in my stomach, which by rule ought not to be there, my feet never having been free, and by another equally foolish rule, that the gout cures everything else; in short, I am very peevish, a mere shadow, and as old as a relic; still I don't dip my feet in cold water.

I immediately gave your letter to read to our Secretary of State [Conway]. He says that Colonel Draper has the first promise of a Red Riband, and I remember well that Lord Clive's was torn from him. If I could not gainsay that, I lost all temper when he told me that Mitchel¹ was upon the ranks for another. I said that would be more cruel to you than any other competitor, Mitchel being in the same walk. In short, I made Mr. Conway vow his interest to you, and what little I have shall indubitably be employed for you. The impious shall come back again if this Ministry does not serve you.

The impious will come back again, if assiduity and effrontery can effect it. Sandwich writes 'North Britons,' that is, abusive libels, every day, and those gamblers call these Ministers gamesters; but as the latter have not above a heel that is vulnerable, the former will hardly murder them by flinging mud. Yet pray don't think that I reckon their power immortal. *Tant s'en faut*. Norton is dismissed, and Mr. Yorke has been hesitating above a fortnight, but has at last yielded to be Attorney-General again. Lord Hertford goes to Ireland, and the Duke of Richmond to Paris. These, I think, are all the last material changes. The Duke of Newcastle is busy in restoring clerks and tide-waiters, in offering everybody everything, and in patronising the clergy again; not being yet cured by their behaviour,² of loving to make bishops.

¹ Resident at Berlin.—WALPOLE.

² The Duke of Newcastle had made very nearly the whole bench of Bishops; yet,

I have had a letter from Mr. Churchill who has been at Nancy: could you believe that Princess Craon, who, by the way, went to Frankfort and Prague to see the election and coronation of the King of the Romans, is stepped to Vienna to put the Emperor in mind of her nephew, whom she wishes to have promoted in the army! Mr. Chute and I have been computing her age, and find her to be complete ninety, for Prince Craon, in the year 1746, owned that she was then seventy-one. 'Tis surely very wholesome to be a sovereign's mistress! My neighbour and friend, Lady Suffolk,² is little short of fourscore, and except her hearing, which she lost early in her reign, has all her senses as perfect as ever; is clean, genteel, upright; and has her eyes, teeth, and memory, in wonderful conservation, especially the last, which, unlike the aged, is as minutely retentive of what happened two years ago, as of the events of her youth.

We believe past all doubt that the Pretender's eldest son is turned Protestant, in earnest so; and in truth I think he could have no other reason now. What is more wonderful, and yet believed, is, that he came over and abjured in St. Martin's Church in London. Though he risked so much, what clergyman could suspect it was he? I asked if Johnson,³ Bishop of Worcester, gave him absolution? He declares he will never marry, and his reason does him honour; that he may not leave England embroiled. What a strange conclusion of the House of Stuart, to end in a Protestant and a Cardinal. I am told that the latter, when the Duke of York was at Rome, said: "To be sure, the real King of England's situation was preferable to his brother's, but that he could not help thinking himself upon a better footing than the Duke of York." I heard a still better *bon mot* yesterday *apropos* to the eldest brother. The Dowager Duchess of Aiguillon wore his picture in a bracelet, with the Saviour for the reverse. People could not find a reason for the connection. Madame de Rochfort said, "Why, the same motto will suit both, 'Mon royaume n'est pas de ce monde.'" I pity the old phantom, if they have told him of his son's apostacy.

when he resigned the Treasury, there was but one of them that waited on him.—
WALPOLE.

The Princess of Craon had been mistress to Leopold Duke of Lorraine, father of the Emperor Francis.—WALPOLE.

² See vol. i. p. cxxviii.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Johnson, Bishop of Worcester [died 1774], had been a Jacobite.—WALPOLE.

The Roman Church totters everywhere. The Benedictines at Paris have petitioned the Parliament for leave to lay aside their habit and rules, finding themselves ridiculous. The Cordeliers are ready to imitate them, but there is a little hitch; the Parliament asked shrewdly, what they proposed to do with their revenues, and I don't hear that they find *them* ridiculous; but the Parliament are not men to be stopped after they are invited. Monks suppressed at its own desire! what miracle next?

I did not know your Duke of Parma, so I am only more sorry than I generally am for princes, as you tell me he was one of the best of the breed.

You received, I hope in time, my letter to contradict your recall. You must not believe a syllable you see in our papers. Their lies and blunders exceed of late even their usual ignorance. They have just bestowed a blue riband on Lord Hertford, who has had it so many years in the face of all London. Every Red Book, every list of Parliament, could have set them right: yet every paper has copied it. If such a tale appeared in a country gazette, one should not wonder—but to be printed in the capital!

I shall be impatient to hear that your gout is going like mine; and then I shall be impatient to make you a knight of the Bath. At least you have a good solicitor, though I cannot whip to Vienna against a promotion, as if I were but ninety. Adieu!

998. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 23, 1765.

As I know that when you love people, you love them, I feel for the concern that the death of Lady Bab. Montagu¹ will give you. Though you have long lived out of the way of seeing her, you are not a man to forget by absence, or all your friends would have still more reason to complain of your retirement. Your solitude prevents your filling up the places of those that are gone. In the world, new acquaintances slide into our habits, but you keep so strict a separation between your old friends and new faces, that the loss of any of the former must be more sensible to you than to most people. I heartily condole with you, and yet I must make

¹ Lady Barbara Montagu, daughter of George second Earl of Halifax [died 1739]
—WRIGHT.

you smile. The second Miss Jefferies was to go to a ball yesterday at Hampton-court with Lady Sophia Thomas's daughters. The news came, and your aunt Cosby said the girl must not go to it. The poor child then cried in earnest. Lady Sophia went to intercede for her, and found her grandmother at backgammon, who would hear no entreaties. Lady Sophia represented that Miss Jefferies was but a second cousin, and could not have been acquainted. "Oh! Madam, if there is no tenderness left in the world—cinq ace—Sir, you are to throw."

We have a strange story come from London. Lord Fortescue was dead suddenly;¹ there was a great mob about his house in Grosvenor-square, and a buzz that my lady had thrown up the sash and cried murder, and that he then shot himself. How true all this I don't know: at least it is not so false as if it was in the newspapers. However, these sultry summers do not suit English heads: this last month puts even the month of November's nose out of joint for self-murders. If it was not for the Queen the peerage would be extinct: she has given us another Duke.²

My two months are up, and yet I recover my feet very slowly. I have crawled once round my garden: but it sent me to my couch for the rest of the day. This duration of weakness makes me very impatient, as I wish much to be at Paris before the fine season is quite gone. This will probably be the last time I shall travel to *finish my education*, and I should be glad to look once more at their gardens and villas: nay, churches and palaces are but uncomfortable sights in cold weather, and I have much more curiosity for their habitations than their company. They have scarce a man or a woman of note that one wants to see; and, for their authors, their style is grown so dull in imitation of us, they are *si philosophes, si géomètres, si moraux*, that I certainly should not cross the sea in search of *ennui*, that I can have in such perfection at home. However, the change of scene is my chief inducement, and to get out of politics. There is no going through another course of patriotism in your cousin Sandwich and George Grenville. I think of setting out by the middle of September; have I any chance of seeing you here

¹ "As to Lord Fortescue, I thought he had neither parts or spirits to go out of the suicide door."—*Gilly Williams to Selwyn*, i. 400, n.d. "I did not quote you when I told the false news of Lord Fortescue's death to Sir G. Oxenden."—*Lord Holland to Selwyn*, Aug. 27, 1765. The Lord Fortescue of the letter went quietly out of the world twenty years after his reported suicide.—CUNNINGHAM.

² The Duke of Clarence, born the 21st of August; afterwards King William the Fourth.—WRIGHT.

before that? Won't you come and commission me to offer up your devotions to *Notre Dame de Livry*?¹ or *chez nos filles de Sainte Marie*. If I don't make haste, the reformation in France will demolish half that I want to see. I tremble for the *Val de Grace* and *St. Cyr*. The devil take Luther for putting it into the heads of his methodists to pull down the churches! I believe in twenty years there will not be a convent left in Europe but this at Strawberry. I wished for you to-day; Mr. Chute and Cowslade dined here; the day was divine: the sun gleamed down into the chapel in all the glory of popery; the gallery was all radiance; we drank our coffee on the bench under the great ash-tree; the verdure was delicious; our tea in the Holbein room, by which a thousand chaises and barges passed; and I showed them my new cottage and garden over the way, which they had never seen, and with which they were enchanted. It is so retired, so modest, and yet so cheerful and trim, that I expect you to fall in love with it. I intend to bring it a handful of *treillage* and *agréments* from Paris; for being cross the road, and quite detached, it is to have nothing gothic about it, nor pretend to call cousins with the mansion-house.

I know no more of the big world at London, than if I had not a relation in the ministry. To be free from pain and politics is such a relief to me, that I enjoy my little comforts and amusements here beyond expression. No mortal ever entered the gate of ambition with such transport as I took leave of them all at the threshold. Oh! if my Lord Temple knew what pleasures he could create for himself at Stowe, he would not harass a shattered carcass, and sigh to be insolent at St. James's! For my part, I say with the Bastard in 'King John,' though with a little more reverence, and only as touching his ambition,

Oh! old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give Heaven thanks I was not like to thee.

Adieu! Yours most cordially.

¹ Madame de Sévigné, whom Walpole frequently alludes to under this title.—
WRIGHT.

999. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Aug. 27, 1765.

I CAME to town last night, intending to lay your case more correctly before *our Secretary of State* [Conway], but he did not arrive from the country himself till ten at night, and then found himself, by an absence of three days, so besieged with despatches, which he sat reading during the whole supper and afterwards, that I could not slip in a paragraph. However, this morning reading that Sir Charles Howard was dead, I immediately wrote a note to Mr. Conway to advertise him of another Riband vacant, and to put in a caveat (as he is going to dine at Claremont) against the Duke of Newcastle promising it to some head of a college at Cambridge; and to-night I shall fully unfold your pretensions; but as the post will be gone before Mr. Conway comes home, I write this to show you how good a solicitor you have. I am in the more hurry to decorate you, as I am going directly to Paris; yea, I set out on the 9th of next month: after that date, direct to me thither, addressed to Mr. Foley, my banker.

Well! after twenty-three years of designs and irresolutions, I am actually leaving England! You will ask kindly whether almost every foreign thought in those years did not point beyond Paris? Oh! yes,—but, alas! think how ill I have been; not to mention that I am older too, by twenty-three years. That space has made Alps and Apennines grow twenty times taller and more wrinkled and horrid! Oh! but you will say, you may come by sea—worse and worse—a sea voyage after the gout in one's head and stomach! I will tell you what; there is a man who has just invented what he calls a *marine belt*; you buckle it on, and walk upon the sea as you would upon a grass-plot. I never was an excellent walker, and my feet at present are piteously tender,—but I think a wave cannot hurt one,—perhaps I may step to you from Marseilles to Leghorn. I am convinced that the art of flying will be next reduced to practice;—oh! I shall certainly make you a visit on the first pair of wings that are to be sold. However, I had rather have made it before your new Austrian court arrives: I have a mortal aversion to any detachment from Vienna.

There is nothing new here, except that the whole town is in an uncertainty whether my Lord —— is dead or alive, whether he has

had a fit or a bullet; and yet he is but yonder in Grosvenor-square. The neighbourhood say my lady called murder out of the window, and that immediately after, a pistol went off; the family now say that nothing at all happened, but a fit,—and yet he does not appear. Thomas Graham, the apothecary, used on every occasion when you complained of any disorder, to reply with much solemnity, “Humph! it is very extraordinary, and yet it is very common.” This curious phrase never happened to have common sense in it but on the subject of self-murder, *which is very extraordinary and yet very common.*

Adieu! Perhaps I shall write to you again before Monday se’n-night—certainly, if I can have a star to send in my letter. The next after that will be from Paris.

1060. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Saturday, Aug. 31, 1765, Strawberry Hill.

I THOUGHT it would happen so; that I should not see you before I left England! Indeed, I may as well give you quite up, for every year reduces our intercourse. I am prepared, because it must happen, if I live, to see my friends drop off; but my mind was not turned to see them entirely separated from me while they live. This is very uncomfortable, but so are many things!—well! I will go and try to forget you all—all! God knows *the all* that I have left to forget is small enough; but the warm heart, that gave me affections, is not so easily laid aside. If I could divest myself of that, I should not, I think, find much for friendship remaining: you, against whom I have no complaint, but that you satisfy yourself with loving me without any desire of seeing me, are one of the very last that I wish to preserve; but I will say no more on a subject that my heart is too full of.

I shall set out on Monday se’n-night, and force myself to believe that I am glad to go, and yet this will be my chief joy, for I promise myself little pleasure in arriving. Can you think me boy enough to be fond of a new world at my time of life? If I did not hate the world I know, I should not seek another. My greatest amusement will be in reviving old ideas. The memory of what made impressions on one’s youth is ten times dearer than any new pleasure can be. I shall probably write to you often, for I am not disposed to communicate myself to anything that I have not known

these thirty years. My mind is such a compound from the vast variety that I have seen, acted, pursued, that it would cost me too much pains to be intelligible to young persons, if I had a mind to open myself to them. They certainly do not desire I should. You like my gossiping *to* you, though you seldom gossip *with* me. The trifles that amuse my mind are the only points I value now. I have seen the vanity of everything serious, and the falsehood of everything that pretended to be serious. I go to see French plays and buy French china, not to know their ministers, to look into their government, or think of the interests of nations—in short, unlike most people that are growing old, I am convinced that nothing is charming but what appeared important in one's youth, which afterwards passes for follies. Oh! but those follies were sincere; if the pursuits of age are so, they are sincere alone to self-interest. Thus I think, and have no other care but not to think aloud. I would not have respectable youth think me an old fool. For the old knaves, they may suppose me one of their number if they please; I shall not be so—but neither the one nor the other shall know what I am. I have done with them all, shall amuse myself as well as I can, and think as little as I can; a pretty hard task for an active mind!

Direct your letters to Arlington-street, whence Favre will take care to convey them to me. I leave him to manage all my affairs, and take no soul but Louis. I am glad I don't know your Mrs. Anne; her partiality would make me love her; and it is entirely incompatible with my present system to leave even a postern-door open to any feeling, which would steal in if I did not double-bolt every avenue.

If you send me any parcel to Arlington-street before Monday se'nnight I will take care of it. Many English books I conclude are to be bought at Paris. I am sure Richardson's Works are, for they have stupified the whole French nation:¹ I will not answer for our best authors. You may send me your list, and, if I do not find them, I can send you word, and you may convey them to me by Favre's means, who will know of messengers, &c., coming to Paris.

I have fixed no precise time for my absence. My wish is to like it enough to stay till February, which may happen, if I can support the first launching into new society. I know four or five very

¹ See note to Letter of March 18, 1765.—CUNNINGHAM.

agreeable and sensible people there, as the Guerchys, Madame de Mirepoix, Madame de Boufflers, and Lady Mary Chabot,—these intimately; besides the Duc de Nivernois, and several others that have been here. Then the Richmonds will follow me in a fortnight or three weeks, and their house will be a sort of home. I actually go into it at first, till I can suit myself with an apartment; but I shall take care to quit it before they come, for, though they are in a manner my children, I do not intend to adopt the rest of my countrymen; nor, when I quit the best company here, to live in the worst there; such are young travelling boys, and, what is still worse, old travelling boys, governors.

Adieu! remember you have defrauded me of this summer; I will be amply repaid the next, so make your arrangements accordingly.

1001. TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

MY DEAR LORD:

Arlington Street, Sept. 3, 1765.

I CANNOT quit a country where I leave anything that I honour so much as your lordship and Lady Strafford, without taking a sort of leave of you. I shall set out for Paris on Monday next the 9th, and shall be happy if I can execute any commission for you there.

A journey to Paris sounds youthful and healthy. I have certainly mended much this last week, though with no pretensions to a recovery of youth. Half the view of my journey is to re-establish my health—the other half to wash my hands of politics, which I have long determined to do whenever a change should happen. I would not abandon my friends while they were martyrs; but, now they have gained their crown of glory, they are well able to shift for themselves; and it was no part of my compact to go to that heaven, St. James's, with them. Unless I dislike Paris very much, I shall stay some time; but I make no declarations, lest I should be soon tired of it, and come back again. At first, I must like it, for Lady Mary Coke will be there, as if by assignation. The Countesses of Carlisle and Berkeley, too, I hear, will set up their staves there for some time; but as my heart is faithful to Lady Mary, they would not charm me if they were forty times more disposed to it.

The Emperor¹ is dead—but so are all the Maximilians and

¹ Francis the First, Emperor of Germany, died at Inspruck, on Sunday the 18th of August.—WRIGHT.

Leopolds his predecessors, and with no more influence on the present state of things. The Empress Dowager Queen will still be master—unless she marries an Irishman, as I wish with all my soul she may.

The Duke and Duchess of Richmond will follow me in about a fortnight: Lord and Lady George Lennox go with them; and Sir Charles Bunbury and Lady Sarah are to be at Paris, too, for some time: so the English court there will be very juvenile and blooming. This set is rather younger than the dowagers with whom I pass so much of my summers and autumns; but this is to be my last sally into the world; and when I return, I intend to be as sober as my cat, and purr quietly in my own chimney corner.

Adieu, my dear lord! May every happiness attend you both, and may I pass some agreeable days next summer with you at Wentworth-castle!

1002. TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Arlington Street, Sept. 3, 1765.

THE trouble your ladyship has given yourself so immediately, makes me, as I always am, ashamed of putting you to any. There is no persuading you to oblige moderately. Do you know, Madam, that I shall tremble to deliver the letters you have been so good as to send me? If you have said half so much of me, as you are so partial as to think of me, I shall be undone. Limited as I know myself, and hampered in bad French, how shall I keep up to any character at all? Madame d'Aiguillon and Madame Geoffrin will never believe that I am the true messenger, but will conclude that I have picked Mr. Walpole's portmanteau's pocket. I wish only to present myself to them as one devoted to your ladyship; that character I am sure I can support in any language, and it is the one to which they would pay the most regard.—Well! I don't care, Madam—it is your reputation that is at stake more than mine: and, if they find me a simpleton that don't know how to express myself, it will all fall upon you at last. If your ladyship will risk that, I will, if you please, thank you for a letter to Madame d'Egmont, too: I long to know your friends, though at the hazard of their knowing yours. Would I were a *jolly* old man, to match, at least, in that respect, your *jolly* old woman!—But, alas! I am nothing but a

¹ La Duchesse Douairière d'Aiguillon, née Chabot, mother of the Duc d'Aiguillon,

poor worn-out rag, and fear, when I come to Paris, that I shall be forced to pretend that I have had the gout in my understanding. My spirits, such as they are, will not bear translating; and I don't know whether I shall not find it the wisest part I can take to fling myself into geometry, or commerce, or agriculture, which the French now esteem, don't understand, and think we do. They took George Selwyn for a poet, and a judge of planting and dancing: why may I not pass for a learned man and a philosopher? If the worst comes to the worst, I will admire 'Clarissa' and 'Sir Charles Grandison;' and declare I have not a friend in the world that is not like my Lord Edward Bomston, though I never knew a character like it in my days, and hope I never shall; nor do I think Rousseau need to have gone so far out of his way to paint a disagreeable Englishman.

If you think, Madam, this sally is not very favourable to the country I am going to, recollect, that all I object to them is their quitting their own agreeable style, to take up the worst of ours. Heaven knows, we are unpleasing enough! but, in the first place, they don't understand us; and, in the next, if they did, so much the worse for them. What have they gained by leaving Molière, Boileau, Corneille, Racine, La Rochefoucault, Crebillon, Marivaux, Voltaire, &c.? No nation can be another nation. We have been clumsily copying them for these hundred years, and are not we grown wonderfully like them? Come, Madam, you like what I like of them; I am going thither, and you have no aversion to going thither—but own the truth; had not we both rather go thither fourscore years ago? Had you rather be acquainted with the charming Madame Scarron, or the canting Madame de Maintenon? with Louis XIV. when the Montespan governed him, or when Père le Tellier? I am very glad when folks go to heaven, though it is after another body's fashion; but I wish to converse with them when they are themselves. I abominate a conqueror; but I do not think he makes the world much compensation, by cutting the throats of his Protestant subjects to atone for the massacres caused by his ambition.

who succeeded the Duc de Choiseul as minister for foreign affairs. She was a correspondent of Lady Hervey's. In a letter to Walpole, of the 20th of November 1766, Madame du Deffand says: "Je soupai hier chez Madame d'Aiguillon: elle nous lut la traduction de la Lettre d'Héloïse de Pope, et d'un chant du poëme de Salomon, de Prior; elle écrit admirablement bien; j'en étais réellement dans l'enthousiasme: dites-le à Miladi Hervey." She died in 1772.—WRIGHT.

The result of all this dissertation, Madam—for I don't know how to call it a letter—is, that I shall look for Paris in the midst of Paris, and shall think more of the French that have been than the French that are, except of a few of your friends and mine. Those I know, I admire and honour, and I am sure I will trust to your ladyship's taste for the others; and if they had no other merit, I can but like those that will talk to me of you. They will find more sentiment in me on that chapter, than they can miss parts; and I flatter myself that the one will atone for the other.

1003. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

DEAR SIR:

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 5, 1765.

You cannot think how agreeable your letter was to me, and how luckily it was timed. I thought you in Cheshire, and did not know how to direct: I now sit down to answer it instantly.

I have been extremely ill indeed with the gout all over; in head, stomach, both feet, both wrists, and both shoulders. I kept my bed a fortnight in the most sultry part of this summer; and for nine weeks could not say I was recovered. Though I am still weak, and very soon tired with the least walk, I am in other respects quite well. However, to promote my entire re-establishment, I shall set out for Paris next Monday. Thus your letter came luckily. To hear you talk of going thither, too, made it most agreeable. Why should you not advance your journey? Why defer it till the winter is coming on? It would make me quite happy to visit churches and convents with you: but they are not comfortable in cold weather. Do, I beseech you, follow me as soon as possible. The thought of your being there at the same time makes me much more pleased with my journey; you will not, I hope, like it the less: and, if our meeting there should tempt you to stay longer, it will make me still more happy.

If, in the mean time, I can be of any use to you, I shall be glad; either in taking a lodging for you, or anything else. Let me know, and direct to me in Arlington-street, whence my servant will convey it to me. Tell me above all things that you will set out sooner.

If I have any money left when I return, and can find a place for it, I shall be very glad to purchase the ebony cabinet you mention, and will make it a visit with you next summer if you please—but first let us go to Paris. I don't give up my passion for ebony: but,

since the destruction of the Jesuits, I hear one can pick up so many of their spoils that I am impatient for the opportunity.

I must finish, as I have so much business before I set out; but I must repeat, how lucky the arrival of your letter was, how glad I was to hear of your intended journey, and how much I wish it may take place directly. I will only add that the court goes to Fontainebleau the last week in September, or first in October, and therefore it is the season in the world for seeing all Versailles quietly, and at one's ease. Adieu! dear Sir, yours most cordially.

1004. TO GROSVENOR BEDFORD, ESQ.¹

DEAR SIR:

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 5, 1765.

I SHALL set out for Paris next Monday, but I could not go without taking a kind leave of you, I would not tell you the day sooner, because I would not disturb you if you are in the country, or lame; and because, though I shall be in London for two days, I have so much to do, that you would hardly find me at home.

I have recovered very much in this last fortnight; and except when I get up, or attempt to take a walk, which very soon tires me, am now free from everything but weakness. Change of air and easy motion, will, I don't doubt, soon quite restore me.

If you have any business with me, send a letter at any time to Arlington-street, and Favre, whom I leave behind, will convey it to me.

Adieu! dear Sir. I most heartily wish you health and happiness; and am ever yours,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1005. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

BEAU COUSIN:

Amiens, Wednesday, Sept. 11, 1765.

I HAVE had a very prosperous journey till just at entering this city. I escaped a Prince of Nassau at Dover, and sickness at sea, though the voyage lasted seven hours and a half. I have recovered my strength surprisingly in the time; though almost famished for want of clean victuals, and comfortable tea and bread and butter. Half a mile from hence I met a coach and four with an equipage

¹ Now first printed.—CUNNINGHAM.

of French, and a lady in pea-green and silver, a smart hat and feather, and two *suivantes*. My reason told me it was the Archbishop's concubine; but luckily my heart whispered that it was Lady Mary Coke. I jumped out of my chaise—yes, jumped, as Mrs. Nugent said of herself, fell on my knees, and said my first *Ave Maria, gratia plena*. We* just shot a few politics flying—heard that Madame de Mirepoix had toasted me t'other day in tea—shook hands, forgot to weep, and parted; she to the Hereditary Princess, I to this inn, where is actually resident the Duchess of Douglas. We are not likely to have an intercourse, or I would declare myself a Hamilton.

I find this country wonderfully enriched since I saw it four-and-twenty years ago. Boulogne is grown quite a plump snug town, with a number of new houses. The worst villages are tight, and wooden shoes have disappeared. Mr. Pitt and the city of London may fancy what they will, but France will not come a-begging to the Mansion-house this year or two. In truth, I impute this air of opulence a little to ourselves. The crumbs that fall from the chaises of the swarms of English that visit Paris, must have contributed to fatten this province. It is plain I must have little to do when I turn my hand to calculating: but here is my observation. From Boulogne to Paris it will cost me near ten guineas; but then consider, I travel alone, and carry Louis most part of the way in the chaise with me. *Nous autres milords Anglois* are not often so frugal. Your brother, last year, had ninety-nine English to dinner on the King's birth-day. How many of them do you think dropped so little as ten guineas on this road? In short, there are the seeds of a calculation for you; and if you will water them with a torrent of words, they will produce such a dissertation, that you will be able to vie with George Grenville next session in plans of national economy—only be sure not to tax travelling till I come back, loaded with purchases; nor, till then, propagate my ideas. It will be time enough for me to be thrifty of the nation's money, when I have spent all my own.

Claremont, 12th.

While they are getting my dinner, I continue my journal. The Duchess of Douglas (for English are generally the most extraordinary persons that we meet with even out of England) left Amiens before me on her way home. You will not guess what she carries with her—Oh! nothing that will hurt our manufactures; nor what George Grenville himself would seize. One of her servants died at

Paris; she had him embalmed, and the body is tied before her chaise:—a droll way of being chief mourner.

For a French absurdity, I have observed that along the great roads they plant walnut-trees, but strip them up for firing. It is like the owl that bit off the feet of mice, that they might lie still and fatten.

At the foot of this hill is an old-fashioned château belonging to the Duke of Fitz-James, with a *parc en quincunx* and clipped hedges. We saw him walking in his waistcoat and riband, very well powdered; a figure like Guerchy. I cannot say his seat rivals Goodwood or Euston.¹ I shall lie at Chantilly to-night, for I did not set out till ten this morning—not because I could not, as you will suspect, get up sooner—but because all the horses in the country have attended the Queen to Nancy.² Besides, I have a little underplot of seeing Chantilly and St. Denis in my way; which you know one could not do in the dark to-night, nor in winter, if I return then.

*Hôtel de feu Madame l'Ambassadrice d'Angleterre,
Sept. 13, seven o'clock.*

I am just arrived. My Lady Hertford is not at home, and Lady Anne³ will not come out of her burrow: so I have just time to finish this before Madam returns; and Brian sets out to-night and will carry it. I find I shall have a great deal to say: formerly I observed nothing, and now remark everything minutely. I have already fallen in love with twenty things, and in hate with forty. Adieu! yours ever.

1006. TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Paris, Sept. 14, 1765.

I AM but two days old here, Madam, and I doubt I wish I was really so, and had my life to begin, to live it here. You see how just I am, and ready to make *amende honorable* to your ladyship. Yet I have seen very little. My Lady Hertford has cut me to pieces, and thrown me into a caldron with tailors, periwig-makers,

¹ The Duc de Fitzjames's father, Mareschal Berwick, was a natural son of James II. Mr. Walpole therefore compares his country-seat with those of the Dukes of Richmond and Grafton, similar descendants from his brother, Charles II.—CROKER.

² Stanislaus, King of Poland, father of the Queen of Louis XV., lived at Nancy.—WRIGHT.

³ Lady Anne Seymour Conway, afterwards married to the Earl of Drogheda.—WRIGHT.

snuff-box-wrights, milliners, &c. which really took up but little time; and I am come out quite new, with everything but youth. The journey recovered me with magic expedition. My strength, if mine could ever be called strength, is returned; and the gout going off in a minuet step. I will say nothing of my spirits, which are indecently juvenile, and not less improper for my age than for the country where I am; which, if you will give me leave to say it, has a thought too much gravity. I don't venture to laugh or talk nonsense, but in English.

Madame Geoffrin came to town but last night, and is not visible on Sundays; but I hope to deliver your ladyship's letter and packet to-morrow. Mesdames d'Aiguillon, d'Egmont, and Chabot, and the Duc de Nivernois are all in the country. Madame de Boufflers is at l'Isle Adam, whither my Lady Hertford is gone to-night to sup, for the first time, being no longer chained down to the incivility of an ambassadress. She returns after supper; an irregularity that frightens me, who have not yet got rid of all my barbarisms. There is one, alas! I never shall get over—the dirt of this country: it is melancholy, after the purity of Strawberry! The narrowness of the streets, trees clipped to resemble brooms, and planted on pedestals of chalk, and a few other points, do not edify me. The French Opera, which I have heard to-night, disgusted me as much as ever; and the more for being followed by the Devin de Village, which shows that they can sing without cracking the drum of one's ear. The scenes and dances are delightful: the Italian comedy charming. Then I am in love with *treillage* and fountains, and will prove it at Strawberry. Chantilly is so exactly what it was when I saw it above twenty years ago, that I recollected the very position of Monsieur le Duc's chair and the gallery. The latter gave me the first idea of mine; but, presumption apart, mine is a thousand times prettier. I gave my Lord Herbert's compliments to the statue of his friend the Constable;¹ and, waiting some time for the concierge, I called out *Où est Vatel?*²

In short, Madam, being as tired as one can be of one's own country,—I don't say whether that is much or little,—I find myself wonderfully disposed to like this. Indeed I wish I could wash it.

¹ The Constable de Montmorency. See *Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury*, p. 67. —WALPOLE.

² The *maitre-d'hôtel*, who, during the visit which Louis XIV. made to the grand Condé at Chantilly, put an end to his existence, because he feared the sea-fish would not arrive in time for one day's repast.—BERRY.

Madame de Guerchy is all goodness to me; but that is not new. I have already been prevented by great civilities from Madame de Bentheim and my old friend Madame de Mirepoix; but am not likely to see the latter much, who is grown a most particular favourite of the King, and seldom from him. The Dauphin is ill, and thought in a very bad way. I hope he will live, lest the theatres should be shut up. Your ladyship knows I never trouble my head about royalties, farther than it affects my own interest. In truth, the way that princes affect my interest is not the common way.

I have not yet tapped the chapter of baubles, being desirous of making my revenues maintain me here as long as possible. It will be time enough to return to my Parliament when I want money.

Mr. Hume, that is *the Mode*,¹ asked much about your ladyship. I have seen Madame de Monaco,² and think her very handsome, and extremely pleasing. The younger Madame d'Egmont,³ I hear, disputes the palm with her; and Madame de Brionne⁴ is not left without partisans. The nymphs of the theatres are *laides à faire peur*, which at my age is a piece of luck, like going into a shop of curiosities, and finding nothing to tempt one to throw away one's money.

There are several English here, whether I will or not. I certainly did not come for them, and shall connect with them as little as possible. The few I value, I hope sometimes to hear of. Your ladyship guesses how far that wish extends. Consider too, Madam, that one of my unworthinesses is washed and done away, by the confession I made in the beginning of my letter.

1007. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

DEAR SIR:

Paris, Wednesday, Sept. 18, 1765.

I HAVE this moment received your letter, and as a courier is just

¹ "Hume's conversation to strangers," says Lord Charlemont, "and still more particularly, one would suppose, to French women, could be little delightful; and yet no lady's toilette was complete without his attendance. At the Opera, his broad, unmeaning face was usually seen *entre deux jolis minois*: the ladies in France gave the *ton*, and the *ton* was deism."—WRIGHT.

² Madame de Monaco, afterwards Princess de Condé.—WRIGHT.

³ Daughter of the celebrated Marshal Duc de Richelieu. She was one of the handsomest women in France.—WRIGHT.

⁴ Madame de Brionne, née Rohan Rochefort, wife of M. de Brionne of the house of Lorraine, and mother of the Prince de Lambesc; known by his imprudent conduct at the head of his regiment in the garden of the Tuileries, at the commencement of the revolution.—WRIGHT.

setting out, I had rather take the opportunity of writing to you a short letter than defer it for a longer.

I had a very good passage, and pleasant journey, and find myself surprisingly recovered for the time. Thank you for the good news you tell me of your coming : it gives me great joy.

To the end of this week I shall be in Lord Hertford's house ; so have not yet got a lodging : but when I do, you will easily find me. I have no banker, but credit on a merchant who is a private friend of Lord Hertford ; consequently, I cannot give you credit on him : but you shall have the use of my credit, which will be the same thing ; and we can settle our accounts together. I brought about a hundred pounds with me, as I would advise you to do. Guineas you may change into louis or French crowns at Calais and Boulogne ; and even small bank-bills will be taken here. In any shape I will assist you. Be careful on the road. My portmanteau, with part of my linen, was stolen from before my chaise at noon, while I went to see Chantilly. If you stir out of your room, lock the door of it in the inn, or leave your man in it. If you arrive near the time you propose, you will find me here, and I hope much longer.

1008. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Paris, Sept. 22, 1765.

THE concern I felt at not seeing you before I left England, might make me express myself warmly, but I assure you it was nothing but concern, nor was mixed with a grain of pouting. I knew some of your reasons, and guessed others. The latter grieve me heartily ; but I advise you to do as I do : when I meet with ingratitude, I take a short leave both of it and its host. Formerly I used to look out for indemnification somewhere else ; but having lived long enough to learn that the reparation generally proved a second evil of the same sort, I am content now to skin over such wounds with amusements, which at least leave no scars. It is true, amusements do not always amuse when we bid them. I find it so here ; nothing strikes me ; everything I do is indifferent to me. I like the people very well, and their way of life very well ; but as neither were my object, I should not much care if they were any other people, or it was any other way of life. I am out of England, and my purpose is answered.

Nothing can be more obliging than the reception I meet with everywhere. It may not be more sincere (and why should it ?) than

our cold and bare civility; but it is better dressed, and looks natural; one asks no more. I have begun to sup in French houses, and as Lady Hertford has left Paris to-day, shall increase my intimacies. There are swarms of English here, but most of them are going, to my great satisfaction. As the greatest part are very young, they can no more be entertaining to me than I to them, and it certainly was not my countrymen that I came to live with. Suppers please me extremely; I love to rise and breakfast late, and to trifle away the day as I like. There are sights enough to answer that end, and shops you know are an endless field for me. The city appears much worse to me than I thought I remembered it. The French music as shocking as I knew it was. The French stage is fallen off, though in the only part I have seen Le Kain¹ I admire him extremely. He is very ugly and ill made, and yet has an heroic dignity which Garrick wants, and great fire. The Dumenil I have not seen yet, but shall in a day or two. It is a mortification that I cannot compare her with the Clairon, who has left the stage. Grandval I saw through a whole play without suspecting it was he. Alas! four-and-twenty years make strange havoc with us mortals! You cannot imagine how this struck me! The Italian comedy, now united with their *opera comique*, is their most perfect diversion; but alas! harlequin, my dear favourite harlequin, my passion, makes me more melancholy than cheerful. Instead of laughing, I sit silently reflecting how everything loses charms when one's own youth does not lend it gilding! When we are divested of that eagerness and illusion with which our youth presents objects to us, we are but the *caput mortuum* of pleasure.

Grave as these ideas are, they do not unfit me for French company. The present tone is serious enough in conscience. Unluckily, the subjects of their conversation are duller to me than my own thoughts, which may be tinged with melancholy reflections, but I doubt from my constitution will never be insipid.

The French affect philosophy, littérature, and freethinking: the first never did, and never will possess me; of the two others I have long been tired. Freethinking is for one's self, surely not for society; besides one has settled one's way of thinking, or knows it cannot be settled, and for others I do not see why there is not

¹ Le Kain was born at Paris in 1725, and died there in 1778. He was originally brought up as a surgical instrument maker; but his dramatic talents having been made known to Voltaire, he took him under his instructions, and secured him an engagement at the Français, where he performed for the first time in 1750.—WRIGHT.

as much bigotry in attempting conversions from any religion as to it. I dined to-day with a dozen *savans*, and though all the servants were waiting, the conversation was much more unrestrained, even on the Old Testament, than I would suffer at my own table in England, if a single footman was present. For literature, it is very amusing when one has nothing else to do. I think it rather pedantic in society; tiresome when displayed professedly; and, besides, in this country one is sure it is only the fashion of the day. Their taste in it is worst of all: could one believe that when they read our authors, Richardson and Mr. Hume should be their favourites? The latter is treated here with perfect veneration. His History, so falsified in many points, so partial in as many, so very unequal in its parts, is thought the standard of writing.

In their dress and equipages they are grown very simple. We English are living upon their old gods and goddesses; I roll about in a chariot decorated with cupids, and look like the grandfather of Adonis.

Of their parliaments and clergy I hear a good deal, and attend very little: I cannot take up any history in the middle, and was too sick of politics at home to enter into them here. In short, I have done with the world, and live in it rather than in a desert, like you. Few men can bear absolute retirement, and we English worst of all. We grow so humoursome, so obstinate and capricious, and so prejudiced, that it requires a fund of good-nature like yours not to grow morose. Company keeps our rind from growing too coarse and rough; and though at my return I design not to mix in public, I do not intend to be quite a recluse. My absence will put it in my power to take up or drop as much as I please. Adieu! I shall inquire about your commission of books, but having been arrived but ten days, have not yet had time. Need I say?—no I need not—that nobody can be more affectionately yours than, &c.

1009. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Paris, Sept. 26, 1765.

No poor mortal was ever so glad to return to his own country, as I was to quit mine. It is true this is pretty much the sum total of my satisfaction. I am very well received here; like much some that I knew before I arrived, and some I am acquainted with since;

have sights to see, and baubles to buy, two considerable occupations of my life; but I am not young enough to be enchanted with anything new: still less of an age to form friendships, when one has proved how rarely the thing exists at all. But I am unchained from politics, and have no longer anybody's follies to answer for, or care for, but my own.

I did not receive your last till I came hither, and it was then too late, when your new grand Duke was on the road, to mention to Mr. Conway what you hint at, an increase of character. In truth, my object for you is always of a more solid nature; I had rather your appointments were increased than your dignity. At present, too, a new solicitation might interfere with the Riband, which I think would cast more lustre on you than a step of office. My interest is not great enough to obtain all I should wish for you, if it can obtain anything; and I doubt, the measure of leaving what are called *all my friends*, will not add to my credit. It must have been you, and almost only you, for whom I would have asked anything. The fewer obligations I have, the less right has anybody to tax my attendance. I want to dissolve most of my connections, not to increase them, and to break off with a world, of which I am heartily tired as to anything serious.

Lady Hertford is gone, and the Duke of Richmond not come; consequently I am as *isolé* as I can wish to be. There are three or four houses whither I go when I will, but you may believe that it is not constant. Their histories are unknown to me, and uninteresting. Their politics most indifferent; their fashionable literature, and more fashionable irreligion, subjects of which I am tired. I neither love to dispute nor discuss. In short, nothing interests me but a few points on which I do not care to think, much less to talk with indifferent persons. I am Methuselah on most things, and a boy on others, and one don't love to tell people that one's passions are too superannuated or too juvenile; that one is past caring for what they like, and still too attached to some sentiments of one's own. When the *monde* returns to Paris, I shall probably be more dissipated; but I am not discontented with my present nonchalance.

Prince Beauvau¹ is at Bordeaux, and is likely to stay some time. I saw his daughter the other night at Madame de Mirepoix's, who is like what he was, but it is not delicate enough for a girl. Here

¹ Son of the Prince de Craon. His only child by his first wife married the Prince de Poix, son of the Comte de Noailles. His second wife was a widow, Madame de Clermont, sister of the Comte de Chabot, by whom he had no children.—WALFOLK.

is a Dr. Gatti, a disciple of Cocchi, who speaks of you with great regard, and desired me to mention him. I was pleased the other night at the Italian comedy to find I had lost so little of my Italian as to understand it better than the French scenes.

Though the fashionable turn is serious, yet it is still fashion that rules. The Count de St. Florentin, Secretary of State, has had his hand cut off on the bursting of his gun: they had talked of it two days and were tired. Somebody asked how he did? "Bon!" replied one of the company, "on n'en parle plus." He was not out of danger, but it was an old story.

The Dauphin is in a very bad way, and not likely to live. Of English history I know not a syllable. I conclude there is nothing to know. The shooting season is begun, and we have our fashions too. I suppose of politics *on ne parle plus*. I expect some *tapage* from the residence of the Prince and Princess of Brunswick at St. James's. Her Royal Highness is of a lively imagination, and he did not leave England in a style that promised sudden cordiality.

They question me much here, why Mr. Pitt did not accept the Administration? Truly it would be difficult for me to explain to them what I do not understand myself! *Monsieur de Temple* is still more inexplicable. I do not give myself much trouble to inform them; and I hear with great tranquillity *que c'étoit un très bon homme que ce Milord Bath*.¹ However, I could not conceive that they knew so very little of a country which has lately been so much in vogue with them. A very sensible woman² knew more of the matter, when she said to me last night, "Vous avez eu un moment bien brillant, mais vous êtes tombé!" Yes, in good truth.

Write to me, addressed to Monsieur Foley, banquier, à Paris, and tell me of your new Court.³ I hope you, like me and the vulgar, expect marvels at first from a young sovereign.—I remember, and laugh at, myself.

Adieu! This is a dull letter enough. I know no events, and you will not expect me to write Travels, like Misson, or to fall in love, like Polnitz,⁴ with all the princes and princesses of the earth. My spirits would serve if they found proper food, but I believe they

¹ Lord Bath at the end of his life had been at Paris.—WALPOLE.

² The celebrated Madame Geoffrin.—WALPOLE.

³ The Archduke Leopold, brother of the Emperor Joseph II., was Great Duke of Tuscany, and married a Princess of Spain.—WALPOLE.

⁴ Baron Polnitz wrote accounts of several European Courts.—WALPOLE.

will lie pretty fallow for the rest of my life. When one has a singular turn of mind, and not *liant* with a new world, one grows unintelligible but to the few contemporaries that rest about one. My mind has taken in its quantum of feelings. I shall live upon the old stock; and, I doubt, be very insipid both to myself and others. Adieu!

September 30th.

P.S. Sir James Macdonald is going from hence to Florence, and has desired me to give him a recommendation to you. He is a particular friend of Lord Beauchamp,¹ and a very extraordinary young man for variety of learning. He is rather too wise for his age, and too fond of shewing it, but when he has seen more of the world, he will choose to know less.

Lord Beauchamp passed through here to-day, and stopped for only four hours. He spoke of you in raptures.

1010. TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Paris, Oct. 3, 1765.

STILL I have seen neither Madame d'Egmont nor the Duchess d'Aiguillon, who are in the country; but the latter comes to Paris to-morrow. Madame Chabot I called on last night. She was not at home, but the Hôtel de Carnavalet² was; and I stopped on purpose to say an ave-maria before it. It is a very singular building, not at all in the French style, and looks like an *ex voto* raised to her honour by some of her foreign votaries. I don't think her honoured half enough in her own country. I shall burn a little incense before your Cardinal's heart,³ Madam, à *votre intention*.

I have been with Madame Geoffrin several times, and think she has one of the best understandings I ever met, and more knowledge of the world. I may be charmed with the French, but your ladyship must not expect that they will fall in love with me. Without affecting to lower myself, the disadvantage of speaking a language worse than any idiot one meets, is insurmountable: the silliest Frenchman is eloquent to me, and leaves me embarrassed and

¹ Francis Seymour Conway, eldest son of the Earl of Hertford.—WALPOLE.

² Madame de Sévigné's residence in Paris.—WALPOLE.

³ The Cardinal de Richelieu's heart at the Sorbonne.—WALPOLE.

obscure. I could name twenty other reasons, if this one was not sufficient. As it is, my own defects are the sole cause of my not liking Paris entirely: the constraint I am under from not being perfectly master of their language, and from being so much in the dark, as one necessarily must be, on half the subjects of their conversation, prevents my enjoying that ease for which their society is calculated. I am much amused, but not comfortable.

The Duc de Nivernois is extremely good to me; he inquired much after your ladyship. So does Colonel Drumgold.¹ The latter complains; but both of them, especially the Duc, seem better than when in England. I meet the Duchesse de Cossé² this evening at Madame Geoffrin's. She is pretty, with a great resemblance to her father; lively and good-humoured, not genteel.

Yesterday I went through all my presentations at Versailles. 'Tis very convenient to gobble up a whole royal family in an hour's time, instead of being sacrificed one week at Leicester-house [Princess Dowager of Wales], another in Grosvenor-street [Duke of Cumberland's], a third in Cavendish-square [Princess Amelia's], &c. &c. &c. *La Reine* is *le plus grand roi du monde*,³ and talked much to me, and would have said more if I would have let her; but I was awkward, and shrunk back into the crowd. None of the rest spoke to me. The King is still much handsomer than his pictures, and has great sweetness in his countenance, instead of that *farouche* look which they give him. The Mesdames are not beauties, and yet have something Bourbon in their faces. The Dauphiness I approve the least of all: with nothing good-humoured in her countenance, she has a look and accent that made me dread lest I should be invited to a private party at loo with her.⁴ The poor Dauphin is ghastly, and perishing before one's eyes.

Fortune bestowed on me a much more curious sight than a set of princes; the wild beast of the Gevaudan, which is killed, and

¹ Colonel Drumgold was born at Paris in 1730, and died there in 1786. Dr. Johnson, in giving Boswell an account of his visit to Paris in 1775, made the following mention of him:—"I was just beginning to creep into acquaintance, by means of Colonel Drumgold, a very high man, Sir, head of L'Ecole Militaire, and a most complete character; for he had first been a professor of rhetoric, and then became a soldier." He was the author of "*La Gaïeté*," a poem, and several other pieces.—WRIGHT.

² Wife of the Duc de Cossé Brisac, governor of Paris. She was a daughter of the Duc de Nivernois.—WRIGHT.

³ Madame de Sévigné thus expresses herself of Louis XIV. after his having taken much notice of her at Versailles. See her Letters.—BERRY.

⁴ He means, that she had a resemblance to the late Princess Amelia.—BERRY.

actually in the Queen's antechamber. It is a thought less than a leviathan and the beast in the Revelations, and has not half so many wings and eyes and talons as I believe they have, or will have some time or other; this being possessed but of two eyes, four feet, and no wings at all. It is as like a wolf as a commissary in the late war, except, notwithstanding all the stories, that it has not devoured near so many persons. In short, Madam, now it is dead and come, a wolf it certainly was, and not more above the common size than Mrs. Cavendish is. It has left a dowager and four young princes.

Mr. Stanley, who I hope will trouble himself with this, has been most exceedingly kind and obliging to me. I wish that, instead of my being so much in your ladyship's debt, you were a little in mine, and then I would beg you to thank him for me. Well, but as it is, why should not you, Madam? He will be charmed to be so paid, and you will not dislike to please him. In short, I would fain have him know my gratitude; and it is hearing it in the most agreeable way, if expressed by your ladyship.

1011. TO JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.

Paris, Oct. 3, 1765.

I DON'T know where you are, nor when I am likely to hear of you. I write at random, and, as I talk, the first thing that comes into my pen.

I am, as you certainly conclude, much more amused than pleased. At a certain time of life, sights and new objects may entertain one, but new people cannot find any place in one's affection. New faces with some name or other belonging to them, catch my attention for a minute—I cannot say many preserve it. Five or six of the women that I have seen already are very sensible. The men are in general much inferior, and not even agreeable. They sent us their best, I believe, at first, the Duc de Nivernois. Their authors, who by the way are everywhere, are worse than their own writings, which I don't mean as a compliment to either. In general, the style of conversation is solemn, pedantic, and seldom animated, but by a dispute. I was expressing my aversion to disputes: Mr. Hume, who very gratefully admires the tone of Paris, having never known any other tone, said with great surprise, "Why, what do you like, if you hate both disputes and whisk?"

What strikes me the most upon the whole is, the total difference of manners between them and us, from the greatest object to the least. There is not the smallest similitude in the twenty-four hours. It is obvious in every trifle. Servants carry their lady's train, and put her into her coach with their hat on. They walk about the streets in the rain with umbrellas to avoid putting on their hats; driving themselves in open chaises in the country without hats, in the rain too, and yet often wear them in a chariot in Paris when it does not rain. The very footmen are powdered from the break of day, and yet wait behind their master, as I saw the Duc of Praslin's do, with a red pocket-handkerchief about their necks. Versailles, like everything else, is a mixture of parade and poverty, and in every instance exhibits something most dissonant from our manners. In the colonnades, upon the staircases, nay in the antechambers of the royal family, there are people selling all sorts of wares. While we were waiting in the Dauphin's sumptuous bedchamber, till his dressing-room door should be opened, two fellows were sweeping it, and dancing about in sabots to rub the floor.

You perceive that I have been presented. The Queen took great notice of me; none of the rest said a syllable. You are let into the King's bedchamber just as he has put on his shirt; he dresses and talks good-humouredly to a few, glares at strangers, goes to mass, to dinner, and a-hunting. The good old Queen, who is like Lady Primrose in the face, and Queen Caroline in the immensity of her cap, is at her dressing-table, attended by two or three old ladies, who are languishing to be in Abraham's bosom, as the only man's bosom to whom they can hope for admittance. Thence you go to the Dauphin, for all is done in an hour. He scarce stays a minute; indeed, poor creature, he is a ghost, and cannot possibly last three months. The Dauphiness is in her bedchamber, but dressed and standing; looks cross, is not civil, and has the true Westphalian grace and accents. The four Mesdames, who are clumsy plump old wenches, with a bad likeness to their father, stand in a bedchamber in a row, with black cloaks and knotting-bags, looking good-humoured, not knowing what to say, and wriggling as if they wanted to make water. This ceremony too is very short; then you are carried to the Dauphin's three boys, who you may be sure only bow and stare. The Duke of Berry¹ looks weak and weak-eyed:

¹ Afterwards Louis XVI.—WRIGHT.

the Count de Provence¹ is a fine boy; the Count d'Artois² well enough. The whole concludes with seeing the Dauphin's little girl dine, who is as round and as fat as a pudding.

In the Queen's antechamber we foreigners and the foreign ministers were shown the famous beast of the Gevaudan, just arrived, and covered with a cloth, which two chasseurs lifted up. It is an absolute wolf, but uncommonly large, and the expression of agony and fierceness remains strongly imprinted on its dead jaws.

I dined at the Duc of Praslin's with four-and-twenty ambassadors and envoys, who never go but on Tuesdays to court. He does the honours sadly, and I believe nothing else well, looking important and empty. The Duc de Choiseul's face, which is quite the reverse of gravity, does not promise much more. His wife is gentle, pretty, and very agreeable. The Duchess of Praslin, jolly, red-faced, looking very vulgar, and being very attentive and civil. I saw the Duc de Richelieu in waiting, who is pale, except his nose, which is red, much wrinkled, and exactly a remnant of that age which produced General Churchill, Wilks the player, the Duke of Argyll, &c. Adieu!

1012. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Paris, Oct. 6, 1765.

I AM glad to find you grow just, and that you do conceive at last, that I could do better than stay in England for politics. "Tenez, mon enfant," as the Duchesse de la Ferté said to Madame Staal;³ "comme il n'y a que moi au monde qui aie toujours raison," I will be very reasonable; and as you have made this concession to me, who knew I was in the right, I will not expect you to answer all my *reasonable* letters. If you send a bullying letter to the King of Spain,⁴ or to *Chose*, my neighbour here,⁵ I will consider them as written to myself, and subtract so much from your bill. Nay, I will accept a line from Lady Ailesbury now and then in part of payment. I shall continue to write as the wind sets in my pen; and do own my babble does not demand much reply.

¹ Afterwards Louis XVIII.—WRIGHT.

² Afterwards Charles X.—WRIGHT.

³ See Mémoires de Madame de Staal, published with the rest of her works, in three small volumes.—BERRY.

⁴ Mr. Conway was now secretary of state for the foreign department.—WALPOLE.

⁵ The King of France, Louis XV.—WALPOLE.

For so reasonable a person as I am, I have changed my mind very often about this country. The first five days I was in violent spirits; then came a dismal cloud of whisk and literature, and I could not bear it. At present I begin, very *Englishly* indeed, to establish a right to my own way. I laugh, and talk nonsense, and make them hear me. There are two or three houses where I go quite at my ease, am never asked to touch a card, nor hold dissertations. Nay, I don't pay homage to their authors. Every woman has one or two planted in her house, and God knows how they water them. The old President Henault¹ is the pagod at Madame du Deffand's, an old blind debauchée of wit, where I supped last night. The President is very near deaf, and much nearer superannuated. He sits by the table: the mistress of the house, who formerly was his, inquires after every dish on the table, is told who has eaten of which, and then bawls the bill of fare of every individual into the President's ears. In short, every mouthful is proclaimed, and so is every blunder I make against grammar. Some that I make on purpose, succeed; and one of them is to be reported to the Queen to-day by Henault, who is her great favourite. I had been at Versailles; and having been much taken notice of by her Majesty, I said, alluding to Madame Sévigné, *La Reine est le plus grand roi du monde*. You may judge if I am in possession by a scene that passed after supper. Sir James Macdonald² had been mimicking Hume: I told the women, (who, besides the mistress, were the Duchess de la Valière,³ Madame de Forcalquier,⁴ a demoiselle,) that to be sure they would be glad to have a specimen of Mr.

¹ Le Président Henault, surintendant de la maison de Mademoiselle la Dauphine, membre de l'Académie Française et de l'Académie des Inscriptions, known by his celebrated work, the *Abrégé Chronologique de l'Histoire de France*, and from the excellent table which he kept, and which was the resort of all the wits and *savans* of the day. His cook was considered the best in Paris, and the master was worthy of his cook; a fact which Voltaire celebrates in the opening lines of the epitaph which he wrote for him—

"Henault, fameux par vos soupers,
Et votre Chronologie," &c.—WRIGHT.

² An elder brother of Sir A. Macdonald, the present Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer. He died at Rome the year following, leaving behind him a distinguished character for every mental accomplishment.—WALPOLE.

³ La Duchesse de la Valière, daughter of the Duc d'Usez. She was one of the handsomest women in France, and preserved her beauty even to old age. She died about the year 1792, at the age of eighty.—WRIGHT.

⁴ The Comtesse de Forcalquier, née Canizy. She had been first married to the Comte d'Antin, son to the Comtesse de Toulouse, by a marriage previous to that with the Comte de Toulouse, one of the natural children of Louis Quatorze, whom he legitimated.—WRIGHT.

Pitt's manner of speaking; and that nobody mimicked him so well as Elliot.¹ They firmly believed it, teased him for an hour, and at last said he was the rudest man in the world not to oblige them. It appeared the more strange, because here everybody sings, reads their own works in public, or attempts any one thing without hesitation or capacity. Elliot speaks miserable French; which added to the diversion.

I had had my share of distress in the morning, by going through the operation of being presented to the Royal Family, down to the little Madame's pap-dinner, and had behaved as sillily as you will easily believe; hiding myself behind every mortal. The Queen called me up to her dressing-table, and seemed mightily disposed to gossip with me; but instead of enjoying my glory like Madame de Sévigné, I slunk back into the crowd after a few questions. She told Monsieur de Guerchy of it afterwards, and that I had run away from her, but said she would have her revenge at Fontainebleau. So I must go thither, which I did not intend. The King, Dauphin, Dauphiness, Mesdames, and the wild beast did not say a word to me. Yes, the wild beast, he of the Gevaudan. He is killed, and actually in the Queen's antechamber, where he was exhibited to us with as much parade as if it was Mr. Pitt. It is an exceedingly large wolf, and, the connoisseurs say, has twelve teeth more than any wolf ever had since the days of Romulus's wet-nurse. The critics deny it to be the true beast; and I find most people think the beast's name is *legion*, for there are many. He was covered with a sheet, which two chasseurs lifted up for the foreign ministers and strangers. I dined at the Duke of Praslin's with five-and-twenty tomes of the *corps diplomatique*; and after dinner was presented, by Monsieur de Guerchy, to the Duc de Choiseul. The Duc de Praslin is as like his own letters in D'Eon's book as he can stare; that is, I believe, a very silly fellow. His wisdom is of the grave kind. His cousin, the first minister, is a little volatile being, whose countenance and manner had nothing to frighten me for my country. I saw him but for three seconds, which is as much as he allows to any one body or thing. Monsieur de Guerchy,² whose goodness to me is inexpressible, took the trouble of walking everywhere with me, and carried me particularly to see the new office for state papers. I wish I could

¹ Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto.—WALPOLE. He was appointed a lord of the admiralty in 1756, treasurer of the chamber in 1762, keeper of the signets for Scotland in 1767 and treasurer of the navy in 1770. He died in 1777.—WRIGHT.

² He had been ambassador in England.—WALPOLE.

send it you. It is a large building, disposed like an hospital, with the most admirable order and method. Lodgings for every officer; his name and business written over his door. In the body is a perspective of seven or eight large chambers: each is painted with emblems, and wainscoted with presses with wired doors and crimson curtains. Over each press, in golden letters, the country to which the pieces relate, as Angleterre, Allemagne, &c. Each room has a large funnel of bronze with *or moulu*, like a column, to air the papers and preserve them. In short, it is as magnificent as useful.

From thence I went to see the reservoir of pictures at M. de Marigny's.¹ They are what are not disposed of in the palaces, though sometimes changed with others. This *refuse*, which fills many rooms from top to bottom, is composed of the most glorious works of Raphael, L. da Vinci, Giorgione, Titian, Guido, Correggio, &c. Many pictures, which I knew by their prints, without an idea where they existed, I found there.

The Duc de Nivernois is extremely obliging to me. I have supped at Madame de Bentheim's, who has a very fine house, and a woful husband. She is much livelier than any Frenchwoman. The liveliest man I have seen is the Duc de Duras:² he is shorter and plumper than Lord Halifax, but very like him in the face. I am to sup with the Dussons³ on Sunday. In short, all that have been in England are exceedingly disposed to repay any civilities they received there. Monsieur de Caraman wrote from the country to excuse his not coming to see me, as his wife is on the point of being brought to bed, but begged I would come to them. So I would, if I was a man-midwife: but though they are easy on such heads, I am not used to it, and cannot make a party of pleasure of a labour.

Wilkes arrived here two days ago, and announced that he was going minister to Constantinople.⁴ To-day I hear he has lowered

¹ The brother of La Pompadour, on whose favour her fortune was built.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Le Duc de Duras, one of the gentlemen of the bedchamber at the court of France.—WRIGHT.

³ M. D'Usson, who had formerly been in England in a diplomatic capacity. He was brother to the Marquis de Bonnac, the French ambassador at the Hague.—WRIGHT.

⁴ Wilkes's application for the embassy to Constantinople was an unsuccessful one. It will be seen in the *Chatham Correspondence*, that in February 1761 he had solicited of Mr. Pitt a seat at the board of trade. "I wish," he says, "the board of trade might be thought a place in which I could be of any service: whatever the scene is, I shall endeavour to have the reputation of acting in a manner worthy of the connection I have the honour to be in; and, among all the chances and changes of a political world,

his credentials, and talks of going to England, if he can make his peace.¹ I thought by the manner in which this was mentioned to me, that the person meant to sound me : but I made no answer ; for, having given up politics in England, I certainly did not come to transact them here. He has not been to make me the first visit, which, as the last arrived, depends on him : so, never having spoken to him in my life, I have no call to seek him. I avoid all politics so much, that I had not heard one word here about Spain. I suppose my silence passes for very artful mystery, and puzzles the ministers, who keep spies on the most insignificant foreigner. It would have been lucky if I had been as watchful. At Chantilly I lost my port-manteau with half my linen ; and the night before last I was robbed of a new frock, waistcoat and breeches, laced with gold, a white and silver waistcoat, black velvet breeches, a knife, and a book. These are expenses I did not expect, and by no means entering into my system of extravagance.

I am very sorry for the death of Lord Ophaly,² and for his family. I knew the poor young man himself but little, but he seemed extremely good-natured. What the Duke of Richmond will do for a hotel, I cannot conceive. Adieu !

1013. TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Paris, Oct. 13, 1765.

How are the mighty fallen ! Yes, yes, Madam, I am as like the Duc de Richelieu as two peas ; but then they are two old withered grey peas. Do you remember the fable of ‘Cupid and Death,’ and what a piece of work they made with hustling their arrows together ? This is just my case : Love might shoot at me, but it was with a gouty arrow. I have had a relapse in both feet, and kept my bed six days : but the fit seems to be going off ; my heart can already go alone, and my feet promise themselves the mighty luxury of a cloth shoe in two or three days. Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay,³ who are here, and are, alas ! to carry this, have been of great comfort to me, and have brought their delightful little daughter, who is as quick as Ariel. Mr. Ramsay could want no assistance from me : what do we

I will never have an obligation in a parliamentary way but to Mr. Pitt and his friends.”
—WRIGHT.

¹ After his outlawry.—WALPOLE.

² Son of the Earl of Kildare, first Duke of Leinster.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Allan Ramsay, the painter.—WALPOLE.

both exist upon here, Madam, but your bounty and charity? When did you ever leave one of your friends in want of another? Madame Geoffrin came and sat two hours last night by my bedside: I could have sworn it had been my Lady Hervey, she was so good to me. It was with so much sense, information, instruction, and correction! The manner of the latter charms me. I never saw anybody in my days that catches one's faults and vanities and impositions so quick, that explains them to one so clearly, and convinces one so easily. I never liked to be set right before? You cannot imagine how I taste it! I make her both my confessor and director, and begin to think I shall be a reasonable creature at last, which I had never intended to be. The next time I see her, I believe I shall say, "Oh! Common Sense, sit down: I have been thinking so and so; is not it absurd?"—for t'other sense and wisdom, I never liked them; I shall now hate them for her sake. If it was worth her while, I assure your ladyship she might govern me like a child.¹

The Duc de Nivernois too is astonishingly good to me. In short, Madam, I am going down hill, but the sun sets pleasingly. Your two other friends have been in Paris; but I was confined and could not wait on them. I passed a whole evening with Lady Mary Chabot most agreeably: she charged me over and over with a thousand compliments to your ladyship. For sights, alas! and pilgrimages, they have been cut short! I had destined the fine days of October to excursions; but you know, Madam, what it is to reckon without one's host, the gout. It makes such a coward of me, that I shall be afraid almost of entering a church. I have lost, too, the Dumenil in 'Phèdre' and 'Merope,' two of her principal parts, but I hope not irrecoverably.

Thank you, Madam, for the Taliacotian extract:² it diverted me much. It is true, in general I neither see nor desire to see our wretched political trash: I am sick of it up to the fountain head. It was my principal motive for coming hither; and had long been my determination, the first moment I should be at liberty, to abandon it all. I have acted from no views of interest; I have shown I did not; I have not disgraced myself—and I must be

¹ Gibbon, in a letter to his father, of the 24th of February 1763, says:—"Lady Hervey's recommendation to Madame Geoffrin was a most excellent one: her house is a very good one; regular dinners there every Wednesday, and the best company in Paris, in men of letters and people of fashion. It was at her house I connected myself with M. Helvetius, who, from his heart, his head, and his fortune, is a most valuable man."—WRIGHT.

² See Hudibras.—CUNNINGHAM.

free. My comfort is, that, if I am blamed, it will be by *all* parties. A little peace of mind for the rest of my days is all I ask, to balance the gout.

I have writ to Madame de Guerchy about your orange-flower water; and I sent your ladyship two little French pieces that I hope you received. The uncomfortable posture in which I write will excuse my saying any more; but it is no excuse against my trying to do any thing to please one, who always forgets pain when her friends are in question.

1014. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Paris, Oct. 16, 1765.

I AM here, in this supposed metropolis of pleasure, triste enough; hearing from nobody in England, and again confined with the gout in both feet: yes, I caught cold, and it has returned; but as I begin to be a little acquainted with the nature of its caresses, I think the violence of its passion this time will be wasted within the fortnight. Indeed, a stick and a great shoe do not commonly compose the dress which the English come hither to learn; but I shall content myself if I can limp about enough to amuse my eyes; my ears have already had their fill, and are not at all edified. My confinement preserves me from the journey to Fontainebleau, to which I had no great appetite; but then I lose the opportunity of seeing Versailles and St. Cloud at my leisure.

I wrote to you soon after my arrival; did you receive it? All the English books you named to me are to be had here at the following prices. Shakspeare in eight volumes unbound for twenty-one livres; in larger paper for twenty-seven. Congreve in three volumes for nine livres. Swift in twelve volumes for twenty-four livres, another edition for twenty-seven. So you see I do not forget your commissions: if you have farther orders, let me know.

Wilkes is here, and has been twice to see me in my illness. He was very civil, but I cannot say entertained me much. I saw no wit; his conversation shows how little he has lived in good company, and the chief turn of it is the grossest bawdy.¹ He has certainly

¹ "I scarcely ever," says Gibbon, who happened to dine in the company of Wilkes in September, 1762, "met with a better companion; he has inexhaustible spirits, infinite wit and humour, and a great deal of knowledge; but a thorough profligate in principle as in practice; his life stained with every vice, and his conversation full of blasphemy and indecency."—WRIGHT.

one merit, notwithstanding the bitterness of his pen, that is, he has no rancour; not even against Sandwich, of whom he talked with the utmost temper. He showed me some of his notes on Churchill's Works, but they contain little more than one note on each poem to explain the subject of it.

The Dumenil is still the Dumenil, and nothing but curiosity could make me want the Clairon. Grandval is grown so fat and old, that I saw him through a whole play and did not guess him. Not one other, that you remember on the stage, remains there.

It is not a season for novelty in any way, as both the court and the world are out of town. The few that I know are almost all dispersed. The old President Henault made me a visit yesterday: he is extremely amiable, but has the appearance of a superannuated bacchanal; superannuated, poor soul! indeed he is! The Duc de Richelieu is a lean old resemblance of old General Churchill, and like him affects still to have his Boothbies. Alas! poor Boothbies!¹

I hope, by the time I am convalescent, to have the Richmonds here. One of the miseries of chronical illnesses is, that you are a prey to every fool, who, not knowing what to do with himself, brings his ennui to you, and calls it charity. Tell me a little the intended dates of your motions, that I may know where to write at you. Commend me kindly to Mr. John, and wish me a good night, of which I have had but one these ten days.

1015. TO THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.

Paris, Oct. 16, 1755.

THOUGH I begin my letter to-day, Madam, it may not be finished and set out these four days; but serving a tyrant who does not allow me many holiday-minutes, I am forced to seize the first that offer. Even now when I am writing upon the table, he is giving me malicious pinches under it. I was exceedingly obliged to Miss Hotham for her letter, though it did not give me so good an account of your ladyship as I wished. I will not advise you to come to Paris, where, I assure you, one has not a nip less of the gout than at London, and where it is rather more difficult to keep one's chamber pure; water not being reckoned here one of the elements

¹ Mrs. Boothby, mother of Prince Boothby. See vol. i. p. 80.

To ancient Boothby's ancient Churchill's flown.

Sir C. H. Williams' Isabella.—CUNNINGHAM.

of cleanliness. If ever my Lady Blandford and I make a match, I shall insist on her coming hither for a month first, to learn patience. I need have a great stock, who have only travelled from one sick bed to another ; who have seen nothing ; and who hear of nothing but the braveries of Fontainbleau, where the Duc de Richelieu, whose year it is, has ordered seven new operas besides other shows. However, if I cannot be diverted, my ruin at least is protracted, as I cannot go to a single shop.

Lady Mary Chabot has been so good as to make me a visit. She is again gone into the country till November, but charged me over and over to say a great deal for her to your ladyship, for whom she expresses the highest regard. Lady Brown is still in the country too ; but as she loves laughing more than is fashionable here, I expect her return with great impatience. As I neither desire to change their religion or government, I am tired of their perpetual dissertations on those subjects. As when I was here last, which, alas ! is four-and-twenty years ago, I was much at Mrs. Hayes's, I thought it but civil to wait on her now that her situation is a little less brilliant. She was not at home, but invited me to supper next night. The moment she saw me I thought I had done very right not to neglect her ; for she overwhelmed me with professions of her fondness for me and all my family. When the first torrent was over, she asked me if I was son of the Horace Walpole who had been ambassador here. I said no, he was my uncle. Oh ! then you are he I used to call my Neddy ! No, Madam, I believe that is my brother. Your brother ! what is my Lord Walpole ? My cousin, Madam. Your cousin ! why, then, who are you ? I found that if I had omitted my visit, her memory of me would not have reproached me much.

Lord and Lady Fife are expected here every day from Spa ; but we hear nothing certain yet of their graces of Richmond, for whom I am a little impatient ; and for Pam too, who I hope comes with them. In French houses it is impossible to meet with anything but whist, which I am determined never to learn again. I sit by and yawn ; which, however, is better than sitting at it to yawn. I hope to be able to take the air in a few days ; for though I have had sharp pain and terrible nights, this codicil to my gout promises to be of much shorter duration than what I had in England, and has kept entirely to my feet. My diet sounds like an English farmer's, being nothing but beef and pudding ; in truth the beef is bouilli, and the pudding bread. This last night has been the first in which I have got a

wink of sleep before six in the morning : but skeletons can live very well without eating or sleeping ; nay, they can laugh too, when they meet with a jolly mortal of this world.

Mr. Chetwynd, I conclude, is dancing at country balls and horse-races. It is charming to be so young ; but I do not envy one whose youth is so good-humoured and good-natured. When he gallops post to town, or swims his horse through a mill-pond in November, pray make my compliments to him, and to Lady Blandford and Lady Denbigh. The joys of the gout do not put one's old friends out of one's head, even at this distance. I am, &c.

1016. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Paris, Oct. 16, 1765.

I AM stocked with your letters, my dear Sir, and have nothing to say in answer. Two *pacquets* have been sent back to me from England, dated before a third, that I received here and answered. I am impatient to know that you have got it, for the Chevalier de Lorenzi¹ has put it into my head, though in truth his own is none of the clearest, that it should have been franked to Genoa, there being a rupture somewhere between postmasters of different territories. I shall take care to be better informed before this departs.

If you have received mine, as I hope, you will have seen that I had left England before I knew of your schemes, and consequently when it was too late to assist them. If the deposit of solicitation for you that I left before I set out has no weight, my word from hence will certainly have none, where they do not like I should be ; nor truly can I with much grace ask favours when I will grant none. You have been an exception, because I neither know how to refuse you, or to resist attempting to serve you ; but having burst from all political connexions, my wish is, not to be drawn back by any ties. If there is any regard left for me, you will be served, because nothing could be more strongly pressed on my side. I shall be sorry, but shall not wonder, if I am forgotten.

Your new Court will, I hope, amuse you, and not ruin you. A friend, as it is called, but, as I think, the worst of foes, has stepped in to save me from ruin here. In short, I caught cold ten days after my arrival, have had a relapse, and am laid up with the gout in both feet. It is vexatious enough, besides the pain, which is no

¹ Brother of Comte Lorenzi, the French Minister at Florence.—WALPOLE.

flea-bite. It prevents my seeing both things and people, except in my own room, which is seldom the place where I wish to see them. *Basta!* This world was made for Cæsar! that is, the healthy and the bustling. Unpleasant as it is to be ill anywhere but at home, the rooted aversion I have taken to politics and the House of Commons, will brave even the gout, which shall not carry me back. When I do return, which at soonest I think will be in February, I shall still wear the gout's livery, and live retired from all other connexions. What little I learn here, when the scene opens, shall be transmitted to you, but I have made few arrangements of curiosity.

Adieu! my dear Sir. The life of a bed-chamber in a *hôtel garni*, and in a foreign country, and when the Court is at Fontainebleau, can furnish little matter for a letter. The Dauphin is said to mend with the change of air and ass's milk, and the journey which was to have been shortened, is again protracted to the 18th of next month.

1017. TO THOMAS BRAND, ESQ.¹

Paris, Oct. 19, 1765.

Don't think I have forgot your commissions: I mentioned them to old Mariette this evening, who says he has got one of them, but never could meet with the other, and that it will be impossible for me to find either at Paris. You know, I suppose, that he would as soon part with an eye as with anything in his own collection.

You may, if you please, suppose me extremely diverted here. Oh! exceedingly. In the first place, I have seen nothing; in the second, I have been confined this fortnight with a return of the gout in both feet; and in the third, I have not laughed since my Lady Hertford went away. I assure you, you may come hither very safely, and be in no danger from mirth. Laughing is as much out of fashion as pantins or bilboquets. Good folks, they have no time to laugh. There is God and the King to be pulled down first;² and men and women, one and all, are devoutly employed in the demolition. They think me quite profane, for having any belief left. But this is not my only crime: I have told them, and am undone by it, that they have taken from us to admire the two dullest things we had, Whisk and Richardson—It is very true, and they want nothing but George Grenville to make their conversations, or rather dissertations, the

¹ Of the Hoo, in Hertfordshire. See vol. i. p. 17, and vol. ii. p. 337.—CUNNINGHAM.

² And both were pulled down in France in less than thirty years.—CUNNINGHAM.

most tiresome upon earth. For Lord Lyttelton, if he would come hither, and turn freethinker once more, he would be reckoned the most agreeable man in France—next to Mr. Hume, who is the only thing in the world that they believe implicitly; which they must do, for I defy them to understand any language that he speaks.

If I could divest myself of my wicked and *unphilosophic* bent to laughing, I should do very well. They are very civil and obliging to me, and several of the women are very agreeable, and some of the men. The Duc de Nivernois has been beyond measure kind to me, and scarce missed a day without coming to see me during my confinement. The Guerchys are, as usual, all friendship. I had given entirely into supping, as I do not love rising early, and still less meat breakfasts. The misfortune is, that in several houses they dine, and in others sup.

You will think it odd that I should want to laugh, when Wilkes, Sterne, and Foote are here; but the first does not make me laugh, the second never could, and for the third, I choose to pay five shillings when I have a mind he should divert me. Besides, I certainly did not come in search of English: and yet the man I have liked the best in Paris is an Englishman, Lord Ossory,¹ who is one of the most sensible young men I ever saw, with a great deal of Lord Tavistock in his manner.

The joys of Fontainebleau I miss by my illness—Patienza! If the gout deprived me of nothing better than a court.

The papers say the Duke of Dorset² is dead: what has he done for Lord George? You cannot be so unconscionable as not to answer me. I don't ask who is to have his riband; nor how many bushels of fruit the Duke of Newcastle's dessert for the Hereditary Prince contained, nor how often he kissed³ him for the sake of "the dear house of Brunswick."—No, keep your politics to yourselves; I want to know none of them:—when I do, and authentically, I will write to my Lady * * * * [Greenwich?] or Charles Townshend.

Mrs. Pitt's friend, Madame de Rochefort, is one of my principal

¹ The future husband of the divorced Duchess of Grafton—the Lady Ossory of Walpole's Letters.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Lionel Cranfield Sackville, seventh Earl and first Duke of Dorset (son and successor of the witty Earl), to whom Prior dedicated his Poems. He died October 10, 1765. The Earl of Middlesex, of whom we have read so much, was his eldest son; Lord George Sackville (Germain) his third son.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ See vol. iii. p. 72. "As to my kissing my Lord Bute at the ceremony, it is a necessary part of it; and determined as I am to have nothing to do with his Lordship as minister, I am the more disposed to show all civilities as a gentleman."—*Duke of Newcastle to Lord Hardwicke, Sept. 28, 1762.*—CUNNINGHAM.

attachments, and very agreeable indeed. Madame de Mirepoix another. For my admiration, Madame de Monaco—but I believe you don't doubt my Lord Hertford's taste in sensualities. March's passion, the Marechalle d'Estrées, is affected, cross, and not at all handsome. The Princes of the blood are pretty much retired, do not go to Portsmouth and Salisbury once a week, nor furnish every other paragraph to the newspapers. Their campaigns are confined to killing boars and stags, two or three hundred in a year. Adieu! Mr. Foley is my banker; or it is still more sure if you send your letter to Mr. Conway's office.

1018. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Paris, Oct. 28, 1765.

MR. HUME¹ sends me word from Fontainebleau, that your brother, some time in the spring of 1764, transmitted to the English ministry "a pretty exact and very authentic account of the French finances;" these are his words: and "that it will be easily found among his lordship's despatches of that period." To the other question I have received no answer: I suppose he has not yet been able to inform himself.

This goes by an English coachman of Count Lauragais, sent over to buy more horses; therefore I shall write a little ministerially, and, perhaps, surprise you, if you are not already apprised of things in the light I see them.

The Dauphin will probably hold out very few days. His death, that is, the near prospect of it, fills *the philosophers* with the greatest joy, as it was feared he would endeavour the restoration of the Jesuits. You will think the sentiments of *the philosophers* very odd *state news*—but do you know who *the philosophers* are, or what the term means here? In the first place, it comprehends almost everybody; and in the next, means men, who, avowing war against popery, aim, many of them, at a subversion of all religion, and still many more, at the destruction of regal power. How do you know this? you will say; you, who have been but six weeks in France, three of which you have been confined to your chamber? True: but in the first period I went everywhere, and heard nothing else; in the latter, I have been extremely visited, and have had long and

¹ The celebrated David Hume was Secretary of Embassy to the Earl of Hertford during his residence in Paris.—WALPOLE.

explicit conversations with many, who think as I tell you, and with a few of the other side, who are no less persuaded that there are such intentions. In particular, I had two officers here t'other night, neither of them young, whom I had difficulty to keep from a serious quarrel, and who, in the heat of the dispute, informed me of much more than I could have learnt with great pains.

As a proof that my ideas are not quite visions, I send you a most curious paper;¹ such as I believe no *magistrate* would have pronounced in the time of Charles I. I should not like to have it known to come from me, nor any part of the intelligence I send you : with regard to which, if you think it necessary to communicate it to particular persons, I desire my name may be suppressed. I tell it for *your* satisfaction and information, but would not have anybody else think that I do anything here but amuse myself : my amusements indeed are triste enough, and consist wholly in trying to get well ; but my recovery moves very slowly. I have not yet had anything but cloth shoes on, live sometimes a whole day on warm water, and am never tolerably well till twelve or one o'clock.

I have had another letter from Sir Horace Mann, who has much at heart his Riband and increase of character. Consequently you know, as I love him so much, I must have them at heart too. Count Lorenzi is recalled, because here they think it necessary to send a Frenchman of higher rank to the new grand ducal court. I wish Sir Horace could be raised on this occasion. For his Riband, his promise is so old and so positive that it is quite a hardship.

Pray put the colonies in good-humour : I see they are violently disposed to the new Administration. I have not time to say more, nor more to say if I had time ; so good night ! Let me know if you receive this, and how soon : it goes the day after to-morrow. Various reports say the Duke of Richmond comes this week. I sent you a letter by Monsieur de Guerchy. Dusson, I hear, goes ambassador to Poland. Tell Lady Ailesbury that I have five or six little parcels, though not above one for her, of laces and ribands, which Lady Cecilie left with me ; but how to convey them the Lord knows.

Yours ever.

¹ This paper does not appear.—WALPOLE.

1019. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Paris, Nov. 2, 1765.

You cannot be more distressed than I am at your not receiving my letters. This is the third I have written since I came hither. The first of them was dated on the 30th of September. Then the Chevalier de Lorenzi told me there was some dispute between the French and Italian postmasters, and offered to convey one for me to his brother. I gave him one on the 19th of October, and had no doubt but you would receive that. I now scarce know what to do, unless Mr. Foley will engage to find some safer way. It embarrasses me the more, while I fear the miscarriage of my letters, I can scarce even give you hints of what I do not care to explain at all by writing. Had you received my others, I think you would have understood me. The sum of what I have said in them, and all I can say in this, is, that, but to serve *you*, nothing could have made me solicit at all, and you are much deceived if you think my interest worth a farthing. I pressed the affair of your Riband with all the vehemence I could before I left England; I have renewed my application since I came hither; and even three days ago, on receiving your last letter but one, I wrote in behalf of an increase of character for you. I own it was not pleasant to do, nor do I flatter myself that any regard will be paid to my suit. In short, I have left what are called my friends, have done with them, have refused to return to their Parliament—can I reasonably ask or expect favours from them?

I had long determined before the change happened, for very good reasons, to withdraw from party and politics the moment I should find an opportunity. Chance and *my friends* gave it me; I seized it; and though I was their slave while they were out of place, I will not be so now while they are in, nor will be ordered to come and go just as they want me. Think then, my dear Sir, on what interest you build when you call on mine! And do allow me some merit when you are the single exception to the resolution I had taken of asking no favours of this Administration¹ than I did of the

¹ Mr. Walpole had a good opinion of Lord Rockingham as an honest man, but thought him very unfit for First Minister; and, therefore, as he paid no court to him, had not much hopes of the red riband for Sir Horace Mann, which could not be obtained without Lord Rockingham's consent; but General Conway (with whom and the Duke of Richmond he only preserved any connection) did obtain it.—WALPOLE.

last. I think I shall write once more on what you tell me of Viviani; more to satisfy you and my own conscience, than from forming any views of success. You must look on me for the future as a man who has totally done with the world, but for my amusement. I know it, my dear Sir, I know it; I laugh at it; I divert myself with it; it does not make me cross. I find all men are like all men; and how can one be angry with everybody? I used to quarrel with those that deceived me; I now only grow very civil to them; know what they are worth; don't trust them, nor care about them, but in common things behave to them as I used to do. One man is ungrateful because he is a rogue; another, because he is a man of virtue: very well—the effect is the very same: if he is the first, perhaps he is agreeable; if the second, probably disagreeable. Why seek out two others, when, perhaps, another rogue will not please me so much, and another piece of uprightness will be as unpleasant?

This is my system, and I go on pretty much as I did. My spirits are as good as ever; I wish my health were so. Since I came hither I have had a relapse, and another fit of the gout for a month. I now limp abroad again, but my eyes have lost many a sight, and all the fine weather. The only thing that provokes me, is to be told that the gout cures every other distemper. I never had any other distemper; and I am sure it takes a long time to cure itself—*à la charge de revenir*. When I return to England, which will be in February or March, according as the weather is fine or not, I shall concentrate my few remaining joys in Strawberry, and still be happy enough if I recover my limbs. I wish you had a Strawberry, that you might look down on *grandeurs*, and mortifications of *grandeurs* with the same indifference that I do. When men have paid court to kings and ministers for years, Count Lorenzi shows you what their reward is. The world talks of serving them *faithfully*—for what or why? What do I owe to any human creature more than he owes to me? What entitles him to my *fidelity*? Can those foolish words *king* and *subject* make him better than me, or me worse than him? He pays me, and I do his business—is there any other relation between him and me? In all probability he is more foolish, ignorant, vain, and selfish than I am: do those qualities entitle him to my esteem or respect, much more to any duty from me? And can the frowns of such a strutting phantom mortify one? If he deprives me of my employment without any reason, he deserves my hatred; if he refuses me what I have just pretensions to, he is insen-

sible to merit, and, consequently, worthless himself. I should be glad to see if that would mortify me ! A King is established for my convenience, that is for the convenience of everybody ; his power and his riches are his wages. His Ministers are placed about him, because this mighty thing is a helpless poor mortal, like other mortals, and cannot do a thousandth part of its own business. His Ministers have under-officers for exactly the same reasons. What a respectable fabric ! Laugh at them, my dear Sir, or pity them, if they try to do as much as they can ; but, as that is seldom the case, never be mortified if they disappoint you. The *Nousvoulons*' ladies may be vexed if they do not dine with a princess they never saw before. It would be a comfort to me, who think the kingdom of one's own room sufficient dignity for any reasonable man. I wish my philosophy, such as it is, may have any weight with you. I doubt it is the only service I can do for you, but it will be a great one if it has effect : it will tranquillise your mind ; and I know nothing else worth seeking. Adieu !

1020. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Paris, Nov. 13, 1765.

I RECEIVED your letter by Lord Cowper's courier this instant, and had another yesterday. I have certainly received all you have written to me, and am glad to find you begin to get mine. This is the fourth from Paris. I wish, without farther discussions, that you would conceive how very little interest I have, because I fear you will feel it at last ; and the disappointment will be the greater. I have written again in your favour, which is more than I promised ; but, when I tell you, that I have not had a single word of answer to all I have said from hence about you, sure you will be convinced, my dear Sir, that my credit is poor indeed.

15th.

If your Earl² acted from reason, I should think him in the right not to go to England yet. The indecency of his stay while his

¹ The Great Duchess had made a distinction between the old and new nobility, by a declaration, which beginning *Nous volons*, the latter were nicknamed the *Nousvoulons Ladies*.—WALPOLE.

² The third Earl Cowper, who had gone to travel in his father's life, fell in love at Florence with a married lady, and could not be prevailed on by the most earnest entreaties of his dying father to come to England. He continued there for many years after the death of his father [in 1764] and the extinction of his own passion : married

father was still alive, and so pressing to see him, can only be palliated by remaining, which would look as if it was the strength of his attachment that had detained him, and not disrespect; but it is no business of mine.

You will have heard of the death of the Duke of Cumberland, which has awakened much anxiety in England, and given a glimpse of changes. The King has assured the present Ministers that this event shall make no alteration, and you may be sure they are desirous of believing so. The opinions of the Opposition are divided, of whom some think the rivet that held them together is gone; others that it will strengthen them, as some who hated only the Duke will now be ready to accede. I am of neither opinion: a forced connection between a nephew and uncle who had so long hated one another was no real cement: they met in a centre of hatred to the late Ministers; while that subsists, the Duke's life or death was indifferent. On the other hand, if any are disposed to take on now, I should think they were ready to do so before: political hatred is not so predominant in these times as political interest. It may, upon the whole, give an opening to some broader system, from the very circumstance, and, perhaps, from that alone, that it occasions such an arrangement to be talked of; but I imagine that the groundwork will remain pretty much as it is.

There seems to be a rot among princes; the Emperor Don Philip and the Duke are dead: Prince Frederick, our King's youngest brother, is in the last stage of a consumption; and here we every moment expect the Dauphin's death. He received extreme unction two days ago; the *prières des quarante heures* have been mumbled over; for here they still die in ceremony, though few pretend to more than acting that farce; few to so much as that. He himself is to be pitied, and they say expressed his sense of his fate; to die at thirty-six, Dauphin of France, "*sans avoir joui, ni fait de bien à personne*"—if he would have felt the last, he is a real loss.

15th, at night.

I am just come from the Duke of Richmond's, whose audience had been postponed on the Dauphin's danger. He has received a courier this evening, that appoints him to be at Fontainebleau the day after to-morrow, the Dauphin being what is called better. We

an English young gentlewoman there, and in the year 1781 sent his children by her to England without coming himself.—WALPOLE. It was this Earl (died 1789) who collected, while in Italy, the Panshanger pictures.—CUNNINGHAM.

thought him dead, for all post-horses are stopped, and nobody suffered to come from Fontainebleau, as the Court may want to remove at a minute's warning. Paris in the meantime is a solitude, and *triste*; but gay enough for me, who but just began to go about again. The English, who are here in droves, do not take these royal deaths much to heart; the Duke of Beaufort made a ball two nights ago in the hotel where I lodge, at which we were no fewer than forty-eight. I was forced to go in my own defence, and to stay as late as I could, as I had no chance of getting a wink of sleep but by being worn out: my plan succeeded. In truth, as I stay here only to avoid being in England, it is pretty indifferent to me how I pass my time. When I have broken from politics, and shown that I have, I shall return to my own *château*, and quiet.

Colonel Barré arrived last night, but had sent a refusal before him to England of the place of Irish Vice-Treasurer. I dined where he did to-day, and thought he was not quite so determined as he had imagined. I never was in a room with him before; his style is vulgar; but that did not surprise me. Wilkes is here too; in the same tone and with less parts. One likes to see men that posterity will wish to have seen: bate that curiosity, and they are commonly not just the men you would wish to see much. Wilkes's day is over; Barré's, I think, to come.

How I wish my dear Sir, that your new Court may enliven your life, and not be the cause of any mortification in it! That it may be is the case of courts, that fill up the succession of time, and add nothing to ennoble it. When one thinks over the number of courts that are, and have been, of how many intrigues and vexations they have been the source, and how little they deserve, or have deserved, past, present, or future esteem, can one help lumping them together, and then dropping the thought of them with contempt? I consider the multitudes to whom they are important, as so many old Brantômes, who admired and recorded every proud lord and every lewd lady to whom he had bowed in the guard-room. Laugh at them, and you will be happy.

P.S. I trouble you to forward the enclosed to Hamilton¹ and direct it.

My Lady Orford has lost another husband.² Will she try a third? or will a third trust her?

¹ Resident at Naples.—WALPOLE.

² Sewallis Shirley, second husband of Lady Orford. [Vol. ii. p. 56, and p. 253.]—WALPOLE.

The King, who had promised it, has confirmed the assurance of the Garter to Lord Albemarle,¹ on the Duke's death. It is a handsome compliment to his uncle's memory. There will be some struggle for the other two Ribands. I don't care about them: I am only interested about the Red for you.

1021. TO MR. GRAY.

Paris, Nov. 19, 1765.

You are very kind to inquire so particularly after my gout. I wish I may not be too circumstantial in my answer: but you have tapped a dangerous topic; I can talk gout by the hour. It is my great mortification, and has disappointed all the hopes that I had built on temperance and hardiness. I have resisted like a hermit, and exposed myself to all weathers and seasons like a smuggler: and in vain. I have, however, still so much of the obstinacy of both professions left, that I think I shall continue, and cannot obey you in keeping myself warm. I have gone through my second fit under one blanket, and already go about in a silk waistcoat with my bosom unbuttoned. In short, I am as prejudiced to my regimen, though so ineffectual, as I could have been to all I expected from it. The truth is, I am almost as willing to have the gout as to be liable to catch cold; and must run up stairs and down, in and out of doors, when I will, or I cannot have the least satisfaction. This will convince you how readily I comply with another of your precepts, walking as soon as I am able.—For receipts, you may trust me for making use of none: I would not see a physician at the worst, but have quacked myself as boldly as quacks treat others. I laughed at your idea of quality receipts, it came so *apropos*. There is not a man or woman here that is not a perfect old nurse, and who does not talk gruel and anatomy with equal fluency and ignorance. One instance shall serve: Madame de Bouzols, Marshal Berwick's daughter, assured me there was nothing so good for the gout, as to preserve the parings of my nails in a bottle close stopped. When I try any illustrious nostrum, I shall give the preference to this.

So much for the gout!² I told you what was coming. As to

¹ George Keppel, third Earl of Albemarle, one of the Lords of the Bedchamber, and favourite of William, Duke of Cumberland.—WALPOLE.

² The following is Gray's reply, of the 13th of December:—"You have long built your hopes on temperance, you say, and hardiness. On the first point we are agreed;

the Ministry, I know and care very little about them. I told you and told them long ago, that if ever a change happened I would bid adieu to politics for ever. Do me the justice to allow that I have not altered with the times. I was so impatient to put this resolution in execution, that I hurried out of England before I was sufficiently recovered. I shall not run the same hazard again in haste; but will stay here till I am perfectly well, and the season of warm weather coming on or arrived; though the charms of Paris have not the least attraction for me, nor would keep me an hour on their own account. For the city itself, I cannot conceive where my eyes were: it is the ugliest beastliest town in the universe. I have not seen a mouthful of verdure out of it, nor have they anything green but their treillage and window-shutters. Trees cut into fire-shovels, and stuck into pedestals of chalk, compose their country. Their boasted knowledge of society is reduced to talking of their suppers, and every malady they have about them, or know of. The Dauphin is at the point of death; every morning the physicians frame an account of him; and happy is he or she who can produce a copy of this lie, called a *bulletin*. The night before last, one of these was produced at supper where I was; it was read, and said he had had *une évacuation fétide*. I beg your pardon, though you are not at supper. The old lady of the house¹ (who by the way is quite blind, was the Regent's mistress for a fortnight, and is very agreeable) called out, "Oh! they have forgot to mention that he threw down his chamber-pot, and was forced to change his bed." There were present several women of the first rank; as Madame de la Valière, whom you remember Duchesse de Vaujour, and who is still miraculously pretty, though fifty-three; a very handsome Madame de Forcalquier, and others—nor was this conversation at all particular to that evening.

the second has totally disappointed you, and *therefore* you will persist in it by all means. But then, be sure to persist too in being young, in stopping the course of time, and making the shadow return back upon your sun-dial. If you find this not so easy, acquiesce with a good grace in my anilities; put on your under-stockings of yarn, or woollen, even in the night-time. Don't provoke me, or I shall order you two nightcaps, (which, by the way, would do your eyes good,) and put a little of any French liqueur into your water; they are nothing but brandy and sugar; and among their various flavours, some of them may surely be palatable enough. The pain in your feet I *can bear*; but I shudder at the sickness of your stomach and the weakness that still continues. I conjure you, as you love yourself,—I conjure you by Strawberry, not to trifle with these edge-tools. There is no cure for the gout, when in the stomach, but to throw it into the limbs: there is no relief for gout in the limbs, but in gentle warmth and gradual perspiration." *Works by Mitford*, vol. iv. p. 68.—WRIGHT.

¹ Madame du Deffand.—WRIGHT.

Their gaiety is not greater than their delicacy—but I will not expatiate. In short, they are another people from what they were. They may be growing wise, but the intermediate passage is dulness. Several of the women are agreeable, and some of the men; but the latter are in general vain and ignorant. The *savans*—I beg their pardons, the *philosophes*—are insupportable, superficial, overbearing, and fanatic: they preach incessantly, and their avowed doctrine is atheism; you would not believe how openly—Don't wonder, therefore, if I should return a Jesuit. Voltaire himself does not satisfy them. One of their lady devotees said of him, “Il est bigot, c'est un déiste.”

I am as little pleased with their taste in trifles. Crébillon is entirely out of fashion, and Marivaux a proverb: *marivauder* and *marivaudage* are established terms for being prolix and tiresome. I thought that we were fallen, but they are ten times lower.

Notwithstanding all I have said, I have found two or three societies that please me; am amused with the novelty of the whole, and should be sorry not to have come. The Dumenil is, if possible, superior to what you remember. I am sorry not to see the Clairon; but several persons whose judgments seem the soundest prefer the former. Preville is admirable in low comedy. The mixture of Italian comedy and comic operas, prettily written, and set to Italian music, at the same theatre, is charming, and gets the better both of their operas and French comedy; the latter of which is seldom full, with all its merit. *Petit-maitres* are obsolete, like our Lords Foppington—*Tout le monde est philosophe*—When I grow very sick of this last nonsense, I go and compose myself at the Chartreuse, where I am almost tempted to prefer Le Sœur to every painter I know. Yet what new old treasures are come to light, routed out of the Louvre, and thrown into new lumber-rooms at Versailles!—But I have not room to tell you what I have seen! I will keep this and other chapters for Strawberry. Adieu! and thank you.

Old Mariette has shown me a print by Diepenbecke of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle¹ at dinner with their family. You would oblige me, if you would look into all their graces' folios, and see if it is not a frontispiece to some one of them. Then he has such a

¹ Prefixed to some copies of the Duchess's work, entitled, ‘The World's Olio,—Nature's Pictures drawn by Fancy's Pencil to the life,’ (folio, London, 1653,) is a print, Diepenbeck del., P. Clouvet sc., half-sheet, containing portraits of William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, (celebrated as a Cavalier general during the civil wars, and commonly styled the loyal Duke of Newcastle,) his Duchess, and their family.—WRIGHT.

Petitot of Madame d'Olonne! The Pompadour offered him fifty louis for it¹—Alack, so would I!

1022. TO GROSVENOR BEDFORD, ESQ.²

DEAR SIR:

Paris, Nov. 20, 1765.

I SHOULD hope you was convinced that you need not at any time wait for business, to write to me. I am always happy to hear of you, and glad to receive your letters.

I caught cold after I had been here a fortnight, and the gout returned in both feet, and in one of my eyes, with what gave me still more uneasiness, constant sickness at my stomach, so that I almost loathed every kind of food, and could bear no sort above two days together. Thank God! after six weeks all is over, my sickness is gone and my appetite returned. My feet continued long swelled, and my legs swelled so much every night, that I feared that weakness would remain, but it is gone too, and I have nothing to complain of now, but weakness. I wish you got as easily quit of this horrid distemper. My gout leaves no traces at all, though so severe while it stays.

I will beg you to keep the money till my return, which will be when the severity of the winter is over; but I am grown a great coward, and dare not venture travelling in bad weather, nor risk being laid up on the road. I am not less afraid of the House of Commons, when I am persuaded long attendance would bring back the gout, of which I own my dread is extreme. The same apprehension will prevent my going more southward. I shall be very glad to be in my own house again. Adieu, dear Sir, and believe me ever

Most cordially and affectionately yours,

HORACE WALPOLE.

¹ This miniature eventually became his property. In a letter from Madame du Deffand of the 12th of December, 1775, she says:—"J'ai Madame d'Olonne entre les mains; vous voilà au comble de la joie; mais modérez-en la, en apprenant que ses galans ne la payaient pas plus cher de son vivant que vous ne la payez après sa mort; elle vous coûte trois mille deux cents livres."—WRIGHT.

² Now first printed.—CUNNINGHAM.

1023. TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Paris, Nov. 21, 1765.

MADAME GEOFFRIN has given me a parcel for your ladyship with two knotting-bags, which I will send by the first opportunity that seems safe: but I hear of nothing but difficulties; and shall, I believe, be saved from ruin myself, from not being able to convey any purchases into England. Thus I shall have made an almost fruitless journey to France, if I can neither fling away my money, nor preserve my health. At present, indeed, the gout is gone. I have had my house swept, and made as clean as I could—no very easy matter in this country; but I live in dread of seven worse spirits entering in. The terror I am under of a new fit has kept me from almost seeing anything. The damps and fogs are full as great and frequent here as in London; but there is a little frost to-day, and I shall begin my devotions to-morrow. It is not being fashionable to visit churches; but I am *de la vieille cour*; and I beg your ladyship to believe that I have no youthful pretensions. The Duchess of Richmond tells me that they have made twenty foolish stories about me in England; and say, that my person is admired here. I cannot help what is said without foundation; but the French have neither lost their eyes, nor I my senses. A skeleton I was born—skeleton I am—and death will have no trouble in making me one. I have not made any alteration in my dress, and certainly did not study it in England. Had I had any such ridiculous thoughts, the gout is too sincere a monitor to leave one under any such error. Pray, Madam, tell Lord and Lady Holland what I say; they have heard these idle tales; and they know so many of my follies, that I should be sorry they believed more of me than are true. If all arose from Madame Geoffrin calling me in joke *le nouveau Richelieu*, I give it under my hand that I resemble him in nothing but wrinkles.

Your ladyship is much in the right to forbear reading politics. I never look at the political letters that come hither in the *Chronicles*. I was sick to death of them before I set out; and perhaps should not have stirred from home, if I had not been sick of them and all they relate to. If anybody could write ballads and epigrams, *à la bonne heure*! But dull personal abuse in prose is tiresome indeed. A serious invective against a pickpocket, or written by a pickpocket, who has so little to do as to read?

The Dauphin continues languishing to his exit, and keeps everybody at Fontainebleau. There is a little bustle now about the parliament of Bretagne; but you may believe, Madam, that when I was tired of the squabbles at London, I did not propose to interest myself in quarrels at Hull or Liverpool. Indeed, if the Duc de Chaulnes¹ commanded at Rennes, or Pomenars² was sent to prison, I might have a little curiosity. You wrong me in thinking I quoted a text from my Saint³ ludicrously. On the contrary, I am so true a bigot, that, if she could have talked nonsense, I should, like any other bigot, believe she was inspired. The season, and the emptiness of Paris, prevent anything new from appearing. All I can send your ladyship is a very pretty logogriphe, made by the old blind Madame du Deffand, whom perhaps you know—certainly must have heard of. I sup there very often;⁴ and she gave me this last night—you must guess it.

Quoique je forme un corps, je ne suis qu'une idée;
Plus ma beauté vieillit, plus elle est décidée:
Il faut, pour me trouver, ignorer d'où je viens:
Je tiens tout de lui, qui réduit tout à rien.⁵

Lady Mary Chabot inquires often after your ladyship. Your other two friends are not yet returned to Paris; but I have had several obliging messages from the Duchesse d'Aiguillon.

It pleased me extremely, Madam, to find no mention of your own gout in your letter. I always apprehend it for you, as you try its temper to the utmost, especially by staying late in the country, which you know it hates. Lord! it has broken my spirit so, that I believe it might make me leave Strawberry at a minute's warning. It has forbid me tea, and been obeyed; and I thought that one of the most difficult points to carry with me. Do let us be well, Madam, and have no gouty notes to compare!

I am your ladyship's most faithful, humble servant.

¹ Governor of Britany in the time of Madame de Sévigné.—WALPOLE.

² See Madame de Sévigné's Letters.—WALPOLE.

³ Madame de Sévigné.—WALPOLE.

⁴ Madame du Deffand had, at this time, a supper at her house every Sunday evening, at which Walpole, during his stay at Paris, constantly made one of the company.—WRIGHT.

⁵ The word is *noblesse*.—WALPOLE.

1024. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Paris, Nov. 21, 1765.

You must not be surprised when my letters arrive long after their date. I write them at my leisure, and send them when I find any Englishmen going to London, that I may not be kept in check, if they were to pass through both French and English posts.

Your letter to Madame Roland, and the books for her, will set out very securely in a day or two. My bookseller here happens to be of Rheims, and knows Madame Roland, *comme deux gouttes d'eau*.¹ This perhaps is not a well-placed simile, but the French always use one, and when they are once established, and one knows the tune, it does not signify sixpence for the sense.

My gout and my stick have entirely left me. I totter still, it is true, but I trust shall be able to whisk about at Strawberry as well almost as ever. When that hour strikes, to be sure I shall not be very sorry. The sameness of the life here is worse than anything but English politics and the House of Commons. Indeed, I have a mind still to see more people here, more sights, and more of the Dumenil. The Dauphin, who is not dead yet, detains the whole court at Fontainebleau, whither I dare not venture, as the situation is very damp, and the lodgings abominable. Sights too, I have scarce seen any yet; and I must satisfy my curiosity; for hither, I think, I shall never come again. No, let us sit down quietly and comfortably, and enjoy our coming old age. Oh! if you are in earnest, and will transplant yourself to Roehampton, how happy I shall be! You know, if you believe an experience of above thirty years, that you are one of the very, very few, for whom I really care a straw. You know how long I have been vexed at seeing so little of you. What has one to do, when one grows tired of the world, as we both do, but to draw nearer and nearer, and gently waste the remains of life with the friends with whom one began it! Young and happy people will have no regard for us and our old stories, and they are in the right: but we shall not tire one another; we shall laugh together when nobody is by to laugh at us, and we may think ourselves young enough when we see nobody younger. Roehampton is a delightful spot, at once cheerful and

¹ Compare *ante* Letter to Lord Hertford, April 7, 1765.—CUNNINGHAM.

retired. You will amble in your chaise about Richmond-park : we shall see one another as often as we like ; I shall frequently peep at London, and bring you tales of it, and we shall sometimes touch a card with the Clive, and laugh our fill ; for I must tell you, I desire to die when I have nobody left to laugh with me. I have never yet seen or heard anything serious, that was not ridiculous. Jesuits, Methodists, philosophers, politicians, the hypocrite Rousseau, the scoffer Voltaire, the encyclopedists, the Humes, the Lytteltons, the Grenvilles, the atheist tyrant of Prussia, and the mountebank of History, Mr. Pitt, all are to me but impostors in their various ways. Fame or interest is their object ; and after all their parade, I think a ploughman who sows, reads his almanack, and believes the stars but so many farthing candles, created to prevent his falling into a ditch as he goes home at night, a wiser and more rational being, and I am sure an honestier than any of them. Oh ! I am sick of visions and systems, that shove one another aside, and come over again, like the figures in a moving picture. Rabelais brightens up to me as I see more of the world ; he treated it as it deserved, laughed at it all, and, as I judge from myself, ceased to hate it ; for I find hatred an unjust preference. Adieu !

1025. TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Paris, Nov. 28, 1765.

WHAT, another letter ! Yes, yes, Madam ; though I must whip and spur, I must try to make my thanks keep up with your favours : for any other return, you have quite distanced me. This is to acknowledge the receipt of the Duchess d'Aiguillon—you may set what sum you please against the debt. She is delightful, and has much the most of a woman of quality of any I have seen, and more cheerfulness too ; for, to show your ladyship that I am sincere, that my head is not turned, and that I retain some of my prejudices still, I avow that gaiety, whatever it was formerly, is no longer the growth of this country ; and I will own too that Paris can produce women of quality that I should not call women of fashion : I will not use so ungentle a term as vulgar ; but for their indelicacy, I could call it still worse. Yet with these faults, and the latter is an enormous one in my English eyes, many of the women are exceedingly agreeable. I cannot say so much for the men—always excepting the Duc de Nivernois. You would be entertained for a quarter of an hour,

with his Duchess—she is the Duke of Newcastle properly placed, that is, chattering incessantly out of devotion, and making interest against the devil that she may dispose of bishoprics in the next world.

Madame d'Egmont is expected to-day, which will run me again into arrears. I don't know how it is. Yes, I do: it is natural to impose on bounty, and I am like the rest of the world: I am going to abuse your goodness, *because* I know nobody so great. Besides being the best friend in the world, you are the best *commissinaire* in the world, Madam: you understand from friendship to scissors. The enclosed model was trusted to me, to have two pair made as well as possible—but I really blush at my impertinence. However, all the trouble I mean to give your ladyship is, to send your groom of the chambers to bespeak them; and a pair besides of the common size for a lady, as well made as possible, for the honour of England's steel.

The two knotting-bags from Madame Geoffrin went away by a clergyman two days ago; and I concerted all the tricks the doctor and I could think of, to elude the vigilance of the Custom House officers.

With this, I send your ladyship the '*Orpheline Leguée*:' its intended name was the *Anglomanie*—my only reason for sending it; for it has little merit, and had as slender success, being acted but five times. However, there is nothing else new.

The Dauphin continues in the same languishing and hopeless state, but with great coolness and firmness. Somebody gave him t'other day 'The Preparation for Death;'¹ he said, "C'est la nouvelle du jour."

I have nothing more to say, but what I have always to say, Madam, from the beginning of my letters to the end, that I am your ladyship's most obliged and most devoted humble servant.

Nov. 23, three o'clock.

Oh, Madam, Madam, Madam, what do you think I have found since I wrote my letter this morning? I am out of my wits! Never was anything like my luck; it never forsakes me! I have found Count Grammont's picture! I believe I shall see company upon it, certainly keep the day holy. I went to the Grand Augustins to see the pictures of the reception of the knights of

¹ The title of a French book of devotion.—WALPOLE.

the Holy Ghost: they carried me into a chamber full of their portraits; I was looking for Bassompierre; my laquais de louage opened a door, and said, "Here are more." One of the first that struck me was Philibert Comte de Grammont! It is old, not at all handsome, but has a great deal of finesse in the countenance. I shall think of nothing now but having it copied. If I had seen or done nothing else, I should be content with my journey hither.

1026. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Paris, Nov. 29, 1765.

As I answered your short letter with a very long one, I shall be shorter in answer to your long, which I received late last night from Fontainebleau: it is not very necessary; but as Lord William Gordon sets out for England on Monday, I take that opportunity.

The Duke of Richmond tells me that Choiseul has promised everything. I wish it may be performed, and *speedily*, as it will give you an opportunity of opening the Parliament with great *éclat*. My opinion you know is, that this is the moment for pushing them and obtaining.

Thank you for all you say about my gout. We have had a week of very hard frost, that has done me great good, and rebraced me. The swelling of my legs is quite gone. What has done me more good, is having entirely left off tea, to which I believe the weakness of my stomach was owing, having had no sickness since. In short, I think I am cured of everything but my fears. You talk coolly of going as far as Naples, and propose my going with you. I would not go so far, if Naples was the direct road to the new Jerusalem. I have no thought or wish but to get home, and be quiet for the rest of my days, which I shall most certainly do the first moment the season will let me; and if I once get to London again, shall be scarce tempted ever to lie in an inn more. I have refused to go to Aubigné, though I should lie but one night on the road. You may guess what I have suffered, when I am grown so timorous about my health. However, I am again reverted to my system of water, and trying to recover my hardiness—but nothing has at all softened me towards physicians.

You see I have given you a serious answer, though I am rather disposed to smile at your proposal. Go to Italy! for what?—Oh! to quit—do you know, I think that as idle a thought as the other.

Pray stay where you are, and do some good to your country, or retire when you cannot—but don't put your finger in your eye and cry after the holidays and sugar-plums of Park-place. You have engaged and must go through, or be hindered. Could you tell the world the reason? Would not all men say you had found yourself incapable of what you had undertaken? I have no patience with your thinking so idly. It would be a reflection on your understanding and character, and a want of resolution unworthy of you.

My advice is, to ask for the first great government that falls, if you will not take your Regiment again; to continue acting vigorously and honestly where you are. Things are never stable enough in our country to give you a prospect of a long slavery. Your defect is irresolution. When you have taken your post, act up to it; and if you are driven from it, your retirement will then be as honourable, and more satisfactory than your administration. I speak frankly, as my friendship for you directs. My way of acting (though a private instance) is agreeable to my doctrine. I determined, whenever our opposition should be over, to have done with politics; and you see I have adhered to my resolution by coming hither; and therefore you may be convinced that I speak my thoughts. I don't ask your pardon, because I should be forced to ask my own, if I did not tell you what I think the best for you. You have life and Park-place enough to come, and *you* have not had five months of gout. Make yourself independent honourably, which you may do by a government; but if you will take my advice, don't accept a ministerial place when you cease to be a minister. The former is a reward due to your profession and services; the latter is a degradation. You know the haughtiness of my spirit; I give you no advice but what I would follow.

I sent Lady Ailesbury the 'Orpheline Leguée:' a poor performance; but the subject made me think she would like to see it. I am over head and ears at Count Caylus's¹ auction, and have bought half of it for a song—but I am still in great felicity and luck, having discovered, by mere accident, a portrait of Count Grammont, after having been in search of one these fifteen years, and assured there was no such thing. *Apropos*, I promised you my

¹ The Count de Caylus, member of the Royal Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-lettres, honorary member of the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture, and author of the 'Recueil d'Antiquités Égyptiennes, Etrusques, Grecques, Romaines, et Gauloises,' in seven volumes, 4to. died at Paris in September 1765, in the sixty-third year of his age.—WRIGHT.

own : but besides that there is nobody here that excels in painting skeletons, seriously, their painters are bitter bad, and as much inferior to Reynolds and Ramsay, as Hudson to Vandyck. I had rather stay till my return. Adieu !

1027. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Paris, Nov. 30, 1765.

ALLELUJAH ! Monsieur l'Envoyé ! I was going to direct to you by this title ; but if your credentials are not arrived, as I hope they are not, that I may be the first to notify your new dignity to you, I did not know how your new court would take it, and therefore I postpone your surprise, till you have opened my letter—if it loiters on the road like its predecessors, I shall be out of all patience. In short, my last express tells me that the King will name you Envoy in your new credentials. You must judge of the pleasure it gives me to have obtained this for you, my dear Sir, by the vexation I expressed on thinking I could not effect it. All answer, I suppose, to my solicitations was deferred till I could be told they had succeeded.

You must forget or erase most of what I had said to you lately, for when I can serve my friends I am content. Your letters had been so many, and so earnest, and I so little expected any good from my intercession, that I was warmer than I wish I had been ; and the more, as I see I was in part unjust. I doubted everybody but Mr. Conway, and did not think that he alone had power to do what I desired, and could not bear you should think I neglected what I wished so much, pleasing you. I have done it to my great satisfaction, since it is what you had so much at heart,—but remember, I don't retract my sermon. I think exactly as I did, that one is in the wrong to place one's peace of mind on courts and honours : their joys are most momentary, violently overbalanced by disappointments, and empty in possession. I shall not excuse you if you have more of these solitudes ; but I will rejoice with you over this one triumph, of which I will do you the justice to believe I am more glad than you are. You must thank Mr. Conway, by whom I obtained it, as if you owed it all to him. You know I hate to be talked of for these things, and therefore insist that my name be not mentioned to him or anybody but your brother. It will be the last favour I shall ever ask ; my constant plan has been to be

nobody, and for the rest of my days I shall be more nobody than ever. You must gratify me with this silence. I did not think it would be necessary, or I should have made it a condition, for I have declared so much that I would meddle with nothing, that it would contradict those declarations, and disoblige some, for whom I have refused to interest myself.

As I grow better, I am more reconciled to this country; yet I shall return home in the spring. Apprehensions of the gout make one as old as the gout itself, and cure one of all prospects. I must resign that pleasing one, so long entertained, of seeing you at Florence. Your new establishment forbids my expecting you in England. Had I consulted my own wishes I should have let you have been cross and come home. Happily I am not so selfish. I have learnt, too, not to build on pleasures; they are not of my age. I must go and grow old, and bear ennui; must try to make comforts a recompense for living in a country where I do not love the people. My great spirits think all this a difficult task; but spirits themselves are useless, when one has not the same people to laugh with one as formerly. I have no joy in new acquaintance, because I can have no confidence in them. Experience and time draw a line between older persons and younger, which is never to be passed with satisfaction; and though the whole bent of my mind was formed for youth, fortunately I know the ridicule of letting it last too long, and had rather act a part unnatural to me, than a foolish one. I don't love acting a part at all—if I grow very tired of it I will return hither, and vary the scene; this country is more favourable to latter age than England, and what a foreigner does is of no consequence anywhere. Adieu! my dear Envoy! My letters lately seem very grave, but analyse them, you will find them very foolish.

December 1st.

I received your letter of the 14th. Upon my word our correspondence marches sedately! What do they do with our letters? They are not grown more important than they used to be. Good postmasters, secretaries of state, or whoever you are, seal this letter again quickly, and send it on. You shall detain my next as long as you please. If your curiosity is not satisfied with reading the trifles I have written to Sir Horace for four-and-twenty years, I have nothing to say: you do me too much honour, and I hope you will be repaid by four-and-twenty years more (I mean if Sir Horace and I don't meet sooner), I promise you I will continue writing to him—

for your satisfaction. Well, my dear Sir, you are Envoy, and I hope will be delighted with all these Austrian etiquettes and ceremonies—I should be sick enough of them to send back my credentials unopened. You have enjoyed all the benefits hitherto of a Court life, without a Court: sure the husk was preferable to the kernel.

1028. TO GEORGE SELWYN.

DEAR GEORGE:

Paris, Dec. 2, 1765.

IN return for your kind line by Mr. Beauclerk¹ I send you a whole letter, but I was in your debt before, for making over Madame du Deffand to me, who is delicious; that is, as often as I can get her fifty years back; but she is as eager about what happens every day as I am about the last century. I sup there twice a week, and bear all her dull company for the sake of the Regent.² I might go to her much oftener, but my curiosity to see every body and every thing is insatiable, especially having lost so much time by my confinement. I have been very ill a long time, and mending much longer, for every two days undo the ground I get. The fogs and damps, which, with your leave, are greater and more frequent than in England, kill me. However, it is the country in the world to be sick and grow old in. The first step towards being in fashion is to lose an eye or a tooth. Young people I conclude there are, but where they exist I don't guess: not that I complain; it is charming to totter into vogue. If I could but run about all the morning, I should be content to limp into good company in the evening. They humour me and fondle me so, and are so good-natured, and make me keep my armed-chair, and rise for nobody, and hand out nobody, and don't stare at one's being a skeleton, that I grow to like them exceedingly, and to be pleased with living here, which was far from the case at first: but then there was no soul in Paris but philosophers, whom I wished in heaven, though they do not wish themselves so. They are so overbearing and so underbred!

Your old flame, the Queen, was exceedingly kind to me at my presentation. She has been ever since at Fontainebleau, watching her son, whose death is expected every day, though it is as much the fashion not to own it, as if he was of the immortal House of Brunswick. Madame Geoffrin is extremely what I had figured her, only

¹ Topham Beauclerk, Johnson's Beauclerk, Boswell's Beauclerk.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Madame du Deffand had been the mistress of the famous Regent-Duke of Orleans. [See p. 435].—JESSÉ.

with less wit and more sense than I expected. The Duchess d'Aiguillon is delightful, frank, and jolly, and handsome and good-humoured, with dignity too. There is another set in which I live much, and to my taste, but very different from all I have named, Madame de Rochfort, and the set at the Luxembourg. My newest acquaintance is Monsieur de Maurepas, with whom I am much taken, though his countenance and person are so like the late Lord Hardwicke. From the little I have seen of him, we have reason, I believe, to thank Madame de Pompadour for his disgrace. At the Marquis de Brancas' I dined with the Duke de Brissac, in his red stockings: in short, I think my winter will be very well amused, whether Mr. Garriek and Mr. Pitt act or not.

Pray tell Lord Holland, that I have sent him the few new things that I thought would entertain him for a moment, though none of them have much merit. I would have written to him, had I had anything to tell him; which, you perceive by what I have said, I had not. The affair of the Parliament of Brétagne, and the intended trial of the famous Mons. de la Chalotais by *commission*, against which the Parliament of Paris strongly inveighs, is the great subject in agitation; but I know little of the matter, and was too sick of our own Parliaments to interest myself about these. The Hôtel de Carnavalet sends its blessings to you. I never pass it without saying an Ave Maria de Rabutin-Chantal, *gratiâ plena*! The Abbé de Malherbe has given orders that I should see Livry whenever I please. Pray tell me which convent was that of *nos Sœurs de Sainte Marie*, where our friend¹ used to go on the evening that Madame de Grignan set out for Provence?

My best compliments to Mr. Williams: has Lord Rockingham done anything for him yet? or has the Duke of Newcastle his old power of dispensing with promises? I sent my Lady Townshend, as long ago as by Lady Hertford, two silver knives which she desired, but cannot hear by any way that she received them. I could ask twenty other questions; but some I had better not ask, and the rest I should not care whether they were answered or not. We have swarms of English; but most of them know not Joseph, and Joseph does not desire to know them. I live with none of them but Craw-

¹ Madame de Grignan was the daughter to whom Madame de Sévigné's charming letters were addressed. Livry, situated in the Forêt de Bondi, about three leagues from Paris, was frequently the residence of Madame de Sévigné, and the place from whence several of her letters were addressed. Livry is described by Walpole in a letter to Montagu of April 3, 1766.—CUNNINGHAM.

ford and Lord Ossory, the latter of whom I am extremely sorry is returning to England. I recommend him to Mr. Williams as one of the properest and most amiable young men I ever knew.

I beg your pardon, my dear sir, for this idle letter; yet don't let it lie in your work-basket. When you have a quarter of an hour awake, and to spare, I wish you would bestow it on me. There are no such things as *bons-mots* here to send you, and I cannot hope that you will send me your own. Next to them, I should like Charles Townshend's, but I don't desire Betty's.¹

I forgot to tell you that I sometimes go to Baron d'Olbach's; but I have left off his dinners, as there was no bearing the authors, and philosophers, and savants, of which he has a pigeon-house full. They soon turned my head with a new system of antediluvian deluges, which they have invented to prove the eternity of matter. The Baron is persuaded that Pall Mall is paved with lava or deluge stones. In short, nonsense for nonsense, I like the Jesuits better than the philosophers. Were ever two men so like in their persons, or so unlike in their dispositions, as Dr. Gem and Brand? Almost the first time I ever saw Gem, he said to me, "Sir, I am serious, I am of a very serious turn!" Yes, truly! Say a great deal for me to Lord March, and to the Rena's dogs *touffe ébourifée*. The old President [Henault] would send his compliments to you, if he remembered you or anything else.

When we three meet again at Strawberry, I think I shall be able at least to divert Mr. Williams; but till then you must keep my counsel. Madame du Deffand says I have *le fou mocquer*, and I have not hurt myself a little by laughing at *whisk* and Richardson, though I have steered clear of the chapter of Mr. Hume; the only Trinity now in fashion here. *A propos*, I see by the papers that the Bishop of London [Terriek] is suppressing mass-houses. When he was Bishop of Peterborough and Parson of Twickenham, he suffered one under his nose. Did the Duchess of Norfolk get him translated to London? I should conclude so; and that this was the first opportunity he had of being ungrateful. Adieu! my dear sir, yours most sincerely,

HORACE WALPOLE.

¹ That is, such as are uttered in Betty's fruit-shop in St. James's Street. For Betty, see vol. ii. p. 213.—CUNNINGHAM.

1029. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Paris, Dec. 5, 1765.

I HAVE not above a note's worth to say; but as Lord Ossory sets out to-morrow, I just send you a line. The Dauphin, if he is still alive, which some folks doubt, is kept so only by cordials; though the Bishop of Glandeve has assured the Queen, that he had God's own word for his recovery, which she still believes, whether her son is dead or not.

The remonstrance of the Parliament of Paris, on the dissolution of that of Bretagne, is very decent; they are to have an audience next week. They do not touch on Chalotais, because the accusation against him is for treason. What do you think that treason is? A correspondence with Mr. Pitt, to whom he is made to say, that "Rennes is nearer to London than Paris." It is now believed that the anonymous letters, supposed to be written by Chalotais, were forged by a Jesuit—those to Mr. Pitt could not have even so good an author.

The Duke of Richmond is still at Aubigné:¹ I wonder he stays, for it is the hardest frost alive. Mr. Hume does not go to Ireland; where your brother finds he would by no means be welcome.² I have a notion he will stay here till your brother's return.

The Duc de Praslin, it is said, will retire at Christmas. As La Borde, the great banker of the Court, is trying to retire too, my cousin [Thomas Walpole], who is much connected with La Borde, suspects that Choiseul is not very firm himself.

I have supped with Monsieur de Maurepas, and another night with Marshal Richelieu: the first is extremely agreeable and *sensible*; and, I am glad, not *minister*. The other is an old piece of tawdry, worn out, but endeavouring to brush itself up; and put me in mind of Lord Chesterfield, for they laugh before they know what he has said—and are in the right, for I think they would not laugh afterwards.

I sent Lady Ailesbury the words and music of the prettiest opera comique in the world. I wish I could send her the actors too. Adieu!

¹ He was Duke of Aubigné in France, a creation of Louis XIV. in favour of Louise de Querouaille, the French mistress of Charles II.—CUNNINGHAM.

² I have in my possession the letter which Lady Hertford wrote to Hume to induce him not to go to Ireland; the chief topic is the prejudice against him as both a sectarian and a free-thinker.—CROKER. (MS.)

December 9.

Lord Ossory put off his journey; which stopped this letter, and it will now go by Mr. Andrew Stuart.¹

The face of things is changed here; which I am impatient to tell you, that you may see it is truth, not system, which I pique myself on sending you. The vigour of the Court has frightened the Parliaments. That of Pau has submitted. The procureurs, &c. of Rennes, who, it was said, would not plead before the new commission, were told, that if they did not plead the next day they should be hanged without a trial. No bribe ever operated faster!

I heard t'other day, that some Spanish minister, I forget his name, being dead, Squillace would take his department, and Grimaldi have that of the West Indies. He is the worst that could have it, as we have no greater enemy.

The Dauphin is certainly alive, but in the most shocking way possible; his bones worn through his skin, a great swelling behind, and so relaxed, that his intestines appear from that part; and yesterday the mortification was suspected.

I have received a long letter from Lady Ailesbury, for which I give her a thousand thanks; and would answer it directly, if I had not told you everything I know. The Duke and Duchess of Richmond are, I hear, at Fontainebleau: the moment they return, I will give the Duchess Lady Ailesbury's commission.

1030. TO THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.

MADAM:

Paris, Dec. 5, 1765; but does not set out till the 11th.

MISS HOTHAM need not be in pain for what to say when she gives me an account of your ladyship; which is all the trouble I thought of giving her. If she could make those accounts more favourable, I should be better pleased; but I know what an untractable brute the gout is, and the joy it takes in plaguing everybody that is connected with it. We have the sharpest frost here that ever lived; it has done me great good; and, if it has the same effect on your ladyship, I hope you are starved to death. Since Paris has begun to fill in spite of Fontainebleau, I am much reconciled to it, and have seen several people I like. I am established in two or three societies, where I sup every night; though I have still resisted whist, and am more constant to my old flame

¹ Lord Mansfield's antagonist in the Douglas cause.—CUNNINGHAM.

loo during its absence than I doubt I have been to my other passions. There is a young Comtesse d'Egmont, daughter of Marshal Richelieu, so pretty and pleasing, that, if I thought it would break anybody's heart in England, I would be in love with her. Nay, Madam, I might be so within all rules here. I am twenty years on the right side of red-heels, which her father wears still, and he has still a wrinkle to come before he leaves them off.

The Dauphin is still alive, but kept so only by cordials. Yet the Queen and Dauphiness have no doubt of his recovery, having the Bishop of Glandeve's word for it, who got a promise from a vision under his own hand and seal. The Dauphin has certainly behaved with great courage and tranquillity, but he is so touched with the tenderness and attention of his family, that he now expresses a wish to live.

If there is no talk in England of politics and parliaments, I can send your ladyship as much as you please from hence; or if you want English themselves, I can send you about fifty head; and I assure you we shall still be well stocked. There were three card-tables full of lords, ladies, gentlemen, and gentlewomen, the other night at Lady Berkeley's.

1031. TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Paris, Jan. 2, 1766.

WHEN I came to Paris, Madam, I did not know that by New-year's-day I should find myself in Siberia; at least as cold. There have not been two good days together since the middle of October; however, I do not complain, as I am both well and well pleased, though I wish for a little of your sultry English weather, all French as I am. I have entirely left off dinners, and lead the life I always liked, of lying late in bed, and sitting up late. I am told of nothing but how contradictory this is to your ladyship's orders; but as I shall have dull dinners and triste evenings enough when I return to England, all your kindness cannot persuade me to sacrifice my pleasures here, too. Many of my opinions are fantastic; perhaps this is one, that nothing produces gout like doing anything one dislikes. I believe the gout, like a near relation, always visits one when one has some other plague. Your ladyship's dependence on the waters of Sunning-hill is, I hope, better founded; but in the mean time my system is full as pleasant.

Madame d'Aiguillon's goodness to me does not abate, nor Madame Geoffrin's. I have seen but little of Madame d'Egmont, who seems very good, and is universally in esteem. She is now in great affliction, having lost suddenly Monsieur Pignatelli, the minister at Parma, whom she bred up, and whom she and her family had generously destined for her grand-daughter, an immense heiress. It was very delicate and touching what Madame d'Egmont said to her daughter-in-law on this occasion:—"Vous voyez, ma chère, combien j'aime mes enfans d'adoption!" This daughter-in-law is delightfully pretty, and civil, and gay, and conversable, though not a regular beauty like Madame de Monaco.

The bitterness of the frost deters me, Madam, from all sights; I console myself with good company, and still more, with being absent from bad. Negative as this satisfaction is, it is incredibly great, to live in a town like this, and to be sure every day of not meeting one face one hates! I scarce know a positive pleasure equal to it.

Your ladyship and Lord Holland shall laugh at me as much as you please for my dread of being thought *charming*; yet I shall not deny my panic, as surely nothing is so formidable as to have one's limbs on crutches and one's understanding in leading-strings. The Prince of Conti laughed at me t'other day on the same account. I was complaining to the old blind charming Madame du Deffand, that she preferred Mr. Crawford to me: "What," said the Prince, "does not she love you?" "No, Sir," I replied, "she likes me no better than if she had seen me."

Mr. Hume carries this letter and Rousseau to England. I wish the former may not repent having engaged with the latter, who contradicts and quarrels with all mankind, in order to obtain their admiration. I think both his means and his end below such a genius. If I had talents like his, I should despise any suffrage below my own standard, and should blush to owe any part of my fame to singularities and affectations. But great parts seem like high towers erected on high mountains, the more exposed to every wind, and readier to tumble. Charles Townshend is blown round the compass; Rousseau insists that the north and south blow at the same time; and Voltaire demolishes the Bible to erect fatalism in its stead:—so compatible are the greatest abilities and greatest absurdities!

Madame d'Aiguillon gave me the enclosed letter for your ladyship. I wish I had anything else to send you; but there are no

new books, and the Theatres are shut up for the Dauphin's death; who, I believe, is the greatest loss they have had since Harry IV.

1032. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Paris, Jan. 5, 1766.

THE post, my dear Sir, is as vexatious as possible, and denies me favours that even a Ministry grants. I had set my heart on being the first to announce your Envoyship to you. Lord Cowper's servant, I find, used me as ill as if he were a post-master too, slipping through Paris with Mr. Conway's letter, without calling on me, and giving me the chance of your opening mine first. Well! all this is very selfish, and I ought to be content with your having it, and knowing it any how.

For the riband I know not what to say, as I have not heard a syllable about it. Favours generally beget favours, for courts and fortune love faces they are used to. I will not answer in your case. It would be cheapest to me to persuade you not to care; but I see you make a sad pupil for a philosopher. I am at least so much of a philosopher, that I could never solicit a plaything for you with the same earnestness that I begged a reality. Partly you know my reasons for not caring to ask at all. Out of friendship to you, my dear Sir, I broke through all my resolutions; but without entering into them farther, ask yourself if it can be easy for me, in any light, to sue for favours, when I have even left my country, my friends, and a triumphant party, to break abruptly from all political connections? As you seemed to value the Red Riband, I did press for it for you with more warmth than I thought such nonsense deserved. Consider, I was behind the scenes when my father revived that pageant; I knew it was a succedaneum to Bank bills, and I was astonished when my brother¹ accepted it, even after it had fallen much below par. If I have any credit remaining in the Bank, it will operate in your favour; that is, if any friend you have made abroad, would renew the application, the memory of my request perhaps would second it. What think you of Tommy Pelham!² He used to profess much to you.

¹ Sir Edward, second son of Sir Robert Walpole, was made knight of the Bath after his father's death. Robert, the eldest, received the red riband along with his father at the restitution of the order in 1725.—WALPOLE. See vol. i. p. cxiv.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Thomas, afterwards created Lord Pelham.—WALPOLE. Afterwards (1801) Earl of Chichester, died 1805.—CUNNINGHAM.

I called the Ministry triumphant: they are so beyond their warmest expectation. In the House of Lords, which the Opposition had chosen as the field of certain victory, the Ministers were four-score to twenty-four. In the Commons the defeat was still more disgraceful. George Grenville, who on the first day opposed the Address, was forced to retract, and it passed without a negative. On the fourth and last of that brief session, though he had managed a surprise, and though there was not a minister in the House, their re-elections not being over, he was beaten by 70 to 35; a victory without generals! In short, no disgraced Ministers ever fell so low and so totally as the present.

Venal and false as Parliaments are, and no Parliament ever exceeded the present in both respects, it would not account for this total abandonment of the late Ministers, if universal odium did not concur. Much good may it do the Parliament, which supported them so roundly but last year! The whole party is shrunk to the Bedford faction, for Lord Temple, who has joined his brother George, seems to have carried nothing with him but the contempt of the nation. Mr. Pitt, as Milton says of the moon, remains *in clouded majesty* aloof; is said to favour the Ministry, and is certainly hostile to the Opposition. This is the summary of English politics. When the House meets on the 14th, I do not imagine the Ministers will be less strong than before the holidays; for the thinness of both Houses indicates how many were waiting the event; and they, good folks, will hardly resort into a beaten camp. Teased no doubt the Ministers will be, for Lord Temple cannot refrain from mischief, or Sandwich from tricks; and Grenville, rather than not talk, would harangue, if there were not one man in the house on his side. To silence him would require an Algerine ministry, who would begin with cutting out his tongue.

The King's youngest brother, Prince Frederick, is dead, of a dropsy and consumption: he was a pretty and promising boy. The vacant garters are given to the Prince of Wales, the Hereditary Prince, and Lord Albemarle. The numbers of the Royal Family and of foreign princes connected with them who have the garter, will make it an extraordinary curiosity on an English breast. If you obtain the Red, pray don't think of exchanging it for the Blue. To be serious, let your new credentials arrive and be fixed Envoy. Mitchell, I see, has got one Red Riband; and Draper I suppose will have the other. On a new vacancy you may get the Duke of York to renew his application for you. As he will not probably obtain

many favours, they may now and then be willing to hush him with a Red Riband for a friend, and he will like that you should owe it to him rather than to a private person. When you are firm in your seat of Envoy, what if you wrote to his Royal Highness, that you would not trouble him on the Envoy, but hoped to be indebted to his protection for what he had so graciously engaged to undertake. This I should think would pique him, if he sees the Bath bestowed contrary to his solicitation. Consider this advice, and act as you find it reasonable or not. You are a very boy, but I cannot help humouring you a little. Good night.

P.S. I guessed right; the papers which are just come in, say that Draper¹ has the Red Riband.

[1033. TO JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.

Paris, Jan. 1766.

It is in vain, I know, my dear Sir, to scold you, though I have such a mind to it—nay, I must. Yes, you that will not lie a night at Strawberry in autumn for fear of the gout, to stay in the country till this time, and till you caught it! I know you will tell me, it did not come till you had been two days in town. Do, and I shall have no more pity for you than if I was your wife, and had wanted to come to town two months ago.

I am perfectly well, though to be sure Lapland is the torrid zone in comparison of Paris. We have had such a frost for this fortnight, that I went nine miles to dine in the country to-day, in a villa exactly like a green-house, except that there was no fire but in one room. We were four in a coach, and all our chinks stopped with furs, and yet all the glasses were frozen. We dined in a paved hall painted in fresco, with a fountain at one end; for in this country they live in perpetual opera, and persist in being young when they are old, and hot when they are frozen. At the end of the hall sat shivering three glorious maccaws, a vast cockatoo, and two poor parroquets, who squalled like the Children in the Wood after their nursery-fire! I am come home, and blowing my billets between every paragraph, yet can scarce move my fingers. However, I

¹ Sir William Draper, much known by his conquest at Manilla; by his controversy with the author of the Letters of Junius; and by his accusation of General Murray on the second loss of Minorca in 1782.—WALPOLE.

must be dressed presently, and go to the Comtesse de la Marche,¹ who has appointed nine at night for my audience. It seems a little odd to us to be presented to a princess of the blood at that hour—but I told you, there is not a tittle in which our manners resemble one another. I was presented to her father-in-law the Prince of Conti last Friday. In the middle of the *levée* entered a young woman, too plain I thought to be anything but his near relation. I was confirmed in my opinion, by seeing her, after he had talked to her, go round the circle and do the honours of it. I asked a gentleman near me if that was the Comtesse de la Marche? He burst into a violent laughter, and then told me it was Mademoiselle Auguste, a dancer!—Now, who was in the wrong?

I give you these samples of many scenes that have amused me, and which will be charming food at Strawberry. At the same time that I see all their ridicules, there is a *douceur* in the society of the women of fashion that captivates me. I like the way of life, though not lively; though the men are posts, and apt to be arrogant, and though there are twenty ingredients wanting to make the style perfect. I have totally washed my hands of their *savans* and philosophers, and do not even envy you Rousseau, who has all the *charlatanerie* of Count St. Germain² to make himself singular and talked of. I suppose Mrs. Montagu, my Lord Lyttelton, and a certain lady friend of mine [Lady Hervey], will be in raptures with him, especially as conducted by Mr. Hume. But, however I admire his parts, neither he nor any *Genius* I have known has had common sense enough to balance the impertinence of their pretensions. They hate priests, but love dearly to have an altar at their feet; for which reason it is much pleasanter to read them than to know them. Adieu! my dear Sir!

Jan. 15.

This has been writ this week, and waiting for a conveyance, and as yet has got none. Favre tells me you are recovered, but you don't

¹ La Comtesse de la Marche, a Princess of Modena, married to the only son of the Prince de Conti. Le Comte de la Marche was the only one of the French princes of the blood who uniformly sided with the Court in the disputes with the Parliament of Paris.—WRIGHT.

² The Comte de St. Germain had acquired a considerable military reputation in France by his conduct at Corbach in 1760; when he commanded the reserve, and saved the army by supporting the rear-guard and allowing the whole body to retire upon Cassel. Considering himself ill-used by the Marshal de Broglie, his commander-in-chief, he obtained leave to retire from the French service, and entered that of Denmark, from which he retired into private life in 1774. From this retirement he was summoned by Louis XVI. upon the death of Comte de Mury, minister-at-war.—WRIGHT.

tell me so yourself. I enclose a trifle that I wrote lately,¹ which got about and has made enormous noise in a city where they run and cackle after an event, like a parcel of hens after an accidental husk of a grape. It has made me the fashion, and made Madame de Boufflers and the Prince of Conti very angry with me: the former intending to be rapt to the Temple of Fame by clinging to Rousseau's Armenian robe. I am peevish that with his parts he should be such a mountebank: but what made me more peevish was, that after receiving Wilkes with the greatest civilities, he paid court to Mr. Hume by complaining of Wilkes's visit and intrusion.

Upon the whole, I would not but have come hither; for, since I am doomed to live in England, it is some comfort to have seen that the French are ten times more contemptible than we are. I am a little ungrateful; but I cannot help seeing with my eyes, though I find other people make nothing of seeing without theirs. I have endless histories to amuse you with when we meet, which shall be at the end of March. It is much more tiresome to be fashionable than unpopular; I am used to the latter, and know how to behave under it: but I cannot stand for member of parliament of Paris. Adieu!

1034. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Paris, Jan. 5, 1766.

LADY BEAULIEU acts like herself, and so do you in being persuaded that nobody will feel any satisfaction that comes to you with more transport than I do; you deserve her friendship, because you are more sensible to the grace of the action than to the thing itself; of which, besides approving the sentiment, I am glad, for if my Lady Cardigan² is as happy in drawing a straw, as in *picking straws*, you will certainly miss your green coat. Yet methinks you would make an excellent Robin Hood *reformé*, with *little John* your brother. How you would carol Mr. Percy's old ballads under the green-wood tree! I had rather have you in my *merry Sherwood* than at Greatworth, and should delight in your picture drawn as a bold forester,

¹ The fictitious letter from the King of Prussia to Rousseau, printed in 'Walpole's Works,' vol. iv. p. 250, and *post* in Letter to Conway of January 12, 1766.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Lady Mary Montagu, third daughter and coheirress of John second Duke of Montagu, and last of that creation; married, 7th July 1730, George Montagu, fourth Earl of Cardigan.—WRIGHT.

in a green frock, with your rosy hue, grey locks, and comely belly. In short, the favour itself, and the manner are so agreeable, that I shall be at least as much disappointed as you can be, if it fails. One is not ashamed to wear a feather from the hand of a friend. We both scorn to ask or accept boons; but it is pleasing to have life painted with images by the pencil of friendship. Visions you know have always been my pasture; and so far from growing old enough to quarrel with their emptiness, I almost think there is no wisdom comparable to that of exchanging what is called the realities of life for dreams. Old castles, old pictures, old histories, and the babble of old people, make one live back into centuries, that cannot disappoint one. One holds fast and surely what is past. The dead have exhausted their power of deceiving; one can trust Catherine of Medicis now. In short, you have opened a new landscape to my fancy; and my Lady Beaulieu will oblige me as much as you, if she puts the long bow into your hands. I don't know but the idea may produce some other 'Castle of Otranto.'

The victorious arms of the present Ministry in Parliament will make me protract my stay here, lest it should be thought I awaited the decision of the event; next to successful enemies, I dread triumphant friends. To be sure, Lord Temple and George Grenville are very proper to be tied to a conqueror's car, and to "drag their slow lengths along;"¹ but it is too ridiculous to see Goody Newcastle exulting like old Marius in a seventh consulship. Don't tell it, but as far as I can calculate my own intention, I shall not set out before the twenty-fifth of March. That will meet your abode in London; and I shall get a day or two out of you for some chat at Strawberry on all I have seen and done here. For this reason I will anticipate nothing now, but bid you good-morrow, after telling you a little story. The canton of Berne ordered all the impressions of Helvetius's 'Esprit' and Voltaire's 'Pucelle' to be seized. The officer of justice employed by them came into the council and said, "Magnifiques seigneurs, après toutes les recherches possibles, on n'a pu trouver dans toute la ville que très peu de l'Esprit, et pas une Pucelle." Adieu! Robin and John.

January 9th.

I had not sent away my letter, being so disappointed of a messenger, and now receive yours of December the thirtieth. My house [in Arlington-street] is most heartily at your service, and I shall

¹ Pope.—CUNNINGHAM.

write to Favre to have it ready for you. You will see by the former part of this letter, that I do not think of being in England before the end of March. All I dislike in this contract is the fear, that if I drive you out of my house, I shall drive you out of town; and as you will find, I have not a bed to offer you but my own, and Favre's, in which your servant will lie, for I have stripped Arlington-street to furnish Strawberry. In the mean time you will be comfortable in my bed, and need have no trouble about Favre, as he lodges at his wife's while I am absent. Let them know in time to have the bed aired.

I don't understand one syllable of your paragraph about Miss Talbot, Admiral Cornish, and Mr. Hampden's son. I thought she was married, and I forget to whom.

1035. TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Paris, Saturday night, Jan. 11, 1766.

I HAVE just now, Madam, received the scissors, by General Vernon, from Mr. Conway's office. Unluckily, I had not received your ladyship's notification of them sooner, for want of a conveyance, and I wrote to my servant to inquire of yours how they had been sent; which I fear may have added a little trouble to all you had been so good as to take, and for which I give you ten thousand thanks: but your ladyship is so exact and friendly, that it almost discourages rather than encourages me. I cannot bring myself to think that ten thousand obligations are new letters of credit.

I have seen Mrs. F * * * *, and her husband may be as happy as he will: I cannot help pitying him. She told me it is *colder* here than in England; and in truth I believe so: I blow the fire between every paragraph, and am quite cut off from all sights. The agreeableness of the evenings makes me some amends. I am just going to sup at Madame d'Aiguillon's with Madame d'Egmont, and I hope Madame de Brionne, whom I have not yet seen; but she is not very well, and it is doubtful. My last new passion, and I think the strongest, is the Duchess de Choiseul. Her face is pretty, not very pretty; her person a little model. Cheerful, modest, full of attentions, with the happiest propriety of expression, and greatest quickness of reason and judgment, you would take her for the queen of an allegory: one dreads its finishing, as much as a lover, if she would admit one, would wish it should finish. In short, Madam,

though *you* are the last person that will believe it, France is so agreeable, and England so much the reverse, that I don't know when I shall return. The civilities, the kindnesses, the honours I receive, are so many and so great, that I am continually forced to put myself in mind how little I am entitled to them, and how many of them I owe to your ladyship. I shall talk you to death at my return. Shall you bear to hear me tell you a thousand times over, that Madame Geoffrin is the most rational woman in the world, and Madame d'Aiguillon the most animated and most obliging? I think you will. Your ladyship *can* endure the panegyric of your friends. If you should grow impatient to hear them commended, you have nothing to do but to come over. The best air in the world is that where one is pleased: Sunning waters are nothing to it. The frost is so hard, it is impossible to have the gout; and though the fountain of youth is not here, the fountain of age is, which comes to just the same thing. One is never old here, or never thought so. One makes verses as if one was but seventeen—for example:—

ON MADAME DE FORCALQUIER SPEAKING ENGLISH.

Soft sounds that steal from fair Forcalquier's lips,
Like bee that murmuring the jasmin sips!
Are these my native accents? None so sweet,
So gracious, yet my ravish'd ears did meet.
O power of beauty! thy enchanting look
Can melodise each note in Nature's book.
The roughest wrath of Russians, when they swear,
Pronounced by thee, flows soft as Indian air;
And dulcet breath, attemper'd by thine eyes,
Gives British prose o'er Tuscan verse the prize.

You must not look, Madam, for much meaning in these lines; they were intended only to run smoothly, and to be easily comprehended by the fair scholar who is learning our language. Still less must you show them: they are not calculated for the meridian of London, where you know I dread being represented as a shepherd. Pray let them think that I am wrapped up in Canada Bills, and have all the pamphlets sent over about the Colonies and the Stamp-Act.

I am very sorry for the accounts your ladyship gives me of Lord Holland.¹ He talks, I am told, of going to Naples: one would do a great deal for health, but I question if I could buy it at that expense. If Paris would answer his purpose, I should not wonder if he came hither; but to live with Italians must be woful, and would *ipso facto*

Lord Holland lived eight years longer, dying July 1, 1774.—CUNNINGHAM.

make me ill. It is true I am a bad judge : I never tasted illness but the gout, which, tormenting as it is, I prefer to all other distempers : one knows the fit will end, will leave one quite well, and dispenses with the nonsense of physicians, and absurdity is more painful than pain : at least the pain of the gout never takes away my spirits, which the other does.

I have never heard from Mr. Chute this century, but am glad the gout is rather his excuse than the cause, and that it lies only in his pen. I am in too good humour to quarrel with anybody, and consequently cannot be in haste to see England, where at least one is sure of being quarrelled with. If they vex me, I will come back hither directly : and I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that your ladyship will not blame me.

1036. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Paris, Jan. 12, 1766.

I HAVE received your letter by General Vernon, and another, to which I have writ an answer, but was disappointed of a conveyance I expected. You shall have it with additions, by the first messenger that goes ; but I cannot send it by the post, as I have spoken very freely of some persons you name, in which we agree thoroughly. These few lines are only to tell you I am not idle in writing to you.

I almost repent having come hither ; for I like the way of life and many of the people so well, that I doubt I shall feel more regret at leaving Paris than I expected. It would sound vain to tell you the honours and distinctions I receive, and how much I am in fashion ; yet when they come from the handsomest women in France, and the most respectable in point of character, can one help being a little proud ? If I was twenty years younger, I should wish they were not quite so respectable. Madame de Brionne, whom I have never seen, and who was to have met me at supper last night at the charming Madame d'Egmont's, sent me an invitation by the latter for Wednesday next. I was engaged, and hesitated. I was told, "Comment ! savez-vous que c'est qu'elle ne feroit pas pour toute la France ?" However, lest you should dread my returning a perfect old swain, I study my wrinkles, compare myself and my limbs to every plate of larks I see, and treat my understanding with at least as little mercy. Yet, do you know, my present fame is owing to a very trifling composition, but which has made incredible noise. I was one evening at Madame Geoffrin's joking on Rousseau's affecta-

tions and contradictions, and said some things that diverted them. When I came home, I put them into a letter, and showed it next day to Helvetius and the Duc de Nivernois; who were so pleased with it, that, after telling me some faults in the language, which you may be sure there were, they encouraged me to let it be seen. As you know I willingly laugh at mountebanks, *political* or literary, let their talents be ever so great, I was not averse. The copies have spread like wild-fire; *et me voici à la mode!* I expect the end of my reign at the end of the week with great composure. Here is the letter:—

LE ROI DE PRUSSE À MONSIEUR ROUSSEAU.¹

MON CHER JEAN JACQUES,

Vous avez renoncé à Genève votre patrie; vous vous êtes fait chasser de la Suisse, pays tant vanté dans vos écrits; la France vous a décréto. Venez donc chez moi; j'admire vos talens; je m'amuse de vos rêveries, qui (soit dit en passant) vous occupent trop, et trop long tems. Il faut à la fin être sage et heureux. Vous avez fait assez parler de vous par des singularités peu convenables à un véritable grand homme. Démontrez à vos ennemis que vous pouvez avoir quelquefois le sens commun: cela les fâchera, sans vous faire tort. Mes états vous offrent une retraite paisible; je vous veux du bien, et je vous en ferai, si vous le trouvez bon. Mais si vous vous obstinez à rejeter mon secours, attendez-vous que je ne le dirai à personne. Si vous persistez à vous creuser l'esprit pour trouver de nouveaux malheurs, choisissez les tels que vous voudrez. Je suis roi, je puis vous en procurer au gré de vos souhaits: et ce qui sûrement ne vous arrivera pas vis à vis de vos ennemis, je cesserai de vous persécuter quand vous cesserez de mettre votre gloire à l'être.

Votre bon ami,

FRÉDÉRIC.

¹ How much Rousseau, who was naturally disposed to believe in plots and conspiracies against him, was annoyed by this jeu d'esprit, the reader will readily learn from the following letter, which he addressed to the editor of 'The London Chronicle' shortly after his arrival in England:—

"Wootton [in Derbyshire], 3rd March, 1766.

"You have failed, Sir, in the respect which every private person owes to a crowned head, in attributing publicly to the King of Prussia a letter full of extravagance and malignity, of which, for these very reasons, you ought to have known he could not be the author. You have even dared to transcribe his signature, as if you had seen it written with his own hand. I inform you, Sir, this letter was fabricated at Paris; and what rends my heart is, that the impostor has accomplices in England. You owe to

The Princesse de Ligne,¹ whose mother was an Englishwoman, made a good observation to me last night. She said, "Je suis roi, je puis vous procurer de malheurs," was plainly the stroke of an English pen. I said, then I had certainly not well imitated the character in which I wrote. You will say I am a bold man to attack both Voltaire and Rousseau. It is true; but I shoot at their heel, at their vulnerable part.

I beg your pardon for taking up your time with these trifles. The day after to-morrow we go in cavalcade with the Duchess of Richmond to her audience;² I have got my cravat and shammy shoes. Adieu!

1037. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

DEAR SIR:

Paris, Jan. 18, 1766.

I HAD extreme satisfaction in receiving your letter, having been in great pain about you, and not knowing where to direct a letter. Favre told me you had had an accident, did not say what it was, but that you was not come to town.³ He received all the letters and parcels safe; for which I give you many thanks, and a thousand more for your kindness in thinking of them, when you was suffering so much. It was a dreadful conclusion of your travels; but I trust will leave no consequences behind it. The weather is by no means favourable for a recovery, if it is as severe in England as at Paris. We have had two or three days of fog, rather than thaw; but the frost is set in again as sharp as ever. I persisted in going about to churches and convents, till I thought I should have lost my nose and fingers. I have submitted at last to the season, and lie a-bed all the morning; but I hope in February and March to recover the time I have lost. I shall not return to England before the end of March, being determined not to hazard anything. I continue perfectly well, and few things could tempt me to risk five months more of gout.

I will certainly bring you some pastils, and have them better

the King of Prussia, to truth, and to me, to print the letter which I write to you, and which I sign, as an atonement for a fault with which you would doubtless reproach yourself severely, if you knew to what a dark transaction you have rendered yourself accessory. I salute you, Sir, very sincerely.—ROUSSEAU."—WRIGHT.

¹ The Princess de Ligne was a daughter of the Marquis de Megières, by Miss Oglethorpe, sister of General Oglethorpe.—WRIGHT.

² At Versailles, as ambassadress.—WALPOLE.

³ In disembarking at Dover, Mr. Cole met with an accident, that had confined him there three weeks to his bed.—WALPOLE.



THOMAS GRAY.

FROM THE ORIGINAL FORMERLY AT STRAWBERRY HILL.

packed, if it is possible. You know how happy I should be if you would send me any other commission. As you say nothing of the Eton living, I fear that prospect has failed you; which gives me great regret, as it would give me very sensible pleasure to have you fixed somewhere (and not far from me) for your ease and satisfaction.

I am glad the cathedral of Amiens answered your expectation; so has the Sainte Chapelle mine; you did not tell me what charming enamels I should find in the ante-chapel. I have seen another vast piece, and very fine, of the Constable Montmorenci, at the Maréchale Duchesse de Luxembourg's.

Rousseau is gone to England with Mr. Hume. You will very probably see a letter to Rousseau, in the name of the King of Prussia, writ to laugh at his affectations. It has made excessive noise here, and I believe quite ruined the author with many philosophers. When I tell you I was the author, it is telling you how cheap I hold their anger. If it does not reach you, you shall see it at Strawberry, where I flatter myself I shall see you this summer, and quite well. Adieu!

1038. TO MR. GRAY.

Paris, Jan. 25, 1766.

I AM much indebted to you for your kind letter and advice; and though it is late to thank you for it, it is at least a stronger proof that I do not forget it. However, I am a little obstinate, as you know, on the chapter of health, and have persisted through this Siberian winter in not adding a grain to my clothes, and in going open-breasted without an under waistcoat. In short, though I like extremely to live, it must be in my own way, as long as I can: it is not youth I court, but liberty; and I think making oneself tender is issuing a *general warrant* against one's own person. I suppose I shall submit to confinement when I cannot help it; but I am indifferent enough to life not to care if it ends soon after my prison begins.

I have not delayed so long to answer your letter, from not thinking of it, or from want of matter, but from want of time. I am constantly occupied, engaged, amused, till I cannot bring a hundredth part of what I have to say into the compass of a letter. You will lose nothing by this: you know my volubility, when I am

full of new subjects; and I have at least many hours of conversation for you at my return. One does not learn a whole nation in four or five months; but, for the time, few, I believe, have seen, studied, or got so much acquainted with the French as I have.

By what I said of their religious or rather irreligious opinions, you must not conclude their people of quality atheists—at least, not the men. Happily for them, poor souls! they are not capable of going so far into thinking. They assent to a great deal, because it is the fashion, and because they don't know how to contradict. They are ashamed to defend the Roman-catholic religion, because it is quite exploded; but I am convinced they believe it in their hearts. They hate the Parliaments and the philosophers, and are rejoiced that they may still idolize royalty. At present, too, they are a little triumphant: the Court has shown a little spirit, and the Parliaments much less: but as the Duc de Choiseul, who is very fluttering, unsettled, and inclined to the philosophers, has made a compromise with the Parliament of Bretagne, the Parliaments might venture out again, if, as I fancy will be the case, they are not glad to drop a cause, of which they began to be a little weary of the inconveniences.

The generality of the men, and more than the generality, are dull and empty. They have taken up gravity, thinking it was philosophy and English, and so have acquired nothing in the room of their natural levity and cheerfulness. However, as their high opinion of their own country remains, for which they can no longer assign any reason, they are contemptuous and reserved, instead of being ridiculously, consequently pardonably, impertinent. I have wondered, knowing my own countrymen, that we had attained such a superiority. I wonder no longer, and have a little more respect for English *heads* than I had.

The women do not seem of the same country: if they are less gay than they were, they are more informed, enough to make them very conversable. I know six or seven with very superior understandings; some of them with wit, or with softness, or very good sense.

Madame Geoffrin, of whom you have heard much, is an extraordinary woman, with more common sense than I almost ever met with. Great quickness in discovering characters, penetration in going to the bottom of them, and a pencil that never fails in a likeness—seldom a favourable one. She exacts and preserves, spite of her birth and their nonsensical prejudices about nobility, great

court and attention. This she acquires by a thousand little arts and offices of friendship: and by a freedom and severity, which seem to be her sole end of drawing a concourse to her; for she insists on scolding those she inveigles to her. She has little taste and less knowledge, but protects artisans and authors, and courts a few people to have the credit of serving her dependents. She was bred under the famous Madame Tencin, who advised her never to refuse any man; for, said her mistress, though nine in ten should not care a farthing for you, the tenth may live to be an useful friend. She did not adopt or reject the whole plan, but fully retained the purport of the maxim. In short, she is an epitome of empire, subsisting by rewards and punishments. Her great enemy, Madame du Deffand, was for a short time mistress of the Regent, is now very old and stone-blind, but retains all her vivacity, wit, memory, judgment, passions, and agreeableness. She goes to Operas, Plays, suppers, and Versailles; gives suppers twice a-week; has everything new read to her; makes new songs and epigrams, ay, admirably, and remembers every one that has been made these fourscore years. She corresponds with Voltaire, dictates charming letters to him, contradicts him, is no bigot to him or anybody, and laughs both at the clergy and the philosophers. In a dispute, into which she easily falls, she is very warm, and yet scarce ever in the wrong: her judgment on every subject is as just as possible; on every point of conduct as wrong as possible: for she is all love and hatred, passionate for her friends to enthusiasm, still anxious to be loved, I don't mean by lovers, and a vehement enemy, but openly. As she can have no amusement but conversation, the least solitude and ennui are insupportable to her, and put her into the power of several worthless people, who eat her suppers when they can eat nobody's of higher rank; wink to one another and laugh at her; hate her because she has forty times more parts—and venture to hate her because she is not rich.¹ She has an old friend whom I

¹ To the above portrait of Madame du Deffand it may be useful to subjoin the able developement of her character which appeared in the Quarterly Review for May 1811, in its critique on her Letters to Walpole:—"This lady seems to have united the lightness of the French character with the solidity of the English. She was easy and volatile, yet judicious and acute; sometimes profound and sometimes superficial. She had a wit playful, abundant, and well-toned; an admirable conception of the ridiculous, and great skill in exposing it; a turn for satire, which she indulged, not always in the best-natured manner, yet with irresistible effect; powers of expression varied, appropriate, flowing from the source, and curious without research; a refined taste for letters, and a judgment both of men and books in a high degree enlightened and accurate. As her parts had been happily thrown together by nature, they were no less

must mention, a Monsieur Pondeveyle,¹ author of the 'Fat puni,' and the 'Complaisant,' and of those pretty novels, the 'Comte de Cominge,' the 'Siege of Calais,' and 'Les Malheurs de l'Amour.'² Would not you expect this old man to be very agreeable? He can be so, but seldom is: yet he has another very different and very amusing talent, the art of parody, and is unique in his kind. He composes tales to the tunes of long dances: for instance, he has adapted the Regent's Daphnis and Chloe to one, and made it ten times more indecent; but is so old, and sings it so well, that it is permitted in all companies. He has succeeded still better in *les caractères de la danse*, to which he has adapted words that express all the characters of love. With all this he has not the least idea of cheerfulness in conversation; seldom speaks but on grave subjects, and not often on them; is a humourist, very supercilious, and wrapt up in admiration of his own country, as the only judge of his merit. His air and look are cold and forbidding; but ask him to sing, or praise his works, his eyes and smiles open and brighten up. In short, I can show him to you: the self-applauding poet in Hogarth's Rake's Progress, the second print, is so like his very features and very wig, that you would know him by it, if you came hither—for he certainly will not go to you.

Madame de Mirepoix's understanding is excellent of the useful

happy in the circumstances which attended their progress and developement. They were refined, not by a course of solitary study, but by desultory reading, and chiefly by living intercourse with the brightest geniuses of her age. Thus trained, they acquired a pliability of movement, which gave to all their exertions a bewitching air of freedom and negligence; and made even their least efforts seem only the exuberances or flowerings-off of a mind capable of higher excellencies, but unambitious to attain them. There was nothing to alarm or overpower. On whatever topic she touched, trivial or severe, it was alike *en badinant*; but in the midst of this sportiveness, her genius poured itself forth in a thousand delightful fancies, and scattered new graces and ornaments on every object within its sphere. In its wanderings from the trifles of the day to grave questions of morals or philosophy, it carelessly struck out, and as carelessly abandoned, the most profound truths; and while it aimed only to amuse, suddenly astonished and electrified by rapid traits of illumination, which opened the depths of difficult subjects, and roused the researches of more systematic reasoners. To these qualifications were added an independence in forming opinions and a boldness in avowing them, which wore at least the semblance of honesty; a perfect knowledge of the world, and that facility of manners, which in the commerce of society supplies the place of benevolence."—WRIGHT.

¹ M. de Pontdeveyle, the younger brother of the Marquis d'Argental, the friend of Voltaire and of the King of Prussia. Their mother, Madame de Ferioles, was sister to the celebrated Madame de Tencin and to the Cardinal of the same name. He died in 1774.—WRIGHT.

² Madame du Deffand, in a letter to Walpole of the 17th of March 1776, states the 'Malheurs de l'Amour' to be the production of Madame de Tencin. She describes it as "un roman bien écrit, mais qui n'inspire que de la tristesse."—WRIGHT.

kind, and can be so when she pleases of the agreeable kind. She has read, but seldom shows it, and has perfect taste. Her manner is cold, but very civil; and she conceals even the blood of Lorraine, without ever forgetting it. Nobody in France knows the world better, and nobody is personally so well with the King. She is false, artful, and insinuating beyond measure when it is her interest,¹ but indolent and a coward. She never had any passion but gaming, and always loses. For ever paying court, the sole produce of a life of art is to get money from the King to carry on a course of paying debts or contracting new ones, which she discharges as fast as she is able. She advertised devotion to get made *dame du palais* to the Queen; and the very next day this Princess of Lorrain was seen riding backwards with Madame Pompadour in the latter's coach. When the King was stabbed, and heartily frightened, the mistress took a panic too, and consulted D'Argenson,² whether she had not best make off in time. He hated her, and said, By all means. Madame de Mirepoix advised her to stay. The King recovered his spirits, D'Argenson was banished, and La Maréchale inherited part of the mistress's credit.—I must interrupt my history of illustrious women with an anecdote of Monsieur de Maurepas, with whom I am much acquainted, and who has one of the few heads which approach to good ones, and who luckily for us was disgraced, and the marine dropped, because it was his favourite object and province. He employed Pondeveyle to make a song on the Pompadour:³ it

¹ La Maréchale de Mirepoix was the first woman of consequence who countenanced and appeared in public at Versailles with Madame du Barri; while, on the other hand, her brother, the Prince de Beauvau and his wife, gave great offence by refusing to see her or be of any of her parties. Her person is thus described by Madame du Deffand:—"Sa figure est charmante, son teint est éblouissant; ses traits, sans être parfaits, sont si bien assortis, que personne n'a l'air plus jeune et n'est plus jolie."—WRIGHT.

² Le Comte d'Argenson was minister-at-war, and, after Damien's attempt upon the life of the King of France in 1757, was disgraced, and exiled to his country-house at Ormes in Poitou. He was brother to the Marquis d'Argenson, who had been minister of foreign affairs, and died in 1756. He it was who is said to have addressed M. Bignon, his nephew, afterwards an academician, on conferring upon him the appointment of librarian to the King, "Mon neveu, voilà une belle occasion pour apprendre à lire."—WRIGHT.

³ The following is the commencement of the song alluded to by Walpole:—

"Une petite bourgeoise,
Élevée à la grivoise,
Mesurant tout à sa toise,
Fait de la cour un taudis.
Le Roi, malgré son scrupule,
Pour elle froidement brûle.
Cette flamme ridicule

Excite dans tout Paris, ris, ris, ris," &c.—WRIGHT.

was clever and bitter, and did not spare even Majesty. This was Maurepas absurd enough to sing at supper at Versailles.¹ Banishment ensued; and lest he should ever be restored, the mistress persuaded the King that he had poisoned her predecessor Madame de Chateauroux. Maurepas is very agreeable, and exceedingly cheerful; yet I have seen a transient silent cloud when politics are talked of.

Madame de Boufflers, who was in England, is a *savante*, mistress of the Prince of Conti, and very desirous of being his wife. She is two women, the upper and the lower. I need not tell you that the lower is gallant, and still has pretensions. The upper is very sensible, too, and has a measured eloquence that is just and pleasing—but all is spoiled by an unrelaxed attention to applause. You would think she was always sitting for her picture to her biographer.

Madame de Rochfort² is different from all the rest. Her understanding is just and delicate; with a finesse of wit that is the result of reflection. Her manner is soft and feminine, and though a *savante*, without any declared pretensions. She is the *decent* friend of Monsieur de Nivernois; for you must not believe a syllable of what you read in their novels. It requires the greatest curiosity, or the greatest habitude, to discover the smallest connexion between the sexes here. No familiarity, but under the veil of friendship, is permitted, and Love's dictionary is as much prohibited, as at first sight one should think his ritual was. All you hear, and that pronounced with nonchalance, is, that *Monsieur un tel* has had *Madame une telle*.

The Duc de Nivernois has parts, and writes at the top of the mediocre, but, as Madame Geoffrin says, is *manqué par tout*; *guerrier manqué, ambassadeur manqué, homme d'affaires manqué, and auteur manqué*—no, he is not *homme de naissance manqué*. He would think freely, but has some ambition of being governor to the Dauphin, and is more afraid of his wife and daughter, who are ecclesiastic fagots. The former out-chatters the Duke of Newcastle; and the latter, Madame de Gisors, exhausts Mr. Pitt's eloquence in defence of the Archbishop of Paris. Monsieur de Nivernois lives in

¹ Le Comte de Maurepas, who was married to a sister of the Duc de la Vallière, had been minister of marine, and disgraced, as Walpole says, at the instigation of the reigning mistress, Madame de Pompadour. Upon the death of Louis Quinze, he was immediately summoned to assist in the formation of the ministry of his successor.—WRIGHT.

² Madame de Rochfort, née Brancas.—WRIGHT.

a small circle of dependent admirers, and Madame de Rochfort is high-priestess for a small salary of credit.

The Duchess of Choiseul,¹ the only young one of these heroines, is not very pretty, but has fine eyes, and is a little model in waxwork, which not being allowed to speak for some time as incapable, has a hesitation and modesty, the latter of which the Court has not cured, and the former of which is atoned for by the most interesting sound of voice, and forgotten in the most elegant turn and propriety of expression. Oh! it is the gentlest, amiable, civil little creature that ever came out of a fairy egg! so just in its phrases and thoughts, so attentive and good-natured! Everybody loves it but its husband, who prefers his own sister the Duchesse de Grammont,² an Amazonian, fierce, haughty dame, who loves and hates arbitrarily, and is detested. Madame de Choiseul, passionately fond of her husband, was the martyr of this union, but at last submitted with a good grace; has gained a little credit with him, and is still believed to idolize him. But I doubt it—she takes too much pains to profess it.

I cannot finish my list without adding a much more common character—but more complete in its kind than any of the foregoing, the Maréchale de Luxembourg.³ She has been very handsome, very abandoned, and very mischievous. Her beauty is gone, her lovers

¹ La Duchesse du Choiseul, née du Chatel. The husband appears to have been more attached to her than Walpole supposed; at least if we may judge from his will, in which he desires, that they may be buried in the same grave, and expresses his gratification at the idea of reposing by the side of one whom he had, during his lifetime, cherished and respected so highly.—WRIGHT.

² La Duchesse de Grammont, sister of the Duke of Choiseul, does not appear to have deserved the character which Walpole has here given of her. She was thus described, in 1761, by Mr. Hans Stanley, in a letter to Mr. Pitt:—"The Duchess is the only person who has any weight with her brother, the Duc de Choiseul. She never dissembles her contempt or dislike of any man, in whatever degree of elevation. It is said she might have supplied the place of Madame de Pompadour, if she had pleased. She treats the ceremonies and pageants of courts as things beneath her: she possesses a most uncommon share of understanding, and has very high notions of honour and reputation." The crowning act of her life militates strongly against Walpole's views. When brought before the Revolutionary tribunal, in April 1794, after having been seized by order of Robespierre, she astonished her judges by the grace and dignity of her demeanour; and pleaded, not for her own life, but eloquently for that of her friend, la Duchesse du Chatelet: "Que ma mort soit décidée," she said; "cela ne m'étonne pas; mais," pointing to her friend, "pour cet ange, en quoi vous a-t-elle offensé?—elle qui n'a jamais fait tort à personne, et dont la vie entière n'offre qu'un tableau de vertu et de bienfaisance." Both suffered upon the same scaffold.—WRIGHT.

³ La Maréchale Duchesse de Luxembourg, sister to the Duc de Villeroi. Her first husband was the Duc de Boufflers, by whom she had a son, the Duc de Boufflers, who died at Genoa of the small-pox. She afterwards married the Maréchal Duc de Luxembourg, at whose country-seat, Montmorency, Rousseau was long an inmate.—WRIGHT.

are gone, and she thinks the devil is coming. This dejection has softened her into being rather agreeable, for she has wit and good-breeding; but you would swear, by the restlessness of her person and the horrors she cannot conceal, that she had signed the compact, and expected to be called upon in a week for the performance.

I could add many pictures, but none so remarkable. In those I send you there is not a feature bestowed gratis or exaggerated. For the beauties, of which there are a few considerable, as Mesdames de Brionne, de Monaco, et d'Egmont, they have not yet lost their characters, nor got any.

You must not attribute my intimacy with Paris to curiosity alone. An accident unlocked the doors for me. That *passe-par-tout* called the fashion, has made them fly open—and what do you think was that fashion?—I myself.—Yes, like Queen Eleanor in the ballad, I sunk at Charing Cross, and have risen in the Fauxbourg St. Germain. A *plaisanterie* on Rousseau, whose arrival here in his way to you brought me acquainted with many anecdotes conformable to the idea I had conceived of him, got about, was liked much more than it deserved, spread like wild-fire, and made me the subject of conversation. Rousseau's devotees were offended. Madame de Boufflers, with a tone of sentiment, and the accents of lamenting humanity, abused me heartily, and then complained to myself with the utmost softness. I acted contrition, but had like to have spoiled all, by growing dreadfully tired of a second lecture from the Prince of Conti, who took up the ball, and made himself the hero of a history wherein he had nothing to do. I listened, did not understand half he said (nor he neither), forgot the rest, said Yes when I should have said No, yawned when I should have smiled, and was very penitent when I should have rejoiced at my pardon. Madame de Boufflers was more distressed, for he owned twenty times more than I had said: she frowned, and made him signs; but she had wound up his clack, and there was no stopping it. The moment she grew angry, the lord of the house grew charmed, and it has been my fault if I am not at the head of a numerous sect:—but, when I left a triumphant party in England, I did not come here to be at the head of a fashion. However, I have been sent for about like an African prince, or a learned canary-bird, and was, in particular, carried by force to the Princess of Talmond,¹ the Queen's cousin, who lives in

¹ The Princess of Talmond was born in Poland, and said to be allied to the Queen, Marie Leczinska, with whom she came to France, and there married a prince of the house of Bouillon.—WRIGHT.

a charitable apartment in the Luxembourg, and was sitting on a small bed hung with saints and Sobieskis, in a corner of one of those vast chambers, by two blinking tapers. I stumbled over a cat, a foot-stool, and a chamber-pot in my journey to her presence. She could not find a syllable to say to me, and the visit ended with her begging a lap-dog. Thank the Lord! though this is the first month, it is the last week of my reign; and I shall resign my crown with great satisfaction to a *bouillie* of chestnuts, which is just invented, and whose annals will be illustrated by so many indigestions, that Paris will not want anything else these three weeks. I will enclose the fatal letter¹ after I have finished this enormous one; to which I will only add, that nothing has interrupted my Sévigné researches but the frost. The Abbé de Malesherbes has given me full power to ransack Livry. I did not tell you, that by great accident, when I thought on nothing less, I stumbled on an original picture of the Comte de Grammont. Adieu! You are generally in London in March; I shall be there by the end of it.²

1039. TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Paris, Feb. 3, 1766.

I HAD the honour of writing to your ladyship on the 4th and 12th of last month, which I only mention, because the latter went by the post, which I have found is not always a safe conveyance.

I am sorry to inform you, Madam, that you will not see Madame Geoffrin this year, as she goes to Poland in May. The King has invited her, promised her an apartment exactly in her own way, and that she shall see nobody but whom she chooses to see. This will not surprise you, Madam; but what I shall add, will; though I must beg your ladyship not to mention it even to her, as it is an absolute secret here, as she does not know that I know it, and as it was trusted to me by a friend of yours. In short, there are thoughts of sending her with a public character, or at least with a commission

¹ The letter from the King of Prussia to Rousseau.—WALPOLE.

² Gray, in reference to this letter, writes thus to Dr. Wharton, on the 5th of March:—"Mr. Walpole writes me now and then a long and lively letter from Paris, to which place he went the last summer, with the gout upon him; sometimes in his limbs; often in his stomach and head. He has got somehow well, (not by means of the climate, one would think,) goes to all public places, sees all the best company, and is very much in fashion. He says he sunk, like Queen Eleanor, at Charing-cross, and has risen again at Paris. He returns again in April; but his health is certainly in a deplorable state."—*Works by Mitford*, vol. iv. p. 79.—WRIGHT.

from hence—a very extraordinary honour, and I think never bestowed but on the Maréchale de Guébriant.¹ As the Dussons have been talked of, and as Madame Geoffrin has enemies, its being known might make her uneasy that it was known. I should have told it to no mortal but your ladyship; but I could not resist giving you such a pleasure. In your answer, Madam, I need not warn you not to specify what I have told you.

My favour here continues; and favour never displeases. To me, too, it is a novelty, and I naturally love curiosities. However, I must be looking towards home, and have perhaps only been treasuring up regret. At worst I have filled my mind with a new set of ideas; some resource to a man who was heartily tired of his old ones. When I tell your ladyship that I play at whisk, and bear even French music, you will not wonder at any change in me. Yet I am far from pretending to like everybody, or everything I see. There are some chapters on which I still fear we shall not agree; but I will do your ladyship the justice to own, that you have never said a syllable too much in behalf of the friends to whom you was so good as to recommend me. Madame d'Egmont, whom I have mentioned but little, is one of the best women in the world, and, though not at all striking at first, gains upon one much. Colonel Gordon, with this letter, brings you, Madam, some more seeds from her. I have a box of pomatums for you from Madame de Boufflers, which shall go by the next conveyance that offers. As he waits for my parcel, I can only repeat how much I am your ladyship's most obliged and faithful humble servant.

1040. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Paris, Feb. 4, 1766.

I WRITE on small paper, that the nothing I have to say may look like a letter. Paris, that supplies me with diversions, affords me no news. England sends me none, on which I care to talk by the post. All seems in confusion; but I have done with politics!

The marriage of your cousins puts me in mind of the two owls, whom the Vizier in some Eastern tale told the Sultan were treating on a match between their children, on whom they were to settle I

¹ Sent with the character of Embassadress from Louis XIII. to the King of Poland. Mr. Walpole, in a subsequent letter, owns having been misinformed with respect to Madame Geoffrin; no such plan having ever been really in agitation.—BERRY.

don't know how many ruined villages. Trouble not your head about it. Our ancestors were rogues, and so will our posterity be.

Madame Roland has sent to me, by Lady Jerningham,¹ to beg my works. She shall certainly have them when I return to England; but how comes she to forget that you and I are friends? or does she think that all Englishmen quarrel on party? If she does, methinks she is a good deal in the right, and it is one of the reasons why I have bid adieu to politics, that I may not be expected to love those I hate, and hate those I love. I supped last night with the Duchess de Choiseul, and saw a magnificent robe she is to wear to-day for a great wedding between a Biron² and a Boufflers. It is of blue satin, embroidered all over in a mosaic, diamond-wise, with gold: in every diamond is a silver star edged with gold, and surrounded with spangles in the same way; it is trimmed with double sables, crossed with frogs and tassels of gold; her head, neck, breast, and arms, covered with diamonds. She will be quite the fairy queen, for it is the prettiest little reasonable amiable Titania you ever saw; but Oberon does not love it. He prefers a great mortal Hermione his sister. I long to hear that you are lodged in Arlington-street, and invested with your green livery; and I love Lord Beaulieu for his *cudom*.³ Adieu!

1041. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Paris, Feb. 9, 1766.

I CONGRATULATE the success of your labours⁴ as a Minister, though

¹ Mary, eldest daughter, and eventually heiress, of Francis Plowden, Esq., by Mary eldest daughter of the Hon. John Stafford Howard, younger son of the unfortunate Lord Stafford, wife of Sir George Jerningham.—WRIGHT.

² The Duc de Lauzun, who, upon the death of his uncle, the Maréchal de Biron, became Duc de Biron, married the heiress and only child of the Duc de Boufflers, who died at Genoa. The marriage proved an unhappy one, and the Duchess twice took refuge in England at the breaking out of the French revolution; but having, in 1793, unadvisedly returned to Paris, she perished on the scaffold in one of the bloody proscriptions of Robespierre. At the beginning of that revolution, the Duke espoused the popular cause, and even commanded an army under the orders of the legislative assembly; but in the storms that succeeded, being altogether unequal either to stem the torrent of popular fury or to direct its course, he fell by the guillotine early in 1794.—WRIGHT.

³ That is, his Montaguedom—his love for the Cues, as he called the Montagues. I may mention here that Walpole's correspondent is the only commoner Montagu—buried with the Dukes of Manchester in their vault at Kimbolton. I saw his coffin there sound and dry in the summer of 1857.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ This relates to Sir Horace Mann's having, by order of his court, interposed to prevent the Pope from acknowledging the eldest son of the late Chevalier de St. George as King of England.—WALPOLE.

as an Englishman I am very indifferent about the matter. It is below such a nation as England to trouble its head whether an old mumper at Rome calls a wretched fugitive *Rè d'Inghilterra* or *Principe di Galles*. For the poor lad's followers it is important, and anything is lucky for them that prevents their going to Tyburn for him. To himself, indeed, it is cruel to be refused an empty title by an old Dervish for whom he lost the reality. Rome is the only spot on earth where he can exist decently, as at least he would take the *pas* of many saints. To call him Prince of Wales, and refuse him the kingship, is an absurdity worthy of an Irish patriarch. *Here* they assign many reasons for the refusal, as the jealousy of those fools the Roman nobility; apprehensions that the English would not go to Rome; as if they had never gone there in the father's time! tenderness to the Catholics in England, who are actually disturbed there by the Bishop of London, which they were not in the old Pretender's time, who was acknowledged; other fears, from the rashness and drunkenness of the young man's character; doubts on his faith, the best reason of all; and suspicions (the worst reason of all) that we have bribed the congregation of cardinals. I should be very indignant at the latter reason; but the rapacity of English members of Parliament reassures me.

There are rumours here of a coolness, even of quarrels, between this Court and the new Emperor, who it is said insists that Parma should be held as a fief of the empire, and demands restitution of Lorraine. It would not surprise me: France, as England has done, will find that the Court of Vienna obeys no law, observes no tie, but that of pride. As England and France are the two powers that can hurt one another the most, I wish them for ever connected. If this young German Cæsar begins already, I know where he will end—at impatience to reign over his mother's estates.

We are every day impatient for letters from England, where Mr. Pitt's conduct has occasioned great confusion. He has declared a little for some part of the Administration, but strongly against the Duke of Newcastle; violently against Lord Bute; peremptorily against the last Ministry, every one of whose acts he condemns; and, what is stronger than all, against the Parliament itself, which he says has taxed America without a right to do so, and by that act broke the original compact. His followers are exceedingly few; yet his name makes a sort of party, and you may be sure he has all the Americans with him. Lord Bute acts separately, as a fourth party—if he is allowed to do so, what becomes of the faith pledged to the

present Ministers, when they were invited and intreated to take the lead? *If* he should join the late Opposition, and they join him, how that bargain will complete the scandalous characters of both sides!—of theirs to stoop to him again; of his who brings back, from self-interest, to his master those who stigmatized the mother by Act of Parliament! How justly he will deserve the title he assumes, of the *King's friend*! and who will not recollect the 'North Briton,' No. 45?

Your old friend, Lord Fane,¹ is dead, and has left three thousand pounds a-year to poor Lady Sandwich,² who cannot enjoy it. She is shut up: the family blood and her misfortunes have turned her head. I do not doubt but Sandwich will find means to profit by her unhappy situation.

We are again up to the ears in snow, yet I am robust and well, am become *très* French, never dine, but sup, sit up all night, and lie abed all day. In short, heartily enjoy the holidays I have given myself from Parliament. However, I think of returning home at the end of March, but have some suspicion that I shall now and then steal a winter here.

If my philosophy about the Red Riband does not convince you, at least you must not wonder that your want of philosophy does not persuade me; though, if it were in my power to bestow, I should certainly humour you with it. Your victorious campaign against the House of Stuart adds a new title to your pretensions. If a change should happen in England, I do not think that you would obtain it, after being in favour with the present Ministers. The present reign cannot but be stormy, while there is a favourite, who is too notorious a coward to venture his person, too ambitious and too treacherous to suffer anybody long who will not be his creatures. Should George Grenville return to power, I should at least be comforted to see equal ambition, equal pride, and equal treachery, bow to an idol he has abandoned, despised, and insulted. Adieu!

1042. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Paris, Sunday, Feb. 23.

I CANNOT know that you are in my house, and not say, you are

¹ Charles, Viscount Vane; he had been minister at Florence before Sir Horace Mann.—WALPOLE.

² Lady Sandwich was second sister of Lord Vane.—WALPOLE.

welcome. Indeed you are, and I am heartily glad you are pleased there. I have neither matter nor time for more, as I have heard of an opportunity of sending this away immediately with some other letters. News do not happen here as in London; the Parliaments meet, draw up a remonstrance, ask a day for presenting it, have the day named a week after, and so forth. At their rate of going on, if Methusalem was first president, he would not see the end of a single question. As your histories are somewhat more precipitate, I wait for their coming to some settlement, and then will return; but, if the old Ministers are to be replaced, bastille for bastille, I think I had rather stay where I am. I am not half so much afraid of any power, as the French are of Mr. Pitt. Adieu!

1043. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

SIR:

Paris, Feb. 28, 1766.

As you cannot, I believe, get a copy of the letter to Rousseau, and are impatient for it, I send it you; though the brevity of it will not answer your expectation. It is no answer to any of his works, and is only a laugh at his affectations. I hear he does not succeed in England, where singularities are no curiosity. Yet he must stay there, or give up all his pretensions. To quit a country where he may live at ease, and unpersecuted, will be owning that tranquillity is not what he seeks. If he again seeks persecution, who will pity him? I should think even bigots would let him alone out of contempt.

I have executed your commission in a way that I hope will please you. As you tell me you have a blue cup and saucer, and a red one, and would have them completed to six, without being all alike, I have bought one other blue, one other red, and two sprigged, in the same manner, with colours; so you will have just three pair, which seems preferable to six odd ones; and which, indeed, at nineteen livres a-piece, I think I could not have found.

I shall keep pretty near to the time I proposed returning; though I am a little tempted to wait for the appearance of leaves. As I may never come hither again, I am disposed to see a little of their villas and gardens, though it will vex me to lose spring and lilac-tide at Strawberry. The weather has been so bad, and continues so cold, that I have not yet seen all I intend in Paris. To-day, I have been to the Plaine de Sablon, by the Bois de Boulogne, to see a horse-

race rid in person by the Count Lauragais and Lord Forbes.¹ All Paris was in motion by nine o'clock this morning, and the coaches and crowds were innumerable at so novel a sight. Would you believe it, that there was an Englishman to whom it was quite as new? That Englishman was I: though I live within two miles of Hounslow, have been fifty times in my life at Newmarket, and have passed through it at the time of the races, I never before saw a complete one. I once went from Cambridge on purpose; saw the beginning, was tired, and went away. If there was to be a review in Lapland, perhaps I might see a review, too; which yet I have never seen. Lauragais was distanced at the second circuit. What added to the singularity was, that at the same instant his brother was gone to church to be married. But, as Lauragais is at variance with his father and wife, he chose this expedient to show he was not at the wedding. Adieu!

1044. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Paris, Feb. 29, 1766.

I HAVE received your letters very regularly, and though I have not sent you nearly so many, yet I have not been wanting to our correspondence, when I have had anything particular to say, or knew what to say. The Duke of Richmond has been gone to England this fortnight; he had a great deal of business, besides engagements here; and if he has failed writing, at least I believe he received yours. Mr. Conway, I suppose, has received them too, but not to my knowledge; for I have received but one from him this age. He has had something else to do than to think of Pretenders, and pretenders to pretensions. It has been a question (and a question scarcely decided yet) not only whether he and his friends should remain Ministers, but whether we should not draw the sword on our colonies, and provoke them and the manufacturers at home to rebellion. The goodness of Providence, or Fortune by its permission, has interposed, and I hope prevented blood; though George Grenville and the Duke of Bedford, who so mercifully checked our victories, in compassion to France, grew heroes the moment there was an opportunity of conquering our own brethren. It was actually

¹ James, sixteenth Baron Forbes, married, 1760, Catherine, only daughter of Sir Robert Innes, Bart., of Orton. He was Deputy-governor of Fort William, and died there in 1804.—WRIGHT.

moved by them and their banditti to send troops to America. The stout Earl of Bute, who is never afraid when not personally in danger, joined his troops to his ancient friends, late foes, and now new allies. Yet this second race of Spaniards, so fond of gold and thirsting after American blood, were routed by 274; their whole force amounting but to 134. The Earl, astonished at this defeat, had recourse to that kind of policy which Machiavel recommends in his chapter of *back-stairs*. Cæsar himself disavowed his Ministers, and declared he had not been for the repeal, and that his servants had used his name without his permission. A paper was produced to his eyes, which proved this denial an equivocation. The Ministers, instead of tossing their places into the middle of the closet, as I should have done, had the courage and virtue to stand firm, and save both Europe and America from destruction.

At that instant, who do you think presented himself as Lord Bute's guardian angel? only one of his bitterest enemies: a milk-white angel [Duke of York], white even to his eyes and eye-lashes, very purblind, and whose tongue runs like a fiddle-stick. You have seen this divinity, and have prayed to it for a Riband. Well, this god of love became the god of politics, and contrived meetings between Bute, Grenville, and Bedford; but, what happens to highwaymen *after* a robbery, happened to them *before*; they quarrelled about the division of the plunder, before they had made the capture—and thus, when the last letters came away, the repeal was likely to pass in both houses, and tyranny once more despairs.

This is the quintessence of the present situation in England. To how many North Britons, No. 45, will that wretched Scot furnish matter? But let us talk of your *Cardinal Duke of York*: so his folly has left his brother in a worse situation than he took him up! *York* seems a title fated to sit on silly heads—or don't let us talk of him; he is not worth it.

I am as sorry for the death of Lady Hilsborough,¹ as I suppose Mr. Skreene is glad of his consort's departure. She was a common creature, bestowed on the public by Lord Sandwich. Lady Hilsborough had sense and merit, and is a great loss to her family. By letters hither, we hear miserable accounts of poor Sir James Macdonald; pray let him know that I have written to him, and how much I am concerned for his situation.

¹ Lady Mary Fitzgerald, daughter of the Earl of Kildare, and first wife of Wills Hill, first Earl of Hilsborough.—WALPOLE.

This Court is plunged into another deep mourning for the death of old Stanislaus, who fell into the fire; it caught his night-gown and burnt him terribly before he got assistance. His subjects are in despair, for he was a model of goodness and humanity; uniting or rather creating, generosity from economy. The Poles had not the sense to re-elect him, after his virtues were proved, they who had chosen him before they knew him. I am told such was the old man's affection for his country, and persuasion that he ought to do all the good he could, that he would have gone to Poland if they had offered him the crown. He has left six hundred thousand livres, and a *rente viagere* of forty thousand crowns to the Queen, saved from the sale of his Polish estates, from his pension of two millions, and from his own liberality. His buildings, his employment of the poor, his magnificence, and his economy, were constant topics of admiration. Not only the court-tables were regularly and nobly served, but he treated, and defrayed his old enemy's 'grand-daughter, the Princess Christina, on her journey hither to see her sister the Dauphiness. When mesdames his grand-daughters made him an unexpected visit, he was so disturbed for fear it should derange his finances, which he thought were not in advance, that he shut himself up for an hour with his treasurer, to find resources; was charmed to know he should not run in debt, and entertained them magnificently. His end was calm and gay, like his life, though he suffered terribly, and he said so extraordinary a life could not finish in a common way. To a lady who had set her ruffle on fire, and scorched her arm about the same time, he said, "Madame, nous brulons du même feu." The poor Queen had sent him the very night-gown that occasioned his death: he wrote to her, "C'étoit pour me tenir chaud, mais il m'a tenu trop chaud."

Yesterday we had the funeral oration on the Dauphin; and are soon to have one on Stanislaus. It is a noble subject; but if I had leisure, I would compose a grand funeral oration on the number of princes dead within these six months. What fine pictures, contrasts, and comparisons they would furnish! The Duke of Parma and the King of Denmark reigning virtuously with absolute power! The Emperor at the head of Europe, and encompassed with mimic Roman eagles, tied to the apron-strings of a bigoted and jealous virago. The Dauphin cultivating virtues under the shade of so bright a crown, and shining only at the moment that he was

¹ Augustus II., Elector of Saxony and King of Poland.—WALPOLE.
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snatched from the prospect of empire. The old Pretender wasting away in obscurity and misfortune, after surviving the Duke of Cumberland, who had given the last blow to the hopes of his family; and Stanislaus perishing by an accident,—he who had swam over the billows raised by Peter the Great and Charles XII., and reigning, while his successor and second of his name was reigning on his throne. It is not taking from the funereal part to add, that when so many good princes die, the Czarina is still living!

The public again thinks itself on the eve of a war, by the recall of Stahremberg, the Imperial Minister. It seems at least to destroy the expectation of a match between the youngest Archduchess and the Dauphin, which it was thought Stahremberg remained here to bring about. I like your Great Duke for feeling the loss of his Minister. It is seldom that a young sovereign misses a governor before he tastes the fruits of his own incapacity.

March 1st.

We have got more letters from England, where the Ministers are still triumphant. They had a majority of 108 on the day that it was voted to bring in a bill to repeal the stamp-act. George Grenville's ignorance and blunders were displayed to his face and to the whole world; he was hissed through the Court of Requests, where Mr. Conway was huzza'd. It went still farther for Mr. Pitt, whom the mob accompanied home with "Io Pitts!" This is new for an opposition to be so unpopular. Adieu!

1045. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Paris, March 3, 1766.

I WRITE because I ought, and because I have promised you I would, and because I have an opportunity by Monsieur de Lillebonne, and in spite of a better reason for being silent, which is, that I have nothing to say. People marry, die, and are promoted here, about whom neither you nor I care a straw. No, truly, and I am heartily tired of them, as you may believe when I am preparing to return. There is a man in the next room actually nailing my boxes; yet it will be the beginning of April before I am at home. I have not had so much as a cold in all this Siberian winter, and I will not venture the tempting the gout by lying in a bad inn, till the weather is warmer. I wish, too, to see a few leaves out at Versailles, &c. If

I stayed till August I could not see many; for there is not a tree for twenty miles, that is not hacked and hewed, till it looks like the stumps that beggars thrust into coaches to excite charity and miscarriages.

I am going this evening in search of Madame Roland; I doubt we shall both miss each other's lilies and roses: she may have got some pionies in their room, but mine are replaced with crocuses.

I love Lord Harcourt for his civility to you; and I would fain see you situated under the greenwood-tree, even by a compromise. You may imagine I am pleased with the defeat, hisses, and mortification of George Grenville, and the more by the disappointment it has occasioned here. If you have a mind to vex them thoroughly, you must make Mr. Pitt Minister.¹ They have not forgot him, whatever we have done.

The King has suddenly been here this morning to hold a *lit de justice*: I don't yet know the particulars, except that it was occasioned by some bold remonstrances of the Parliament on the subject of that of Bretagne. Louis told me when I waked, that the Duke de Chevreuil, the governor of Paris, was just gone by in great state. I long to chat with Mr. Chute and you in the blue room at Strawberry: though I have little to write, I have a great deal to say. How do you like his new house? has he no gout? Are your cousins Cortes and Pizzaro heartily mortified that they are not to roast and plunder the Americans? Is Goody Carlisle disappointed at not being appointed grand inquisitor? Adieu! I will not seal this till I have seen or missed Madame Roland. Yours ever.

P. S. I have been prevented going to Madame Roland, and must defer giving an account of her by this letter.

1046. TO JAMES CRAWFORD, ESQ.²

Paris, March 6, 1766.

You cannot conceive, my dear Sir, how happy I was to receive

¹ Mr. Gerard Hamilton, in a letter to Mr. Calcraft, of the 7th, says:—"Grenville and the Duke of Bedford's people continue to oppose, in every stage, the passage of the bill for the repeal of the Stamp Act. The reports of the day are, that Mr. Pitt will go into the House of Lords, and form an arrangement, which he will countenance."—WRIGHT.

² Now first printed. James Crawford, of Auchinames, Renfrewshire, the friend of Hume, commonly called *Fish* Crawford.—CUNNINGHAM.

your letters, not so much for my own sake as for Madame du Defand's. I do not mean merely from the pleasure your letter gave her, but because it wipes off the reproaches she has undergone on your account. They have at once twitted her with her partiality for you, and your indifference. Even that silly Madame de la Valière has been quite rude to her on your subject. You will not be surprised; you saw a good deal of their falsehood and spite, and I have seen much more. They have not only the faults common to the human heart, but that additional meanness and malice which is produced by an arbitrary Government, under which the subjects dare not look up to anything great.

The King has just thunderstruck the Parliament, and they are all charmed with the thought that they are still to grovel at the foot of the throne—but let us talk of something more meritorious. Your good old woman wept like a child, with her poor no eyes as I read your letter to her. I did not wonder; it is kind, friendly, delicate and just—so just that it vexes me to be forced so continually to combat the goodness of her heart, and destroy her fond visions of friendship. Ah! but, said she at last, he does not talk of returning! I told her, if anything could bring you back, or me either, it would be desire of seeing her. I think so of you, and I am sure so of myself. If I had staid here still, I have learnt nothing but to know them more thoroughly. Their barbarity and injustice to our good old friend is indescribable: one of the worst is just dead, Madame de Lambert—I am sure you will not regret her. Madame de Forcalquier, I agree with you, is the most sincere of her acquaintances, and incapable of doing as the rest do—eat her suppers when they cannot go to a more fashionable house, laugh at her, abuse her, nay, try to raise her enemies among her nominal friends. They have succeeded so far as to make that unworthy old dotard the President treat her like a dog. Her nephew, the Archbishop of Toulouse, I see, is not a jot more attached to her than the rest, but I hope she does not perceive it so clearly as I do; Madame de Choiseul I really think wishes her well; but perhaps I am partial. The Princess de Beauveau seems very cordial too, but I doubt the Prince a little. You will forgive these details about a person you love; and have so much reason to love; nor am I ashamed of interesting myself exceedingly about her. To say nothing of her extraordinary parts, she is certainly the most generous friendly being upon earth—but neither these qualities nor her unfortunate situation touch her unworthy acquaintance. Do you know that she was quite

angry about the money you left for her servants? Viar would by no means touch it, and when I tried all I could to obtain her permission for their taking it, I prevailed so little, that she gave Viar five louis for refusing it. So I shall bring you back your draft, and you will only owe me five louis, which I added to what you gave me to pay for the two pieces of china at Dulac's, which will be sent to England with mine.

Well! I have talked too long on Madame du Deffand, and neglected too long to thank you for my own letter: I do thank you for it, my dear Sir, most heartily and sincerely. I feel all your worth and all the gratitude I ought, but I must preach to you as I do to your friend. Consider how little time you have known me, and what small opportunities you have had of knowing my faults. I know them thoroughly; but to keep your friendship within bounds, consider my heart is not like yours, young, good, warm, sincere, and impatient to bestow itself. Mine is worn with the baseness, treachery, and mercenariness I have met with. It is suspicious, doubtful, and cooled. I consider everything round me but in the light of amusement, because if I looked at it seriously, I should detest it. I laugh that I may not weep. I play with monkeys, dogs, or cats, that I may not be devoured by the beast of the Gevaudan. I converse with Mesdames de Mirepoix, Boufflers, and Luxembourg, that I may not love Madame du Deffand too much—and yet they do but make me love her the more. But don't love me, pray don't love me. Old folks are but old women, who love their last lovers as much as they did their first. I should still be liable to believe you, and I am not at all of Madame du Deffand's opinion, that one might as well be dead as not love somebody. I think one had better be dead than love anybody. Let us compromise this matter; you shall love her, since she likes to be loved, and I will be the confidant. We will do any thing we can to please her. I can go no farther—I have taken the veil, and would not break my vow for the world. If you will converse with me through the grate at Strawberry-hill, I desire no better; but not a word of friendship; I feel no more than if I professed it. It is paper credit, and like all other bank-bills, sure to be turned into money at last. I think you would not realise me, but how do you, or how do I know, that I should be equally scrupulous? The Temple of Friendship, like the ruins in the Campo Vaccino, is reduced to a single column at Stowe. Those dear friends have hated one another, till some of them are forced to love one another again—and as the cracks are soldered by

hatred, perhaps that cement may hold them together. You see my opinion of friendship: it would be making you a fine present to offer you mine! Your Ministers may not know it, but the war has been on the point of breaking out here between France and England, and upon a cause very English, a horse-race. Lord Forbes and Lauragais were the champions: they rode, but the second lost, his horse being ill, it died that night, and the surgeons on opening it swore it was poisoned. The English suspect that a groom, who I suppose had been reading Livy or Demosthenes, poisoned it on patriotic principles, to ensure victory to his country. The French, on the contrary, think poison as common as oats or beans, in the stables at Newmarket. In short, there is no impertinence they have not uttered, and it has gone so far, that two nights ago it was said that the King had forbidden another race which is appointed for Monday, between the Prince de Nassau and a Mr. Forth, to prevent national animosities. On my side I have tried to stifle these heats, by threatening them that Mr. Pitt is coming into the Ministry again, and it has had some effect. This event has confirmed what I discovered early after my arrival, that the Anglomanie was worn out, if it remains it is manie against the English. All this, however, is for your private ear; for I have found that some of my letters home, in which I had spoken a little freely, have been reported to do me disservice. As we are *not* friends, I may trust to your discretion—may not I? I did not use to applaud it much.

Perhaps it is necessary to use still more caution in mentioning me to Lord Ossory. Do it gently, for though I have great regard for him, I don't design to make it troublesome to him.

You don't say a word of our Duchess [Grafton], so superior to earthly Duchesses! How dignified she will appear to me after all the little tracasseries of Paris! I trust I shall see her soon. Packing-up is in all my quarters, but though I quit tittle-tattle, I don't design to head a squadron of mob on any side. I hate politics, as much as friendship, and design to converse at home as I have done here, with Dévots, Philosophers, Choiseul, Maurepas, the Court, and the *Temple*.

What a volume I have writ! but don't be frightened: you need not answer it, if you have not a mind, for I shall be in England almost as soon as I could receive your reply. La Geoffiniska has received three sumptuous robes of ermine, martens and Astracan lambs, the last of which the Czarina had, I suppose, the pleasure of flaying alive herself. Oh! *pour cela oui*, says old Brantôme, who always assents.

I think there is nothing else very new : Mr. Young puns, and Dr. Gem does not : Lorenzi blunders faster than one can repeat. Voltaire writes volumes faster than they can print, and I buy china faster than I can pay for it. I am glad to hear you have been two or three times at my Lady Hervey's. By what she says of you, you may be comforted, though you miss the approbation of Madame de Valentinois. Her golden apple, though indeed after all Paris has gnawed it, is reserved for Lord Holderness ! Adieu ! Yours ever,

H. WALPOLE.

1047. TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Paris, March 10, 1766.

THERE are two points, Madam, on which I must write to your ladyship, though I have been confined these three or four days with an inflammation in my eyes. My watchings and revellings had, I doubt, heated my blood, and prepared it to receive a stroke of cold, which in truth was amply administered. We were two-and-twenty at the Maréchale du Luxembourg's, and supped in a temple rather than in a hall. It is vaulted at top with gods and goddesses, and paved with marble ; but the god of fire was not of the number. However, as this is neither of my points, I shall say no more of it.

I send your ladyship Lady Albemarle's box, which Madame Geoffrin brought to me herself yesterday. I think it very neat and charming, and it exceeds the commission but by a guinea and half. It is lined with wood between the two golds, as the price and necessary size would not admit metal enough without, to leave it of any solidity.

The other point I am indeed ashamed to mention so late. I am more guilty than even about the scissors. Lord Hertford sent me word a fortnight ago, that an ensigncy was vacant, to which he should recommend Mr. Fitzgerald. I forgot both to thank him and to acquaint your ladyship, who probably know it without my communication. I have certainly lost my memory ! This is so idle and young, that I begin to fear I have acquired something of the *fashionable man*, which I so much dreaded. It is to England then that I must return to recover friendship and attention ? I literally wrote to Lord Hertford, and forgot to thank him. Sure I did not use to be so abominable ! I cannot account for it : I am as black as ink, and must turn—*Methodist*, to fancy that repentance can wash me

white again. No, I will not; for then I may sin again, and trust to the same nostrum.

I had the honour of sending your ladyship the funeral sermon on the Dauphin, and a tract to laugh at sermons: "Your bane and antidote are both before you." The first is by the Archbishop of Toulouse,¹ who is thought the first man of the clergy. It has some sense, no pathetic, no eloquence, and, I think, clearly no belief in his own doctrine. The latter is by the Abbé Coyer,² written lively, upon a single idea; and, though I agree upon the inutility of the remedy he rejects, I have no better opinion of that he would substitute. Preaching has not failed from the beginning of the world till to-day, not because inadequate to the disease, but because the disease is incurable. If one preached to lions and tigers, would it cure them of thirsting for blood, and sucking it when they have an opportunity? No; but when they are whelped in the tower, and both caressed and beaten, do they turn out a jot more tame when they are grown up? So far from it, all the kindness in the world, all the attention, cannot make even a monkey (that is no beast of prey) remember a pair of scissors or an ensigncy.

Adieu, Madam! and pray don't forgive me, till I have forgiven myself. I dare not close my letter with any professions; for could you believe them in one that had so much reason to think himself

Your most obedient humble servant?

1048. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Paris, March 12, 1766.

I CAN write but two lines, for I have been confined these four or five days with a violent inflammation in my eyes, and which has prevented my returning to Madame Roland. I did not find her at home, but left your letter. My right eye is well again, and I have been to take air.

How can you *ask leave* to carry anybody to Strawberry? May

¹ Brionne de Lomenie, Archbishop of Toulouse, and afterwards Cardinal de Lomenie, or as he was nicknamed by the populace of Paris, "Cardinal de l'Ignominie," was great-nephew to Madame du Deffand. He was arrested at the commencement of the Revolution, and escaped the guillotine by dying in one of the prisons at Paris in 1794. WRIGHT.

² This pamphlet of the Abbé Coyer, which was entitled 'On Preaching,' produced a great sensation in Paris at the time of its publication. The Abbé died in 1782.—WRIGHT.

not you do what you please with me and mine? Does not Arlington-street comprehend Strawberry? why don't you go and lie there if you like it? It will be, I think, the middle of April before I return; I have lost a week by this confinement, and would fain satisfy my curiosity entirely, now I am here. I have seen enough and too much of the people. I am glad you are upon civil terms with Habiculeo. The less I esteem folks the less I would quarrel with them.

I don't wonder that Colman and Garrick write ill in concert, when they write ill separately; however, I am heartily glad the Clive shines.¹ Adieu! Commend me to Charles-street. Kiss Fanny, and Mufti, and Ponto for me, when you go to Strawberry: dear souls, I long to kiss them myself.

1049. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Paris, March 21, 1766.

You make me very happy in telling me you have been so comfortable in my house. If you would set up a bed there, you need never go out of it. I want to invite you, not to expel you. April the tenth my pilgrimage will end, and the fifteenth, or sixteenth, you may expect to see me, not much fattened with the flesh-pots of Egypt, but almost as glad to come amongst you again as I was to leave you.

Your Madame Roland is not half so fond of me as she tells me; I have been twice at her door, left your letter and my own direction, but have not received so much as a message to tell me she is sorry she was not at home. Perhaps this is her first vision of Paris, and it is natural for a Frenchwoman to have her head turned with it; though what she takes for rivers of Emerald, and hotels of ruby and topaz, are to my eyes, that have been purged with euphrasy and rue, a filthy stream, in which everything is washed without being cleaned, and dirty houses, ugly streets, worse shops, and churches loaded with bad pictures. Such is the material part of this paradise; for the corporeal, if Madame Roland admires it, I have nothing to say; however, I shall not be sorry to make one at Lady Frances Elliot's. Thank you for admiring my deaf old woman [Lady Suffolk]; if I could bring my old blind one [Madame du Deffand] with me, I should

¹ Mrs. Clive played in the clever comedy of the 'Clandestine Marriage,' the joint production of Colman and Garrick, then (1766) recently produced.—CUNNINGHAM.

resign this paradise as willingly as if it was built of opal, and designed by a fisherman, who thought that what makes a fine necklace would make a finer habitation.

We did not want your sun ; it has shone here for a fortnight with all its lustre ; but yesterday a north wind, blown by the Czarina herself I believe, arrived, and declared a month of March of full age. This morning it snowed ; and now, clouds of dust are whisking about the streets and quays, edged with an east wind, that gets under one's very shirt. I should not be quite sorry if a little of it tapped my lilacs on their green noses, and bade them wait for their master.

The Princess of Talmond sent me this morning a picture of two pug-dogs, and a black and white greyhound, wretchedly painted. I could not conceive what I was to do with this daub, but in her note she warned me not to hope to keep it. It was only to imprint on my memory the size, and features, and spots of Diana, her departed greyhound, in order that I might get her exactly such another. Don't you think my memory will return well stored, if it is littered with defunct lap-dogs. She is so devout that I did not dare send her word, that I am not possessed of a twig of Jacob's broom, with which he streaked cattle as he pleased.

T'other day, in the street, I saw a child in a leading-string, whose nurse gave it a farthing for a beggar ; the babe delivered its mite with a grace and a twirl of the hand. I don't think your cousin Twitcher's first grandson will be so well-bred. Adieu ! Yours ever.

1050. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Paris, March 21, 1766.

You are not very just to me, my dear Sir, in suspecting me of neglecting you. Do you think Paris has turned my head, or could make me, what England never could, forget you ? Was not it so when I first arrived here ? and did not you find at last that it was the post's fault, not mine ? I shall be in London by the middle of April, and then I trust our correspondences will have no more interruptions : but sure you ought to distrust anything sooner than a friendship so unalterable as mine.

We do not yet actually know the last step of the repeal of the Stamp Act, but have all reason to conclude that it passed in the most satisfactory manner for the Ministry, as, on the second reading in the House of Lords, it was carried by a majority of thirty-four, though no greater majority was expected than of five or six. The

blood-thirsty protested, and intended to protest again on the last stage; an evident symptom of their despair; and a most foolish step, as it is marking out their names to the odium of the nation, and delivering down an attestation of their tyrannic principles to posterity. Lord Lyttelton drew the first, and I hope it will be bound up hereafter with his Persian Letters, to show on what contradictory principles his lordship can oppose.

Grenville is fallen below contempt; Sandwich and his parson Anti-Sejanus¹ are hooted off the stage. Mr. Pitt's abilities, I am told, have shone with greater lustre than ever, and with more variety. There is a report here that he has actually accepted the Administration. I do not believe that he has yet, though I am sure no French *wishes* coined the report. I could not have believed, if I had not come hither, how much they dread him.

Well! all this paves the way to what I wish, liberty to my country and liberty to me. Tranquillity bounds my ambition. To see Grenville, and such wretches, grovelling in the mire, gilds the peaceable scene. How many wretches have I lived to see England escape! Thank God I am not philosopher enough not to be grateful for it! I would not wrestle like the *savants* here, against any powers beyond those of this world. I may spurn pigmies of my own size; but do not question what I cannot fathom. Gods of stone, or kings of flesh, are my derision; but of all gods that were ever invented, the most ridiculous is that old lumpish god of the Grecian sophists, whom the modern literati want to reinstate—the god Matter. It would be like a revolution in England in favour of the late Pretender after he was bedridden.

If you receive any one of my letters, pray assure Sir James Macdonald that I have answered his; but when they miscarry to you, I have less hopes of one reaching him. Direct your next to Arlington-street.

1051. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Paris, April 3, 1766.

ONE must be just to all the world: Madame Roland, I find, has been in the country, and at Versailles, and was so obliging as to call on me this morning, but I was so disobliging as not to be awake. I

¹ One Scott, a clergyman, employed by Lord Sandwich to write in the newspapers against Mr. Pitt. He signed his papers Anti-Sejanus.—WALPOLE. He is the 'Cinna' and 'Panurge' of Goldsmith's 'Haunch of Venison'.—CUNNINGHAM.

was dreaming dreams ; in short, I had dined at Livry ; yes, yes, at Livry, with a Langlade and De la Rochefoucaulds. The abbey is now possessed by an Abbé de Malherbe, with whom I am acquainted, and who had given me a general invitation. I put it off to the last moment, that the *bois* and *allées* might set off the scene a little, and contribute to the vision ; but it did not want it. Livry is situated in the Forêt de Bondi, very agreeably on a flat, but with hills near it, and in prospect. There is a great air of simplicity and rural about it more regular than our taste, but with an old-fashioned tranquillity, and nothing of *colifichet*. Not a tree exists that remembers the charming woman, because in this country an old tree is a traitor, and forfeits its head to the crown ; but the plantations are not young, and might very well be as they were in her time. The Abbé's house is decent and snug ; a few paces from it is the sacred pavilion built for Madame de Sévigné by her uncle, and much as it was in her day ; a small saloon below for dinner, then an arcade, but the niches now closed, and painted in fresco with medallions of her, the Grignan, the Fayette, and the Rochefoucauld. Above, a handsome large room, with a chimney-piece in the best taste of Louis the Fourteenth's time ; a holy family in good relief over it, and the cypher of her uncle Coulanges ; a neat little bed-chamber within, and two or three clean little chambers over them. On one side of the garden leading to the great road, is a little bridge of wood, on which the dear woman used to wait for the courier that brought her daughter's letters. Judge with what veneration and satisfaction I set my foot upon it ! If you will come to France with me next year, we will go and sacrifice on that sacred spot together.

On the road to Livry I passed a new house, on the pilasters of the gate to which were two sphynxes in stone, with their heads coquetly reclined, straw hats, and French cloaks slightly pinned, and not hiding their bosoms. I don't know whether I or Memphis would have been more diverted. I shall set out this day se'nnight, the tenth, and be in London about the fifteenth or sixteenth, if the wind is fair. Adieu ! Yours ever.

P.S. I need not say, I suppose, that this letter is to Mr. Chute, too.

1052. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Paris, April 6, 1766.

IN a certain city of Europe¹ it is the custom to wear slouched hats, long cloaks, and high capes. Scandal and the government called this dress *going in mask*, and pretended that it contributed to assassination. An ordonnance was published, commanding free-born hats to be cocked, cloaks to be shortened, and capes laid aside. All the world obeyed for the first day; but the next, everything returned into its old channel. In the evening a tumult arose, and cries of "God bless the King! God bless the kingdom! but confusion to Squillaci, the prime minister."² The word was no sooner given, but his house was beset, the windows broken, and the gates attempted. The guards came and fired on the weavers³ of cloaks. The weavers returned the fire, and many fell on each side. As the hour of supper approached and the mob grew hungry, they recollected a tax upon bread, and demanded the repeal. The King yielded to both requests, and hats and loaves were set at liberty. The people were not contented, and still insisted on the permission of murdering the first minister; though his Majesty assured his faithful commons that the minister was never consulted on acts of government, and was only his private friend, who sometimes called upon him in an evening to drink a glass of wine and talk botany. The people were incredulous, and continued in mutiny when the last letters came away. If you should happen to suppose, as I did, that this *history* arrived in London, do not be alarmed; for it was at Madrid: and a nation who has borne the inquisition cannot support a cocked hat. So necessary it is for governors to know when lead or a feather will turn the balance of human understandings, or will not!

I should not have entrenched on Lord George's⁴ province of sending you news of revolutions, but he is at Aubigné; and I thought it right to advertise you in time, in case you should have a mind to send a bale of slouched hats to the support of the

¹ This account alludes to the insurrection at Madrid, on the attempt of the court to introduce the French dress in Spain.—WALPOLE.

² Squillaci, an Italian, whom the King was obliged to banish.—WALPOLE.

³ Alluding to the mobs of silk-weavers which had taken place in London.—WALPOLE.

⁴ Lord George Lenox, only brother to the Duke of Richmond.—WALPOLE.

mutineers. As I have worn a flapped hat all my life, when I have worn any at all, I think myself qualified, and would offer my service to command them; but, being persuaded that you are a faithful observer of treaties, though a friend to repeals, I shall come and receive your commands in person. In the mean time I cannot help figuring what a pompous protest my Lord Lyttelton might draw up in the character of an old grandee against the revocation of the act for cocked hats.

Lady Ailesbury forgot to send me word of your recovery, as she promised; but I was so lucky as to hear it from other hands. Pray take care of yourself, and do not imagine that you are as weak as I am, and can escape the scythe, as I do, by being low: your life is of more consequence. If you don't believe me, step into the street and ask the first man you meet.

This is Sunday, and Thursday is fixed for my departure, unless the Clairon should return to the stage on Tuesday se'nnight, as is said; and I do not know whether I should not be tempted to borrow two or three days more, having never seen her: yet my lilacs [at Strawberry] pull hard, and I have not a farthing left in the world. Be sure you do not leave a cranny open for George Grenville to wriggle in, till I have got all my things out of the Custom House. Adieu!

Yours ever.

1053. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Paris, April 8, 1766.

I SENT you a few lines by the post yesterday with the first accounts of the insurrections at Madrid. I have since seen Stahremberg,¹ the imperial minister, who has had a courier from thence; and if Lord Rochford² has not sent one, you will not be sorry to know more particulars. The mob disarmed the Invalids; stopped all coaches, to prevent Squillaci's flight; and meeting the Duke de Medina Celi, forced him and the Duke d'Arcos to carry their demands to the King. His most frightened Majesty granted them directly; on which his highness the people despatched a monk with their demands in writing, couched in four articles: the diminution of the gabel on bread and oil; the revocation of the

¹ Prince Stahremberg: he had married a daughter of the Duc d'Arenberg, by his Duchess, née la Marcke.—WALPOLE.

² William Henry Zulestein de Nassau, Earl of Rochford, who was at this time the English ambassador-extraordinary at the court of Spain.—WALPOLE.

ordonnance on hats and cloaks; the banishment of Squillaci; and the abolition of some other tax, I don't know what. The King signed all; yet was still forced to appear in a balcony, and promise to observe what he had granted. Squillaci was sent with an escort to Carthagera, to embark for Naples, and the first commissioner of the treasury appointed to succeed him; which does not look much like observation of the conditions. Some say Ensenada is recalled, and that Grimaldi is in no good odour with the people. If the latter and Squillaci are dismissed, we get rid of two enemies.

The tumult ceased on the grant of the demands; but the King retiring that night to Aranjuez, the insurrection was renewed the next morning, on pretence that this flight was a breach of the capitulation. The people seized the gates of the capital, and permitted nobody to go out. In this state were things when the courier came away. The ordonnance against going in disguise looks as if some suspicions had been conceived; and yet their confidence was so great as not to have two thousand guards in the town. The pitiful behaviour of the Court makes one think that the Italians were frightened, and that the Spanish part of the ministry were not sorry it took that turn. As I suppose there is no great city in Spain which has not at least a bigger bundle of grievances than the capital, one shall not wonder if the pusillanimous behaviour of the King encourages them to redress themselves too.

There is what is called a change of the ministry here; but it is only a crossing over and figuring in. The Duc de Praslin has wished to retire for some time; and for this last fortnight there has been much talk of his being replaced by the Duc d'Aiguillon, the Duc de Nivernois, &c.; but it is plain, though not believed till now, that the Duc de Choiseul is all-powerful. To purchase the stay of his cousin Praslin, on whom he can depend, and to leave no cranny open, he has ceded the marine and colonies to the Duc de Praslin, and taken the foreign and military department himself. His cousin is, besides, named *chef du conseil des finances*; a very honourable, very dignified, and very idle place, and never filled since the Duc de Bethune had it. Praslin's hopeful cub, the Viscount, whom you saw in England last year, goes to Naples; and the Marquis de Durfort to Vienna—a cold, dry, proud man, with the figure and manner of Lord Cornbury.

Great matters are expected to-day from the Parliament, which re-assembles. A mousquetaire, his piece loaded with a *lettre de cachet*, went about a fortnight ago to the notary who keeps the

parliamentary registers, and demanded them. They were refused—but given up, on the *lettre de cachet* being produced. The Parliament intends to try the notary for breach of trust, which I suppose will make his fortune; though he has not the merit of perjury, like Carteret Webb.

There have been insurrections at Bourdeaux and Toulouse, on the militia, and twenty-seven persons were killed at the latter: but both are appeased. These things are so much in vogue, that I wonder the French do not dress *à la révolte*. The Queen is in a very dangerous way. This will be my last letter; but I am not sure I shall set out before the middle of next week. Yours ever.

1054. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Calais, April 20, 1766.

I AM here waiting for the tide, my dear Sir, and cannot employ my leisure better than in reviving our correspondence, which has not languished from any fault in me, but from the difficulties and dilatoriness of the French couriers, from my want of English news, and from my unwillingness to talk on our affairs in the heart of Paris. All those obstacles cease now, and you will find no change or coolness in my friendship.

Mr. Conway has been twice dangerously ill, both times from neglect. He had a scorbutic eruption, caught cold, neglected it, it turned to a high fever, he was thrice bled, and recovered. His first sally was to his Sabine farm, whither the Opposition wanted so much to send him. A deep snow fell, but he would walk out to see his improvements. The eruption, which had returned on his breast, struck in suddenly, and he fainted away; but it took a rheumatic turn, and the Duke of Richmond writes me word that he is recovering. In the mean time affairs have run into confusion. Mr. Pitt, notwithstanding he has been so much announced for coming in, has certainly not yet been treated with, and probably grows impatient, for of late he has suddenly turned his artillery against the Ministry,—for who saves their country for their country's sake? I expect to find things in much disorder; but I am used to that, and grown indifferent to it.

The Hereditary Prince has landed on this side, and will make you a visit before his return. As he has left affairs unsettled, I cannot think Mr. Pitt's junction very likely, which I do not doubt but

his highness has much laboured. He will not probably be so much in fashion at Paris as he would have been two years ago. Their admiration is more worn out than the sense of their losses. Our papers say, it has been discovered that France was at the bottom of the insurrections of the White Boys in Ireland. It is the age of revolts, and one has just broken out which she did not expect, and which is likely to tie up her best instrument. You do not hesitate, to be sure, to guess that I mean the insurrection at Madrid. Perhaps Squillaci¹ is even already landed with you. The King of Aranjuez refuses to return to his capital: sometimes he is sick, sometimes it is the season; in bigger moments, he will fix at Seville. In short, whether frightened or betrayed, he has made a wretched figure, and I have no doubt but the Spanish nobility are heartily glad he has, if they are not more.

When the Spanish diadem totters, what royal head but must ache? I would not answer, but there may be some twitches in the one² that has lately declared itself so omnipotent, and retained so much of his ancient Jesuit confessor's lessons as to distinguish between an oath to God *for* his people and *to* his people. It is such a declaration as must have made deep impressions, though the thunder has hitherto struck everybody dumb. The first moment of difficulty or disaster, the first war, will undoubtedly revive the resentment of a nation, which has chosen to crouch; but pretended to say that it was voluntarily and from affection. For the nobility, they are to a man rejoiced; they hate these discussions, and are glad to be eased of thinking, which is equivalent to the head-ache in a man of quality.

You will naturally here ask me how I like France upon the whole? So well, that I shall certainly return hither. I have received most uncommon civilities and real marks of friendship, and shall ever preserve great gratitude for them. I wish the two nations to live eternally at peace, and shall be glad to pass my time between them. My principles can never grow monarchic, but I never entered in the least into their politics. In the first place, politics were what I came hither to avoid; and in the next, I think it indecent in a stranger to meddle with those of another country, where he is well received. Tranquillity is all I ask for the rest of my days, and I

¹ Prime Minister to Charles the Third, and driven out of the kingdom by the people. — WALPOLE.

² Louis XV.: he had lately held a *lit de justice*, in which he had asserted his authority in very strong terms, and forbidden the Parliament to dispute his acts. — WALPOLE.

shall sedulously avoid every occasion of disturbing myself. When I reflect on how prodigious a quantity of events I have been witness to or engaged in, my life seems equal to Methuselah's. I sometimes can hardly believe that I have not lived twice; but indeed there has been no pause to distinguish my two lives. My natural life, between an excellent constitution and the repairer gout, seems likely to add a codicil to Methuselah's.

I shall leave the rest of my paper for London, where I must pass some days before I get to Strawberry Hill, though thither my impatience is all pointed. Good-night.

Wednesday, April 23rd., Arlington Street.

I arrived last night. Mr. Conway is not yet come to town, nor will, but is expected to-morrow. Mr. Pitt has kicked and cuffed to right and left, and all is disorder. I don't guess what the sediment will be!

Lord Clive has just sent us the whole kingdom of Bengal, which the Great Mogul has yielded to this little Great Mogul without a blow. He has made an infant nabob, and settled a regency; and when all expenses are paid, there will be remitted to England yearly a million and half; we may buy another war in Germany and subsidise two or three electors, for we shall scorn to be the better for this money ourselves. East-India stock is risen ten per cent. Adieu!

1055. TO ———.¹

Arlington Street, May 6, 1766.

I AM returned from Paris, Sir, and have the pleasure of having procured you all or most of the Nanteuils you wanted, with a scripture-piece by him, which is bad indeed, but extremely scarce, and which perhaps you have not got. Be so good as to let me know how to convey them to you.

I discovered the name of the person who wrote the *Anecdotes des Reines de France*, but I could by no method find out where he lives; I should think not in Paris. However, I have left your commission with Father Gordon, the Principal of the Scotch College, and he has promised to endeavour to search for him and procure the sonnet, if possible.

¹ Now first printed. No address—cover lost. Perhaps to Sir David Dalrymple.—CUNNINGHAM.

I was so ill, or so ill recovered all the winter, and the next season was so bad, that I ventured but once to the King's Library, where their caution never suffers any fire. Mr. Hume will return to Paris, I believe, next month, and I dare to say would be very willing, as well as most capable of searching for and obtaining anything you want there.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

1056. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

Arlington Street, May 10, 1766.

At last I am come back, dear Sir, and in good health. I have brought you four cups and saucers, one red and white, one blue and white, and two coloured ; and a little box of pastils. Tell me whether and how I shall convey them to you ; or whether you will, as I hope, come to Strawberry this summer, and fetch them yourself ; but if you are in the least hurry, I will send them.

I flatter myself you have quite recovered your accident, and have no remains of lameness. The spring is very wet and cold, but Strawberry alone contains more verdure than all France.

I scrambled very well through the custom-house at Dover, and have got all my china safe from *that* here in town. You will see the fruits when you come to Strawberry Hill. Adieu !

1057. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

DEAR SIR :

Arlington Street, May 13, 1766.

I AM forced to do a very awkward thing, and send you back one of your letters, and, what is still worse, opened. The case was this : I received your two at dinner, opened one and laid the other in my lap ; but forgetting that I had taken one out of the first, I took up the wrong and broke it open, without perceiving my mistake, till I saw the words, *Dear Sister*. I give you my honour I read no farther, but had torn it too much to send it away. Pray excuse me ; and another time I beg you will put an envelope, for you write just where the seal comes ; and besides, place the seals so together, that though I did not quite open the fourth letter, yet it stuck so to the outer seal, that I could not help tearing it a little. Adieu !

1058. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, May 22, 1766.

At last, my dear Sir, I begin to see daylight : the present Ministry, I think now, will stand. Mr. Pitt missed his opportunity, and pushed his haughtiness a little too far, and I believe is grievously disappointed. Nothing was more plain than his eagerness to return to power, but he took it upon too high a style, and miscarried. The Court did not wish for a master, nor many of the Ministers for a dictator ; yet he was courted by the latter to the last. He would not vouchsafe to treat but personally with the King, who would not send for him a third time. He then veered towards his kin, and having laid out all his dignity with the Ministers, was condescending enough towards the Grenvilles. Lord Temple met him half way, but George Grenville's wounds were too fresh to close so soon, and he took the counterpart of Pitt ; for having repeated the most abject advances to Bute, he indemnified his pride by holding off from Pitt, and so both are left in the lurch, and both have taken to the last quieting draught of disappointed ambition, the country. The Duke of Grafton has sacrificed himself to Pitt's pride, and has resigned the Seals, which are given to the Duke of Richmond, who kisses hands to-morrow. Lord Rochford, I think, will go to Paris.

The promotion of the Duke of Richmond pleases me extremely ; it makes an united administration, and a little prudence and management may make it a permanent one.

Luckily for us, it has been a time when we could afford to play the fool. France has neither heads, generals, nor money, and Spain has got its hands full ; and we have got rid of our enemies there, the French and Italian ministers.

As I love big politics, I am waiting with impatience for more news of Prince Heraclius, who, we are told, is on the high road to Constantinople. When he has pulled down the Mufti, pray fetch him to burn old Mother Babylon for a witch. You know I have always sighed for thundering revolutions, but have been forced to be content with changes of ministers. Oh ! but we have discovered a race of giants ! Captain Byron has found a nation of Brobdignags on the coast of Patagonia ; the inhabitants on foot, taller than he and his men on horseback. I don't indeed know how he and his sailors came to be riding in the South Seas. However, it is a terrible blow

to the Irish, for I suppose all our dowagers now will be for marrying Patagonians. Somewhere else, too,—but I am a sad geographer—there is a polished country discovered in those seas. They must be barbarous indeed if they exceed London and Paris! Have you heard of Lally's tragedy; that they gagged him lest he should choke himself with his own tongue, which is not the easiest sort of self-murder in the world, and that the mob clapped their hands for joy during the execution? When a nation has behaved cowardly, they always think to repair it by cruelty;—so poor Byng was murdered—and now this man, who was a tyrant, but certainly not guilty to his country. I know our people always accused him of breaking his word with us to serve the cause of France.

If it is too soon to conduct Prince Heraclius to Rome, and you have quite annihilated the Pretender, and have nothing else to do, I wish you would think for me of the other volumes of *Herculaneum*. Mount Vesuvius seems out of humour, and may destroy all the copies.

We have no news of any kind but these dregs of politics. The town empties, and will be deserted after the birth-day [4th June]. I shall soon settle at Strawberry for the summer, which is not begun yet, from a succession of rains and east winds; and as I have no disappointed ambition, I don't choose to retreat from one fireside to another. Adieu!

1059. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, May 25, 1766.

WHEN the weather will please to be in a little better temper, I will call upon you to perform your promise; but I cannot in conscience invite you to a fire-side. The Guerschys and French dined here last Monday, and it rained so that we could no more walk in the garden than Noah could. I came again to-day, but shall return to town to-morrow, as I hate to have no sun in May, but what I can make with a peck of coals.

I know no news, but that the Duke of Richmond is Secretary of State,¹ and that your cousin North has refused the Vice-Treasurer of Ireland. It cost him bitter pangs, not to preserve his virtue, but his

¹ When the Duke of Grafton quitted the seals, they were offered first to Lord Egmont, then to Lord Hardwicke, who both declined them; "but, after their going a-begging for some time," says Lord Chesterfield, "the Duke of Richmond begged them, and has them, *faute de mieux*."—WRIGHT.

vicious connections. He goggled his eyes, and groped in his money-pocket; more than half consented; nay, so much more, that when he got home he wrote an excuse to Lord Rockingham, which made it plain that he thought he had accepted. As nobody was dipped deeper in the Warrants and prosecution of Wilkes, there is no condoling with the Ministers on missing so foul a bargain. They are only to be pitied, that they can purchase nothing but damaged goods.

So, my Lord Grandison¹ is dead! Does the General [Montagu's brother] inherit much?

Have you heard the great loss the Church of England has had? It is not avowed; but hear the evidence and judge. On Sunday last, George Selwyn was strolling home to dinner at half an hour after four. He saw my Lady Townshend's coach stop at Carraccioli's² chapel. He watched, saw her go in; her footman laughed; he followed. She went up to the altar, a woman brought her a cushion; she knelt, crossed herself, and prayed. He stole up, and knelt by her. Conceive her face, if you can, when she turned and found him close to her. In his most demure voice, he said, "Pray, Madam, how long has your ladyship left the pale of our church?" She looked furied, and made no answer. Next day he went to her, and she turned it off upon curiosity; but is anything more natural? No, she certainly means to go armed with every viaticum, the Church of England in one hand, Methodism in t'other, and the Host in her mouth.

Have you ranged your forest, and seen your lodge yourself? I could almost wish it may not answer, and that you may cast an eye towards our neighbourhood. My Lady Shelburne³ has taken a house here, and it has produced a *bon-mot* from Mrs. Clive. You know my Lady Suffolk is *deaf*, and I have talked much of a charming old passion [Madame du Deffand] I have at Paris, who is *blind*; "Well," said the Clive, "if the new Countess is but *lame*, I shall have no chance of ever seeing you." Good night!

¹ John Fitzgerald Villiers, Earl and Viscount Grandison, in the Irish Peerage. He had been elevated to the earldom in 1721; which title became extinct, and the viscounty devolved upon William third Earl of Jersey.—WRIGHT.

² The Marquis de Carraccioli, ambassador from the court of Naples.—WRIGHT.

³ Mary Countess of Shelburne, widow of the Hon. John Fitzmaurice, first Earl of Shelburne. Her house at Twickenham was called Richmonds House.—CUNNINGHAM.

1060. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, June 9, 1766.

THE session of Parliament has at last ended, and the Ministry have a lease of five or six months longer. This is the most one can depend upon, notwithstanding my views were so sanguine in my last; but their heads not being quite so well ballasted as their hearts, it is difficult to say how long they will swim. Your friend, the whitest of our white princes,¹ was very nearly oversetting their bark as it was making land. He had obtained a promise from his brother and Lord Rockingham, of a Parliamentary settlement on him and his younger brothers, which would have raised their appanages to 20,000*l.* a-year each. It was neglected till the last days of the session; when Mr. Conway, who had not been made acquainted, objected to so considerable a donation being hurried through the remnant of a thin house, especially as it was universally disapproved, the Ministers having the good fortune to have most people agree with them on all points against the Opposition, of which this Royal Highness is a chief. The Ministers gave in to Mr. Conway's opinion; the Duke insisted, but at last the King consented that it should be postponed till next year, after recommending it to the house, with the demand for his sister's fortune, the future Queen of Denmark. If you have your Royal visitor [the Duke of York] again this summer, you must expect to hear Mr. Conway much reproached. I will dispense with your bearing it patiently, if it procures you the Red Riband. As stability is not the property of ministerial tenures at present, be always upon your guard what you write to me, for your letters may find new faces at the post-office before I have time to prepare you for them.

*The Great Commoner*² is exceedingly out of humour, and having duped himself, taxes the Ministers with perfidy; he would never connect with them in or out, and who, having proscribed half of them, would not vouchsafe to treat with the rest. The people who think everything right that he does, or does not, and who, as often as he changes his mind backwards and forwards, think that right too, take all the pains they can to indulge his pride. He has been at Bath; they stood up all the time he was in the rooms, and while

¹ The Duke of York.—WALPOLE.

² A common phrase for Mr. Pitt.—WALPOLE.

he drank his glass of water; and one man in Somersetshire said to him as he passed through a crowd, I hope *your majesty's* health is better! I am glad,—no, I don't know whether I am not sorry, that he is not at Quito, where they have insisted on crowning one of their fellow-subjects King of Peru. 'Tis a lucky revolution for us, and would have pleased me entirely if they had chosen a Peruvian. However, the poor Peruvians must have some comfort in seeing their tyrants punish themselves.

We have a Russian Garrick here, the head of their theatre, and, like Shakspeare, both actor and author. He has translated 'Hamlet,' and it has been acted at Petersburg. I could wish the parallel were carried still farther, and that after this play acted before the Empress *Gertrude*, the assassin of her husband, she were to end like Hamlet's mother.

The King and Queen have been here this week to see my castle, and stayed two hours. I was gone to London but a quarter of an hour before. They were exceedingly pleased with it, and the Queen so much that she said she would come again. I do wish, my dear Sir, you could once see it! It would for me be the most pleasing interruption that could happen to our correspondence. Adieu!

1061. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, June 20, 1766.

I don't know when I shall see you, but therefore must not I write to you? yet I have as little to say as may be. I could cry through a whole page over the bad weather. I have but a lock of hay, you know, and I cannot get it dry, unless I bring it to the fire. I would give half-a-crown for a pennyworth of sun. It is abominable to be ruined in coals in the middle of June.

What pleasure have you to come! there is a new thing published, that will make you bepiss your cheeks with laughing. It is called the 'New Bath Guide.'¹ It stole into the world, and for a fortnight no soul looked into it, concluding its name was its true name. No such thing. It is a set of letters in verse, in all kind of verses, describing the life at Bath, and incidentally everything else; but so much wit,

¹ By Christopher Anstey. "Have you read the 'New Bath Guide?' It is the only thing in fashion, and is a new and original kind of humour. Miss Prue's conversation I doubt you will paste down, as Sir W. St. Quintyn did before he carried it to his daughter; yet I remember you all read 'Crazy Tales' without pasting."—*Gray to Wharton*.—*Works by Mitford*, vol. iv. p. 84. WRIGHT.

so much humour, fun, and poetry, so much originality, never met together before. Then the man has a better ear than Dryden or Handel. *Apropos* to Dryden, he has burlesqued his St. Cecilia, that you will never read it again without laughing. There is a description of a milliner's box in all the terms of landscape, *painted lacens and chequered shades*, a Moravian ode, and a Methodist ditty, that are incomparable, and the best names that ever were composed. I can say it by heart, though a quarto, and if I had time would write it you down ; for it is not yet reprinted, and not one to be had.

There are two new volumes, too, of Swift's Correspondence, that will not amuse you less in another way, though abominable, for there are letters of twenty persons now alive ; fifty of Lady Betty Germain, one that does her great honour, in which she defends her friend my Lady Suffolk, with all the spirit in the world,¹ against that brute, who hated everybody that he hoped would get him a mitre, and did not. There is one to his Miss Vanhomrigh, from which I think it plain he lay with her, notwithstanding his supposed incapacity, yet not doing much honour to that capacity, for he says he can drink coffee but once a week, and I think you will see very clearly what he means by coffee. His own journal sent to Stella during the four last years of the Queen, is a fund of entertainment. You will see his insolence in full colours, and, at the same time, how daily vain he was of being noticed by the Ministers he affected to treat arrogantly. His panic at the Mohocks is comical ; but what strikes one, is bringing before one's eyes the incidents of a curious period. He goes to the rehearsal of 'Cato,' and says the *drab* that acted Cato's daughter could not say her part. This was only Mrs. Oldfield. I was saying before George Selwyn, that this journal put me in mind of the present time, there was the same indecision, irresolution, and want of system ; but I added, "There is nothing new under the sun." "No," said Selwyn, "nor under the grandson."

My Lord Chesterfield has done me much honour : he told Mrs. Anne Pitt that he would subscribe to any politics I should lay down. When she repeated this to me, I said, "Pray tell him I have laid down politics."

I am got into puns, and will tell you an excellent one of the King of France, though it does not spell any better than Selwyn's. You must have heard of Count Lauragais, and his horse-race, and his quacking his horse till he killed it. At his return the King asked

¹ The letter dated Feb. 8, 1732-3.—WRIGHT.

him what he had been doing in England? "Sire, j'ai appris à penser"—"Des chevaux?" replied the King. Good night! I am tired, and going to bed. Yours ever.

1062. TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY HERVEY.

Strawberry Hill, June 28, 1766.

It is consonant to your ladyship's long experienced goodness, to remove my error as soon as you could. In fact, the same post that brought Madame d'Aiguillon's letter to you, brought me a confession from Madame du Deffand of her guilt.¹ I am not the less obliged to your ladyship for *informing* against the true criminal. It is well for me, however, that I hesitated, and did not, as Monsieur de Guerchy pressed me to do, constitute myself prisoner. What a ridiculous vain-glorious figure I should have made at Versailles with a laboured letter and my present! I still shudder when I

¹ Madame du Deffand had sent Mr. Walpole a snuff-box, in which was a portrait of Madame de Sévigné, accompanied by a letter written in her name from the Elysian Fields, and addressed to Mr. Walpole; who did not at first suspect Madame du Deffand as the author, but thought both the present and letter had come from the Duchess of Choiseul.—BERRY. "One of the principal features, and it must be called, when carried to such excess, one of the principal weaknesses of Mr. Walpole's character, was a fear of ridicule—a fear which, like most others, often leads to greater danger than that which it seeks to avoid. At the commencement of his acquaintance with Madame du Deffand he was near fifty, and she above seventy years of age, and entirely blind. She had already long passed the first epoch in the life of a Frenchwoman, that of gallantry, and had as long been established as a *bel esprit*; and it is to be remembered, that in the ante-revolutionary world of Paris these epochas in life were as determined, and as strictly observed, as the changes of dress on a particular day of the different seasons; and that a woman endeavouring to attract lovers after she had ceased to be *galante*, would have been not less ridiculous than her wearing velvet when all the rest of the world were in *demi-saisons*. Madame du Deffand, therefore, old and blind, had no more idea of attracting Mr. Walpole to her as a lover than she had of the possibility of any one suspecting her of such an intention; and indulged her lively feelings, and the violent fancy she had taken for his conversation and character, in every expression of admiration and attachment which she really felt, and which she never supposed capable of misinterpretation. By himself they were not misinterpreted; but he seems to have had ever before his eyes a very unnecessary dread of their being so by others—a fear lest Madame du Deffand's extreme partiality and high opinion should expose him to suspicions of entertaining the same opinion of himself, or of its leading her to some extravagant mark of attachment; and all this, he persuaded himself, was to be exposed in their letters to all the clerks of the post-office at Paris and all the idlers at Versailles. This accounts for the ungracious language in which he often replied to the importunities of her anxious affection; a language so foreign to his heart, and so contrary to his own habits in friendship: this too accounts for his constantly repressing on her part all effusions of sentiment, all disquisitions on the human heart, and all communications of its vexations, weaknesses, and pains."—*Preface to Letters of Madame du Deffand to Mr. Walpole.*—WRIGHT.

think of it, and have scolded 'Madame du Deffand black and blue. However, I feel very comfortable; and though it will be imputed to my own vanity, that I showed the box as Madame de Choiseul's present, I resign the glory, and submit to the shame with great satisfaction. I have no pain in receiving this present from Madame du Deffand, and must own have great pleasure that nobody but she could write that most charming of all letters.² Did not Lord Chesterfield think it so, Madam? I doubt our friend Mr. Hume must allow that not only Madame de Boufflers, but Voltaire himself, could not have written so well. When I give up Madame de Sévigné herself, I think his sacrifices will be trifling.

Pray, Madam, continue your waters;³ and, if possible, wash away that original sin, the gout. What would one give for a little rainbow to tell one, one should never have it again! Well, but then one should have a burning fever—for I think the greatest comfort that good-natured divines give us is, that we are not to be drowned any more, in order that we may be burnt. It will not at least be this summer; here is nothing but haycocks swimming round me. If it should cease raining by Monday se'nnight, I think of dining with your ladyship at Old Windsor; and if Mr. Bateman presses me mightily, I may take a bed there.

¹ "Vous avez si bien fait," replied Madame du Deffand, "par vos leçons, vos préceptes, vos *gronderies*, et, le pis de tous, par vos ironies, que vous êtes presque parvenu à me rendre fausse, ou, pour le moins, fort dissimulée."—WRIGHT.

² The letter accompanying the portrait, and written in the name of Madame de Sévigné.—It was as follows:—

"Des Champs Elisées,

Point de succession de tems, point de date.

"Je connois votre folle passion pour moi, votre enthousiasme pour mes lettres, votre vénération pour les lieux que j'ai habités: j'ai appris le culte que vous m'y avez rendu: j'en suis si pénétrée, que j'ai sollicité et obtenu la permission de mes Souverains de vous venir trouver pour ne vous quitter jamais. J'abandonne sans regret ces lieux fortunés; je vous préfère à tous ses habitans: jouissez du plaisir de me voir; ne vous plaignez point que ce ne soit qu'en peinture; c'est la seule existence que puissent avoir les ombres. J'ai été maîtresse de choisir l'âge où je voulois raparotter; j'ai pris celui de vingt cinq ans pour m'assurer d'être toujours pour vous un objet agréable. Ne craignez aucun changement; c'est un singulier avantage des ombres; quoique légères, elles sont immuables.

"J'ai pris la plus petite figure qu'il m'a été possible, pour n'être jamais séparée de vous. Je veux vous accompagner par tout, sur terre, sur mer, à la ville, aux champs; mais ce que j'exige de vous, c'est de me mener incessamment en France, de me faire revoir ma patrie, la ville de Paris, et d'y choisir pour votre habitation le fauxbourg St. Germain: c'étoit là qu'habitoient mes meilleures amies, c'est le séjour des vôtres; vous me ferez faire connoissance avec elles: je serai bien aise de juger si elles sont dignes de vous, et d'être les rivales de—RABUTIN DE SÉVIGNÉ."—BERRY. The box and letter sold at the Strawberry Hill sale for 28*l.* 7*s.*—CUNNINGHAM.

³ The Sunning Hill waters, near Windsor, which she had been lately drinking. (See Lady Hervey's 'Letters,' 8vo. 1821, p. 316).—CUNNINGHAM.

As I have a waste of paper before me, and nothing more to say, I have a mind to fill it with a translation of a tale that I found lately in the *Dictionnaire d'Anecdotes*, taken from a German author. The novelty of it struck me, and I put it into verse—ill enough; but, as the old Duchess of Rutland used to say of a lie, it will do for news into the country.

"From Time's usurping power, I see,
Not Acheron itself is free.
His wasting hand my subjects feel,
Grow old, and wrinkle though in Hell.
Decrepit is Alecto grown,
Megæra worn to skin and bone;
And t'other beldam is so old,
She has not spirits left to scold.
Go, Hermes, bid my brother Jove
Send three new Furies from above."
To Mercury thus Pluto said:
The winged deity obey'd.

It was about the self-same season
That Juno, with as little reason,
Rung for her Abigail; and, you know,
Iris is chambermaid to Juno.
"Iris, d'ye hear? Mind what I say;
I want three maids— inquire—No, stay!
Three virgins—Yes, unspotted all;
No characters equivocal.
Go find me three, whose manners pure
Can Envy's sharpest tooth endure."
The goddess curtsy'd, and retired;
From London to Pekin inquired;
Search'd huts and palaces—in vain;
And tir'd, to Heaven came back again.
"Alone! are you return'd alone?
How wicked must the world be grown!
What has my profligate been doing?
On earth has he been spreading ruin?
Come, tell me all."—Fair Iris sigh'd,
And thus disconsolate replied:—
" 'Tis true, O Queen! three maids I found—
The like are not on Christian ground—
So chaste, severe, immaculate,
The very name of man they hate:
These—but, alas! I came too late;
For Hermes had been there before—
In triumph off to Pluto bore
Three sisters, whom yourself would own
The true supports of Virtue's throne."
"To Pluto!—Mercy!" cried the Queen,
"What can my brother Pluto mean?
Poor man! he doats, or mad he sure is!
What can he want them for?"—"Three Furies."

You will say I am an *infernal* poet; but everybody cannot write as they do *aux Champs Elysées*. Adieu, Madam!

1063. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, July 10, 1766.

Don't you think a complete year enough for any Administration to last? One, who at least can remove them, though he cannot make them, thinks so; and, accordingly, yesterday notified that he had sent for Mr. Pitt.¹ Not a jot more is known; but as this set is sacrificed to their resolution of having nothing to do with Lord Bute, the new list will probably not be composed of such hostile ingredients. The arrangement I believe settled in the outlines; if it is not, it may still never take place: it will not be the first time this egg has been addled. One is very sure that many people on all sides will be displeased, and I think no side quite contented. Your cousins, the house of Yorke, Lord George Sackville, Newcastle, and Lord Rockingham, will certainly not be of the elect. What Lord Temple will do, or if anything will be done for George Grenville, are great points of curiosity. The plan will probably be, to pick and cull from all quarters, and break all parties, as much as possible.² From this moment I date the wane of Mr. Pitt's glory; he will want the thorough-bass of drums and trumpets, and is not made for peace. The dismissal of a most popular administration, a leaven of Bute, whom, too, he can never trust, and the numbers he will discontent, will be considerable objects against him.

For my own part, I am much pleased, and much more diverted. I have nothing to do but to sit by and laugh; a humour you know I am apt to indulge. You shall hear from me again soon.

1064. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, July 11, 1766.

I HOPE you have minded me, and are prepared. Nay, if you did but calculate, you must have expected a revolution. Why, it was a

¹ On the 7th, the King addressed a letter to Mr. Pitt (*Chatham Correspondence*, ii. 436), expressing a desire to have his thoughts how an able and dignified ministry might be formed, and requesting him to come to town for that purpose.—WRIGHT.

² "Here are great bustles at court," writes Lord Chesterfield, on the 11th, "and a great change of persons is certainly very near. My conjecture is, that, be the new settlement what it will, Mr. Pitt will be at the head of it. If he is, I presume, qu'il aura mis de l'eau dans son vin par rapport à Mylord Bute: when that shall come to be known, as known it certainly will soon be, he may bid adieu to his popularity."—WRIGHT.

year yesterday that the Ministers had held their places. Surely you did not think that Secretaries of State and Lords of the Treasury are of more importance, or ought to be more permanent than church-wardens! If you did, you do not know my Lord Bute. As Petulant says of Millamant and her lovers, he makes no more of making ministers than of making card-matches.

The late Ministers—I talk of those who were in office three days ago, stuck to their text; that is, would not bow the knee to the idol that keeps behind the veil of the sanctuary. They were content to have shown some civilities to one or two of his family, and asked the King if there was anybody his Majesty wished particularly to have placed? It was now too late: the answer was “No!” On Sunday last, without any communication to the Ministers, the Chancellor [Northington], who can smell a storm, and who has probably bargained for beginning it, told the King that he would resign. The Ministers saw this was a signal of something, though they did not know what; and having found of late that they could obtain no necessary powers for strengthening themselves, determined to resign. They should have done so on Wednesday; but the old obstacle, Newcastle, and one or two more, prevailed to defer their resolution till to-day. Mr. Conway alone had determined, when he should quit, to recommend sending for Mr. Pitt. To their great surprise, when they severally went into the closet, the King, *sans façon*, declared that he *had* sent for Mr. Pitt. Mr. Conway replied, that he was very glad of it, and hoped it would answer. To him much graciousness was used; he was told that it was hoped never to see an administration of which he should not be part. This looks as if the plan was arranged, and that he was to remain; for a cool leave, very cool, was taken of all the rest.

You have now the sum total of all I know, except that, half an hour ago, I heard Mr. Pitt was arrived. What his list will be is a profound secret. Probably, it will be picked and culled from all quarters. If the symptom of an arrangement being settled, which I mentioned above, had not appeared, I should say, “Stay, this is not the first time that Mr. Pitt has been sent for, and gone back *re infectâ*.” Oh! but though they are not cured of sending for him, he may be cured of going back. Well, but on the other side, his scheme of breaking all parties may not succeed—pray don’t think I mean that the constituents of parties are all men of honour, and will not violate their connections. No; but the very self-interest that would tempt them to desert may at last keep them together.

Men will find out that the tenure of places is too precarious. It grows not worth while to let themselves be dragged through every kennel for the salary of a single year.

There may be another difficulty. Will Mr. Pitt propose Lord Temple for the Treasury? Will he take it? Will he accept without George Grenville? And will the latter serve under both? Can these three act together? Will Grenville be endured when Mr. Pitt is called, only to avoid being forced to call for Grenville? Oh, I could ask you, or you may ask me, twenty other questions, that I cannot answer, and that a few days will. What will popularity say to the union of Pitt and Bute? Will Mr. Pitt's fortune salve that? Will it please the nation to see him sacrifice a most popular administration to the favourite, who fall, because they withstood the favourite? Truly, I do not yet know; but one thing I do know, that Mr. Pitt must disoblige so many more than he can content, that by this day twelvemonth I may probably send you another revolution.

As to you, my dear Sir, I am not apprehensive for you. This is not one of those state-quakes that reach to Foreign Ministers. Mr. Pitt is not a man of vengeance; nor, were he, could he have any animosity to you. Had the former Ministry returned I would not have warranted you; the favour you received from Mr. Conway may have been noted down in their black book, and the Red Riband would have added another dash. In all cases you had better not say much in answer to this. The new plan may blow up before it takes place, and what might succeed it, is impossible to guess. I will write to you again as soon as anything is settled, or if the machine falls to pieces in the erection.

You will soon see at Florence the son of Madame de Boufflers, to whom I have been desired to give a letter. As I conclude the new French minister,¹ who is much connected with his mother, will be at Florence before his arrival, he will not have great occasion for your civilities. However, for once I will beg you rather to exceed in them, for particular reasons. His mother is the mistress, and very desirous of being the wife, of the Prince of Conti. She is a *sçavante, philosophe*, author, *bel esprit*, what you please, and has been twice in England, where she has some great admirers. She was very civil to me at Paris, and at the same time very unpleasant, for being a protectress of Rousseau, she was extremely angry, and made the Prince of Conti so, at the letter I wrote to him in the name of

¹ Monsieur De Barbautane.—WALPOLE.

the King of Prussia. It was made up, but I believe not at all forgiven, for it is unpardonable to be too quick-sighted, and to detect anybody's idol. Rousseau has answered all I thought and said of him, by a most weak and passionate answer to my letter, which showed I had touched his true sore; and since, by the most abominable and ungrateful abuse of Mr. Hume, the second idol of Madame de Boufflers, to whom she had consigned the first. This new behaviour of Rousseau will not justify me in her eyes, because it makes me more in the right; therefore I should wish, as the only proper return to a woman, to be of use to her son. Adieu!

1065. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, July 11, 1766.

THE Comte de Boufflers, who does me the honour of carrying this letter, is the gentleman for whom I have already told you I interest myself so much. His birth and his rank, added to the uncommon merits and talents of the Countess, his mother, will everywhere procure him the proper distinctions. If Madame de Boufflers has done me the honour of asking what she is pleased to call a recommendatory letter of her son to you, you may be sure I had not the vanity of accepting such an honour with any other view than to procure you so agreeable an acquaintance. You are too just to merit of all nations to estimate it by countries; and yet if you can find a way of being more civil than ordinary, I must beg that art may be employed for the amusement and service of Monsieur de Boufflers while he is at Florence. Madame de Boufflers has done so much honour to England and Englishmen, that you will be a very bad representative of both if you do not endeavour to pay some of our debts to her son. Adieu! my dear Sir.

END OF VOL. IV.

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